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THE NEW YORKER

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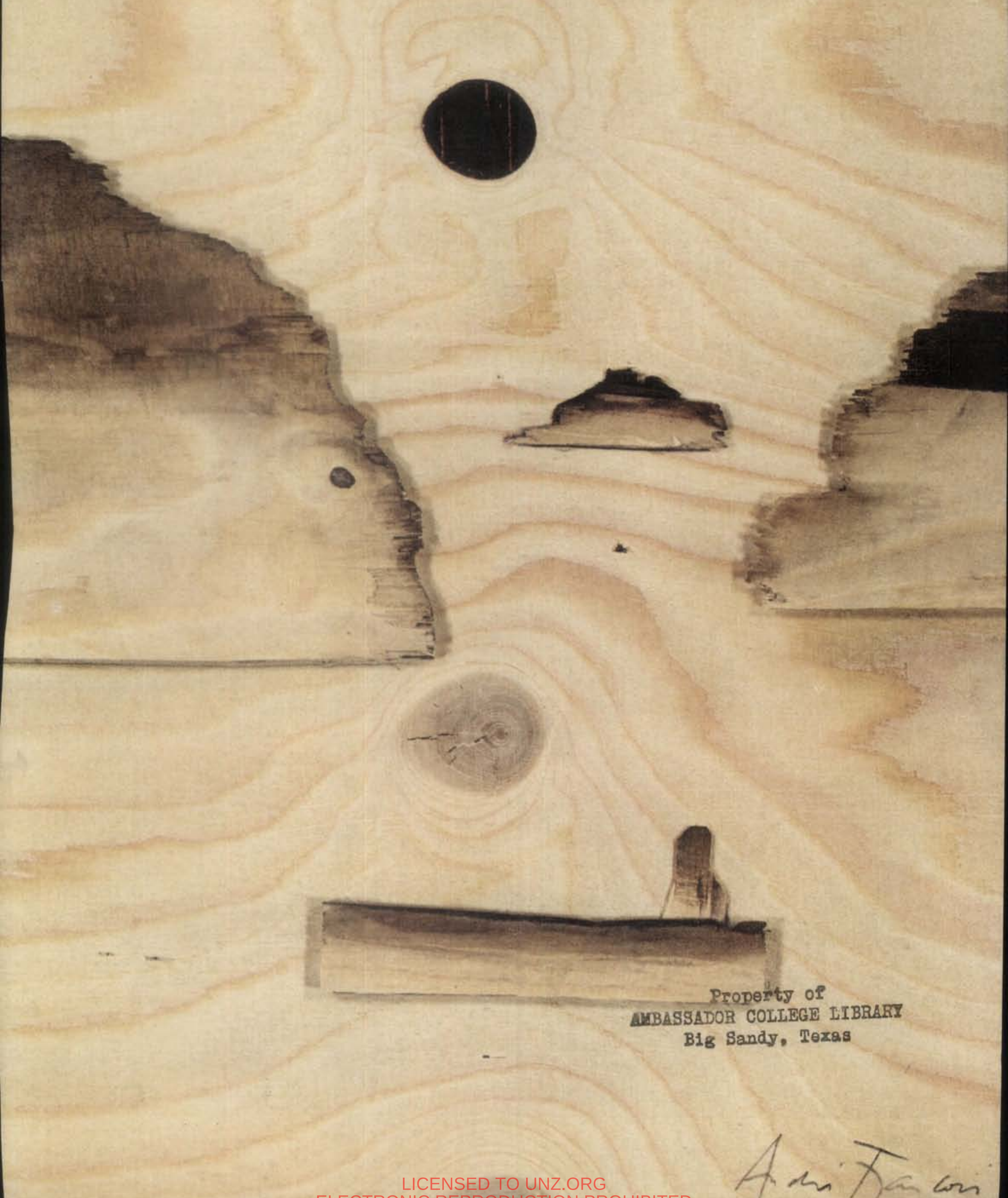

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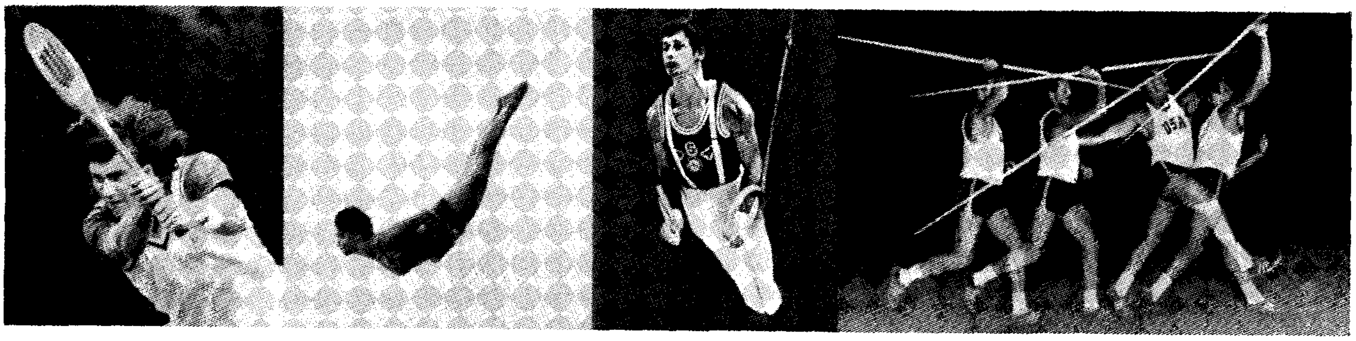

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Belle of Amherst—Julie Harris is all the people onstage in this sortie into the life of Emily Dickinson. Though never Miss Dickinson, Miss Harris reads the Dickinson verses well. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 8.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—Frank Loesser's classical musical comedy. Having an all-black cast is a silly, old-fashioned stunt, but the show survives it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—A flawless revival of a flawless musical. How did the world get along without it for fifteen thousand years? (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pal Joey—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with a book by John O'Hara, begins to show its age in this unsatisfactory production, but the score remains enchanting. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 29.)

The Runner Stumbles—A serious new play by Milan Stitt about a priest and a nun who fall in love and suffer unhappy consequences. Directed by Austin Pendleton and starring Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

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Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Raul Julia is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—Young folk raising innocent hell in the sunny days of 1915. With music by Jerome Kern. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**boy meets boy**: As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish

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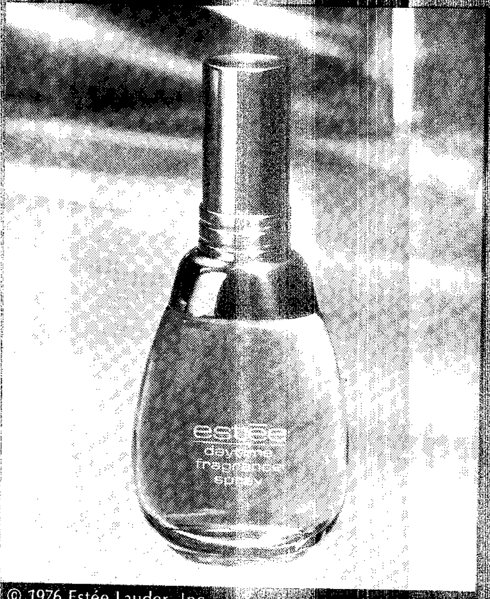

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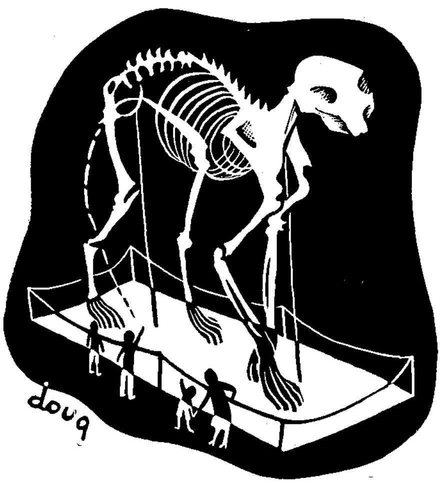
takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **CHICAGO:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Keith McDermott, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,777 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **ME AND BESSIE:** The gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins in a vigorous attempt to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs. Howlett Smith leads the onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, Aug. 4, and Thursday evening, Aug. 5: "Giselle."... ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 6: "La Bayadère," "At Midnight," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "The River."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 7: "La Bayadère," "Texas Fourth," and "The River."... ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 7: "La Bayadère," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "At Midnight," and "Push Comes to Shove." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)



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NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA—With Rudolf Nureyev (dancing at all performances except Friday, Aug. 6) in the final performances of a three-week engagement. Wednesday evening, Aug. 4, and Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 7: "La Sylphide" and "Four Schumann Pieces" (American première).... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Aug. 5-6: "Giselle."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Aug. 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Aug. 4, and Friday, Aug. 6, at 8; Sunday, Aug. 8, at 5; Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8; and Saturday, Aug. 14, at 5: "Triad" (première), "Noumenon from Masks, Props and Mobiles," trio from "Vaudeville of the Elements," group dance from "Sanctum," and "Foreplay."... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 7, at 5; Sunday, Aug. 8, at 8:30; Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8; and Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: "The Tribe" and "Scenario."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30, and Wednesday, Aug. 11, and Friday, Aug. 13, at 8: "Temple," duet from "Somniloquy," triple duet from "Grotto," "Tensile Involvement from Masks, Props and Mobiles," and "Styx." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Through Sunday, Aug. 15.)

ALVIN AILEY CITY CENTER DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Aug. 22. The Duke Ellington Orchestra, led by Mercer Ellington, will play for the company the first week, which will be devoted to all-Ellington programs, with Mikhail Baryshnikov and Judith Jamison appearing on Tuesday and Wednesday, and members of the American Ballet Theatre as guests on Friday and Saturday evenings. Tuesday evening, Aug. 10, and Wednesday evening, Aug. 11 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 924-2970): "Pas de Duke," "Night Creature," and "Caravan."... ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 12: "The Mooche," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Liberian Suite."... ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 13: "Three Black Kings" (première), "The River," "Reflections in D," "Night Creature," and "Caravan."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 14: "New Orleans Junction," "Forty," "Reflections in D," "Black, Brown and Beige," and "The Mooche."... ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 14: "The Mooche," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The River." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(*A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.*)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Known previously as Studio 77, this ground-floor loft space has reopened and been transformed into an unpretentious but comfortable, very high-ceilinged bar. The proprietor, all-out drummer **RASHIED ALI,** is onstage with bassist Benny Wilson, guitarist James Ulmer, and tenor saxophonist Frank Wright Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 5-8; and from Thursday, Aug. 12, with bassist Wilson, pianist Don Pullen, singer Royal Blue, Marvin Blackman on tenor saxophone, and James Vass on alto. Music from about ten.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A sort of thirties chophouse, and worthwhile. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and, on the bandstand, mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and always well-amplified jazz. Trombonist Slide Hampton heads up a quintet on Wednesday, Aug. 4. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 5-7, drummer and, frequently, vocalist Grady Tate will lead his quartet. Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 9-11, trumpeter Tex Allen's quintet will take charge, and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 12-14, the New York Jazz Quartet—pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** bassist **RON CARTER,** saxophonist **FRANK WESS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY**—will come in to perform some moving music. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Something for nearly everyone. **WOODY HERMAN,** still trail boss to some fifteen youthful thundering musicians, is here on Wednesday, Aug. 4. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 5-7, Tracy Nelson will do blues, country, and rock tunes with her band. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 10-11, singer and guitarist José Feliciano will alternate with comedienne Elayne Boosler, who is sort of a hipper (but not necessarily funnier) version of Joan Rivers. On Thursday, Aug. 12, jazz-and-R. & B. flutist **YUSEF LATEEF** and his group will come in opposite vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. **TOMMY FLANAGAN** works with **WILBUR LITTLE** weeknights. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS,** whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**DWIKE MITCHELL** has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar from Marian McPartland for the rest of the summer. Mitchell is an overwhelming pianist out of Art Tatum by way of Bill Evans. Marian McPartland sometimes had trouble taming the talkers who congregate here. Mitchell drives right through them. Music from nine to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow college-rustic bar—the place has the feel of a small college-town hangout—with rows of neon beer signs hanging from the ceiling. Onstage nightly are local, crude, and loud rock bands. There are no discreet sound checks, no roadies, no extensive (if any) record-company backing, no seating section for the music business, and, often, no place for *anyone* to sit. Beginning Thursday, Aug. 5, five groups a night (some seventy-five groups in all) are scheduled to perform in a twenty-five-night-long C.B.G.B. Underground Rock Festival. Music most nights from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mondays through Saturdays, the forthright **HELEN HUMES** delivers delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs with backing from Jerry Wiggins and bassist Major Holley. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** has the floor. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at eight-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Aug. 10, Carrie Smith will contribute vocals to the proceedings, and on Sunday, Aug. 8, pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** will drop by to lead a quartet from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-four-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** is the instigator of this swing revival, which can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. The other members of the group are **SONNY GREER,** eighty years old and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** sixty-seven, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and bassist **JACK SIX** work with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** On Sunday, Aug. 8, Chiasson and Six will team up with pianist John Hicks, from five to nine. Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neat staff. This really is a Village jazz club. **NAT ADDERLEY,** an earthy cornettist and raconteur, will be here through Saturday, Aug. 7, piloting a very fine rhythm-and-blues-flavored jazz quintet. When he's not humorously describing the history of one of his tunes or battering out his own solos, Adderley stands by, nodding his head with the beat and proudly watching the young musicians in his band at work—tenor saxophonist **JOHN STUBBLEFIELD,** whose lines are urgent, pressing, and sustained; pianist **ONAJE ALAN GUMBS,** who plays long, climactic solos instead of noodling around; bassist **FERNANDO GUMBS;** and **BUDDY WILLIAMS,** a crisp, right-there drummer. They don't just pick their way through the satisfying Adderley repertoire, they nail every song. On Monday, Aug. 9, **JOE WILLIAMS,** who became an urbane bluesman when he was Count Basie's vocalist, will take over, aided by pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** and a trio. Williams left Basie more than a decade ago and has gone back to ballad singing. He has become a rather special, exciting, and knowledgeable Vegas-style popular singer, and his between-song patter can be appealing: "Never mind the pleasant expression on my face, folks. I'm an evil man." Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two, and on Mondays he fills in for Eldridge.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Trumpeter Billy Butterfield fronts a quintet comprising pianist Hank Jones, bassist Milt Hinton, tenor saxophonist Scott Hamilton, and drummer Ronnie Cole Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side bar. On Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 4-5, bassist **GORDON EDWARDS** and his loose and nimble rhythm-and-blues outfit—guitarists **ERIC GALE** and **CORNELL DUPREE,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** and either **CHRIS PARKER** or **STEVE GADD** on drums—let go with graceful, extended, and freewheeling versions of "I Heard It Through the Grapevine," "Sunny," "Hold On, I'm Coming," and more. Dupree, who performs hunched over his Telecaster and mildly puffing a bent Italian or corncob pipe, described Mikell's as "one of the best outlets; you play till you fall out." On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, more good news—**SONNY FORTUNE,** the driving, hard-edged alto player who makes you forget all about Cannonball Adderley and Paul Desmond, will lead a combo. Monday through Thursday, Aug. 9-12, Denny Morouse's R. & B. quintet will be back onstage. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MCGHEE,** who will be here through Sunday, Aug. 8, have played and sung together for more than thirty years. Wherever they go, they usually have young, eager, thoroughly delighted, and predominantly white audiences in their pocket; some of their best songs are "Custard Pie Blues," "I Feel So Good," and, often as an encore, "You're Just a White Boy Lost in the Blues." On Wednesday, Aug. 11, Ronee Blakley, the country-chic singer and pianist who appeared in the movie "Nashville," will begin a five-nighter, along with Greezy Wheels, a country-rock band from Austin, Texas. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein have returned to do two weeks' worth of Brecht-Weill material. Shows at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays in this appealing cabaret. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

GALLERY
LAMP SHADES
R. Mac M

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—This very pleasant upper West Side retreat presents an assortment of small jazz groups Tuesdays through Fridays from nine-thirty. Snacks.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Yet another small and reliable place to hear jazz. **JUNIOR MANCE,** an insistently good-natured and bluesy pianist, teams up with bassist Marty Rivera through Sunday, Aug. 8. On Wednesday, Aug. 11, pianist Mike Nock will bring in a trio. Mondays and Tuesdays are set aside for a trio led by **JACK WILKINS,** probably the most exciting young guitarist in town. Wilkins never seems to let up, even when he's comping behind another player's solo, and he is able to play clearly, cleanly, and, most importantly, musically at a breakneck pace. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—A place that draws both tourists, knowledgeable jazz partisans, and funk-jazz tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine and his quartet. Music from ten. Snacks. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**ART FARMER,** on trumpet and flugelhorn, joins powerhouse pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and his trio through Sunday, Aug. 8. On Tuesday, Aug. 10, pianist **BILL EVANS** will descend the murky staircase with his amazing bassist, **EDDIE GOMEZ,** and his drummer, **ELLIOT ZIGMAN.** Pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** brings in his up-to-date big band for Monday-night workouts. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: Mondays and Tuesdays belong to trumpeter Franc Williams and a quartet that features **EDDIE DURHAM,** a trombonist and one of the very first electric jazz guitarists. On Wednesdays, **JO JONES** is seated behind his drums and is very much in command of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays, to tenor saxophonists **BUDDY TATE** and Paul Quinichette and a quartet. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Flutist and saxophonist **RICHARD CLAY,** bassist **RICHARD DAVIS,** drummer **AL FOSTER,** trumpeter **CECIL BRIDGEWATER,** and pianist **WALTER DAVIS** are on the bandstand through Saturday, Aug. 7. On Wednesday, Aug. 11, alto saxophonist **CHARLES MCPHERSON** will arrive with a quartet. On Sundays, the piano is left in the capable, versatile, and entertaining hands of **JAKI BYARD,** accompanied by bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. On Tuesdays, after ten-thirty, Ron Roullier is in charge of a seventeen-piece band. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Elton John—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday through Friday, Aug. 10-13, and Sunday through Tuesday, Aug. 15-17, at 8.

Neil Diamond—West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 13-15, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Cecily Firestein—More than thirty rubbings on hemp paper, taken from the decorative surfaces of churches, hotels, manhole covers, and

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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

other shards of this city's civilization. Through Aug. 27. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Paul Georges—Large social-protest works, several of them in an allegorical manner. Through Sept. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Todd—Three welded-steel sculptures through which it is possible to walk. Through Sept. 4. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures in diverse styles by American and European artists, among them Robert Motherwell, Paul Klee, and Anthony Caro. Through Sept. 3. . . . **castelli,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Donald Judd, Richard Serra, Frank Stella, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . **dintenfass,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works by the gallery regulars being shown in the summer exhibition here include a slat-legged ten-foot wooden Dutch boy (he has a paintbrush in his hand), by William King; some street scenes full of Robert Gwathmey's angular, sinewy black people; and one or two of Philip Evergood's Love-Thy-Neighbor homilies in gouache or oil. Through Aug. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **esman,** 29 W. 57th St.: An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and other works, all of them small, by William Fares, Michael Vessa, and Nina Yankowitz, among others. Through Friday, Aug. 13. . . . **findlay,** 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings by contemporary American and European artists mostly (Ida Kohlmeyer and Maurice Brianchon, for instance), together with several small-scale bronzes by Henry Moore. Through Aug. 20. . . . **gimpel,** 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Small collages by Herbert Schneider, incorporating sheets from antique German songbooks; two ovate bronze pieces, with lesser ovals cut out and painted white, by the late Barbara Hepworth; and a large silk-screened drawing of a reclining figure by Henry Moore are among the high spots in this show of gallery regulars. Through Friday, Aug. 6. . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Odd little porcelain reliefs, with sketchy figures outlined in color, by Alexa Grace; free-form collages made of strips of torn paper assembled and painted to depict rocky canyons by Anne Elliott; and small, striking landscapes (like condensed Vlamincks), done in several mediums, by Phyllis Yampolsky are among the works on exhibition in this summer show. Through Friday, Aug. 13. . . . **hammer,** 51 E. 57th St.: "Impressions of New York City" begins (chronologically, at least) with a view of the Plaza, circa 1905, by A. C. Goodwin; moves on through striking vistas of the metropolis by Marin, Guy Pène du Bois, Reginald Marsh, Sheeler, a handful of the Ashcan school, and so on; and winds up with a sidewalk-crowd study by Yan Hsia that is a 1976 Photo-Realist echo of Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase." Through Aug. 18. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century American realists and social realists, among them Edward Hopper, Winslow Homer, and Abraham Rattner. Through Sept. 11. . . . **larcada,** 23 E. 67th St.: In the summer exhibition here are a large four-panel study of a dinner table crowded with white china on white napery (one of the white bowls contains a clutch of white eggs) by Kaffe Fassett; one of Peter Miller's quilt-like oils made up of her own hex symbols; and a surrealist sort of work by Gordon Russell depicting a rickety wagon perched on the tip end of an equally rickety masonry structure. Rockwell Kent and Leonid are also among the artists represented. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **pace,** 32 E. 57th St.: A selection of works by gallery artists includes sculptures by Louise Nevelson and Guy Dill and paintings by Lee Krasner and Jack Youngerman. Through Sept. 24. . . . **rené,** 6 W. 57th St.: Latin-American painters and sculptors. Through Friday, Aug. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Gertrude Käsebier (1852-1934) **and Clarence H. White** (1871-1925)—Photogravures, along with vintage photographs, by two of the founding members of the Photo-Secession. Through Sept. 18. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Nixon—Pictures taken with a view camera, including a score of high-vantage-point photographs of Boston. Through Oct. 5. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Group Shows—At **asia house,** 112 E. 64th St.: More than a hundred photographs that were taken in India, primarily by British photographers, between 1840 and 1910. The exhibit includes a series of studio portraits of maharajas and of British military officers, a group of Samuel Bourne landscapes of the Himalayas, as well as photographs recording leisure activities of Britons in place. Through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Several exhibits are on view through Sept. 12, notably one of photographs (dating from 1845) of well-known American women. Some of the contemporary photographers are Jill Krementz, Richard Avedon, and Arnold Newman. Another exhibit features about forty-five works by Henri Cartier-Bresson. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.) . . . **seagram building,** 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St. (fourth floor): An exhibit of twenty-six photographs (interiors, mostly) documenting the rise (and, in some respects, fall) of the county courthouse in the United States. Through Aug. 27. . . . **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: Fifty prints by Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976) covering just about all her working career. / Frederick H. Evans, P. H. Emerson, Julia Margaret Cameron, and other nineteenth-century British photographers. Through Sept. 4. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Eight Goya paintings, selected to represent the high points in the artist's career, on loan from the Prado and including both of the celebrated Majas, clad and un. Through Sunday, Aug. 8. . . . ¶ A show of ninety drawings (landscapes, genre scenes, and portraits) by Europeans, among them Rembrandt, Delacroix, and Gainsborough, from the Robert Lehman collection, many of which have not previously been on view. Through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Four portraits by early American painters Gilbert Stuart and Thomas Sully, on loan from a private Spanish collection. Through Sunday, Aug. 8. . . . ¶ "American Ephemera" is a display of posters, valentines, advertisements, and other items (all dated before 1935) from the museum's print collections. Through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—who were noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Aug. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More

than eighty paintings as well as a group of drawings are included in a retrospective exhibition of the Surrealist André Masson. Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Five taxicabs, new in design, built by two American and three European car manufacturers to specifications developed by the museum. Also a 1968 London cab. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A small group of recently acquired drawings by David Smith, Morris Kantor, and Lee Krasner. Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Photographs by Nicholas Nixon. Through Oct. 5. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.). . . NOTE: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of country music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Twenty-five of the abstract sculptures and reliefs of Jean Arp, assembled to mark the tenth anniversary of his death. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of watercolors and pastels (late eighteenth century to the present) by American artists, including Homer, Sargent, Burchfield, Avery, and O'Keeffe. Through Sept. 19. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such nonpareils as a diamond necklace made up of about five hundred diamonds to the order of King George III in 1776, the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of objects by Americans who work in wood, fibre, metal, glass, and ceramics. A painted freestanding ceramic sculpture depicting a house, tree, and sky by Robert Arneson, and a wall hanging incorporating bluejeans, workshirt, granny glasses, and other apparel of today and yesterday, by Alma Lesch, are among the pieces on view. Through Sept. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A nine-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, Aug. 4, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7: John Nelson conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Lili Kraus, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5: Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8: Walter Klien, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 9; Wednesday, Aug. 11; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 10, and Thursday, Aug. 12: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Anton Kuerti, piano, and Gervase De Peyer, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall, 362-1911. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 28.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla, and others in an all-night concert. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Aug. 6, starting at 9. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, Aug. 6, at 7: A recital by Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ The Boston Symphony in three all-Beethoven programs: Friday, Aug. 6, at 9, Colin Davis conducting; no soloists. . . . Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30, Colin Davis directing the "Missa Solemnis," with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; Anna Reynolds, contralto; Eric

Do Your Friends Look Younger Than You?

MAYBE that's a question you'd really rather not think about, perhaps because the answer is yes, they do look younger. And that's a small blow to your pride. After all, you know you're about the same age. And you lead similar lives. Why should you be the one whose mirror, in the hard, cold light of morning, reflects a less-young look?

Those friends may know a secret of looking younger, a secret they share with discerning women from many parts of the world who have experienced the benefits of a remarkable beauty fluid that helps keep women looking their youngest. The time has surely come for you to discover this unique beauty fluid for yourself. Quite simply, it is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

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Tappy, tenor; Marius Rintzler, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2:30, Klaus Tennstedt conducting, with Mr. Frager. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops in a concert for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 7: A piano recital by Earl Wild. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 9: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Gershwin program, with Mr. Wild. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano, and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Rochberg-Brahms program, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the Philadelphia Orchestra of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 21. Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:15: Aaron Copland directing a program of American music, with Marian Anderson, narrator, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 8:15: Leonard Slatkin conducting, with Walter Klien, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:15: William Smith conducting, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Mallory Walker, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . [NOTE: A special concert will be given by the Carpenters on Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8:15: Edo de Waart conducting, with Ruth Welting, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:15: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Susan Starr, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:15: James DePreist conducting, with Gina Bachauer, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:15: Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Stanley Hummel, piano. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Roberta Peters, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 5:30: Rosalyn Tureck, piano, in a program of music by J. S. Bach. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Eugene Fodor, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 5:30: The Orpheus Chamber Ensemble. (Katonah, N.Y.; Festival ends Sunday, Aug. 22. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 7: The Milwaukee Ballet Company, with Ted Kivitt. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 10-14: Teodoro and Isabel Morca, William Carter, and Gisela in a program of Spanish dance, and the Claude Kipnis Mime Theatre. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

American Dance Festival—Performances by the companies of Murray Louis and Nancy Meehan will close out the season in New London. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 2:05. . . . ¶ San Diego, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 10-11, at 8:05, and Thursday, Aug. 12, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 14, at 2:15. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Friday, Aug. 6, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 7, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Elston Howard, Joe Collins, Allie Reynolds, Joe DiMaggio, and other major-league stars of past years, will start at 1:15); and Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2.

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Yankee Stadium: Jets vs. Giants, Monday, Aug. 9, at 8. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Oakland Raiders, Friday, Aug. 13, at 8.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Test, Wednesday, Aug. 4; the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 7; the Saratoga Special, Monday, Aug. 9; the Bernard Baruch Handicap, Friday, Aug. 13; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 14. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Nov. 13. The Monmouth Invitational, Saturday, Aug. 7, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 14. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thursdays, at 7:15; through Saturday, Oct. 2. The Kelly-Olympic Handicap, Friday, Aug. 6.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Miami. (Yankee Stadium. Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 7:30. For tickets, call 484-6010.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—Sets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Cleveland, Friday, Aug. 6. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Boston, Monday, Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Phoenix, Friday, Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Indiana, Saturday, Aug. 14. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of MEASURE FOR MEASURE, with Meryl Streep, Lenny Baker, Sam Waterston, and John Cazale. The second of two plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. Andre Kostelanetz is conducting the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8:30. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:30. . . . VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx, Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Thomas Schippers will conduct the second program: CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW, Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8:30. . . . MARINE PARK, Brooklyn, Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8:30. . . . CROCHERON PARK, Bayside, Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:30. . . . VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx, Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 15.)

Washington Square Park—Arthur Weisberg conducting the Festival Orchestra in the fourth in a series of five concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 6:30: Harry Chapin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 6: Sha Na Na and the L. A. Jets. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 6:30: John Sebastian. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 9, at 6:30: Janis Ian and Leon Redbone. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 6:30: Robert Klein and the Movies. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 6: Burning Spear. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 6:30: The Outlaws and the Cate Brothers. (Through Saturday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of SHOWBOAT, with Robert Peterson, Barbara Meister, Max Showalter, and Beth Fowler, is this summer's production. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best nights for watching are Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 11-12, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

Movies in the Park—A program of conventional and experimental films is being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 4-5. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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8	9	10	11	12		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Murder by Death."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Aug. 10: "The Food of the Gods" and "Barbarella."
From Aug. 11: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" and "Farewell, My Lovely."

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through Aug. 10: "The Exorcist."
From Aug. 11 (tentative): "Murder by Death."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Tunnelvision."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"All the President's Men."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through Aug. 5: "Pinocchio" and "Escape to Witch Mountain."
From Aug. 6: "The Sword in the Stone" and "Gus."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Aug. 12 (tentative): "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 10: "The Omen."
From Aug. 11: "Silent Movie."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Tunnelvision."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Aug. 12 (tentative): "The Big Bus."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Logan's Run."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Clockmaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder by Death."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Obsession."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Aug. 10: "Silent Movie."
Aug. 11: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 12: "The Ritz."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Silent Movie."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through Aug. 10: "All the President's Men."
From Aug. 11: "Murder by Death."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Outlaw Josey Wales."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Taxi Driver."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"My Friends."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Let's Talk About Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 10: "That's Entertainment, Part 2."
From Aug. 11: "The Big Bus."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Exorcist."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Outlaw Josey Wales."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Drum."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Survive!"

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Squirm."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Aug. 5: "Pinocchio" and "Escape to Witch Mountain."
From Aug. 6: "The Sword in the Stone" and "Gus."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"All the President's Men."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Omen."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Logan's Run."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: "Alpha Beta."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 7: "Intermezzo" and "The Farmer's Daughter." Aug. 8-10: "Open City" and "Under the Roofs of Paris." Aug. 11-12: "Grand Illusion" and "Rules of the Game."
Theatre 4: "The Clockmaker."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"That's Entertainment, Part 2."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Swashbuckler."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Return of a Man Called Horse."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Aug. 5: "Pinocchio" and "Escape to Witch Mountain."
From Aug. 6: "The Sword in the Stone" and "Gus."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 10: "Mother, Jugs & Speed" and "Conrack."
From Aug. 11: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Murder by Death."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 10: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
From Aug. 11: "Silent Movie."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 10: "All the President's Men."
From Aug. 11: "Murder by Death."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"That's Entertainment, Part 2" and "Love and Death."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 5: "Pinocchio" and "Escape to Witch Mountain." From Aug. 6: "The Sword in the Stone" and "Gus."
Theatre 2: "The Outlaw Josey Wales."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 10: "Tunnelvision" and "Son of Blob." From Aug. 11: "Harry and Walter Go to New York."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Logan's Run."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Alpha Beta."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 10: "The Exorcist."
From Aug. 11: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" and "The Ruling Class."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 4: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley; and "Farewell, My Lovely." (†)
Aug. 5: "And Now My Love" (1975), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Marthe Keller and André Dussollier; and "A Man and a Woman" (1966), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
Aug. 6: "Umberto D." (†); and "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.
Aug. 7: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "Miracle in Milan." (†)
Aug. 8: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead; and "Touch of Evil." (†)
Aug. 9: "Late Spring" (†) and "The End of Summer." (†)
Aug. 10: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari; and "Lacombe, Lucien." (†)
Aug. 11: "Heat" (1972), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.
Aug. 12: "Ulysses" (1967), directed by Joseph Strick, with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 4: "The Searchers" (1956), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond; and "The Last Hurrah" (1958), directed by John Ford, with Spencer Tracy, James Gleason, Pat O'Brien, and Jeffrey Hunter.
Aug. 5: "The Romantic Englishwoman" (1975), directed by Joseph Losey, with Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine, and Helmut Berger; and "The Go-Between" (1971), directed by Joseph Losey, with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton.
Aug. 6: "Monsieur Verdoux" (†) and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." (†)
Aug. 7: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Great McGinty." (†)
Aug. 8: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Aug. 9: "The Leopard" (†) and "Sandra." (†)
Aug. 10: "L'Atalante" (†) and "The Two of Us." (†)
Aug. 11: "The Horse Soldiers" (†) and "Two Rode Together." (†)
Aug. 12: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; and "Johnny Guitar" (1954), directed by Nich-

olas Ray, with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, and Ernest Borgnine.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Aug. 4: "Samurai Rebellion" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Samurai Assassin" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Toshiro Mifune.

Aug. 5: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "Steelyard Blues" (1973), directed by Alan Myerson, with Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland, and Peter Boyle.

Aug. 6: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson; and "Payday" (1973), directed by Daryl Duke, with Rip Torn.

Aug. 7: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; and "O Lucky Man!" (1973), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.

Aug. 8: "Traffic" (1971) and "Playtime" (1968), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

Aug. 9: "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson; and "Transatlantic Tunnel" (1935), directed by Maurice Elvey, with Madge Evans and Richard Dix.

Aug. 10: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (†) and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne." (†)

Aug. 11: "Sanjuro" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Band of Assassins" (1970), in Japanese, directed by Tadashi Sawashima, with Toshiro Mifune.

Aug. 12: "They Might Be Giants" (†) and "King of Hearts."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through Aug. 5: "Rules of the Game" (†); and "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.

Aug. 6-7: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "Brink of Life." (†)

Aug. 8-10: "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre; and "Metropolis" (1926), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang.

Aug. 11-12: "Umberto D." (†) and "Miracle in Milan." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Aug. 7: "High Sierra" (1941), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie, and Arthur Kennedy; and "The Roaring Twenties" (1939), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart.

Aug. 8-10: "The Jazz Singer" (†) and "Gold Diggers of 1933." (†)

From Aug. 11: "The Maltese Falcon" (†) and "Dark Passage." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Aug. 5: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden; and "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

Aug. 6-7: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat.

Aug. 8-9: "Something to Shout About" (†) and "Man of a Thousand Faces." (†)

Aug. 10: "Peter Ibbetson" (†) and "Resurrection." (†)

Aug. 11-12: "The Outlaw" (†) and "The Front Page." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 5 at 2:30: "It's in the Air" (1935), directed by Charles Riesner, with Jack Benny, Una Merkel, Ted Healey, and Nat Pendleton. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 6: "What Every Woman Knows" (1934), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne, Madge Evans, and Dudley Diggs. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 8:30: "Once in a Blue Moon" (1935), directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Jimmy Savo and Cecilia Loftus. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 2:30: "The Good Fairy" (1935), directed by William Wyler, with Margaret Sullavan, Herbert Marshall, Frank Morgan, and Reginald Owen. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 6: "It's in the Air.". . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 8:30: The innovative Vitaphone program that was presented, with much fanfare, on Aug. 6, 1926, at the Warners Theatre here. The central piece is "Don Juan," directed by Alan Crosland, with John Barrymore, Mary Astor, and Myrna Loy, and some of the original accompanying shorts are also being shown. (This program is three hours long, and will have an intermission.). . . ¶ Aug. 7 at noon: "Ali Baba Goes to Town" (1937), directed by David Butler, with Eddie Cantor, Tony Martin, and June Lang. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 2:30: A program of five Vitaphone shorts. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 5:30: "Don Juan" (see above), unattended by short subjects. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at noon: "Topper" (1937), directed by Norman McLeod, with Cary Grant, Constance Bennett, Roland Young, and Billie Burke. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 2:30: "The Gilded Lily" (1935), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 5: "Fantomas" (1913)—Chapter 2, "Juve vs. Fantomas"—a French film, directed by Louis Feuillade, English inter-titles; and "Teddy at the Throttle" (1917), directed by Clarence Badger, with Gloria Swanson and Wallace Beery. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at noon: "The Moon's Our Home" (1936), directed by William Seiter, with Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 2:30: "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, and Thomas Mitchell. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 6: "The Good Fairy.". . . ¶ Aug. 10 at noon: "Three Men on a Horse" (1936), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Joan Blondell, Frank McHugh, and Sam Levene. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 2:30: "Ali Baba Goes to Town.". . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 6: "The Moon's Our Home.". . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 2:30: "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford" (1936), directed by Stephen Roberts, with Jean Arthur, William Powell, and James Gleason. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 6: "The Whole Town's Talking" (1935), directed by John Ford, with Edward G. Robinson, Jean Arthur, and Wallace Ford. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 8:30: "Mr. Dynamite" (1935), directed by Alan Crosland, with Edmund Lowe and Jean Dixon; and "Beg, Borrow, or Steal" (1937), directed by William Thiele, with Frank Morgan. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/76.) (Gramercy, and Waverly. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through Aug. 10.)

Alpha Beta—With Albert Finney and Rachel Roberts, directed by Anthony Page. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Quad Cinema, and Thalia.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is a tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman, and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 10.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 10.)

The Big Bus—A comedy, with Stockard Channing and Joe Bologna, directed by James Frawley. (Sutton; through Aug. 12, tentative. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Aug. 11.)

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings—With Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor; directed by John Badham. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Aug. 12, tentative.)

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (1938)—A miscast Gary Cooper in a flat comedy, adapted by Brackett and Wilder from the Alfred Savoir play, and directed by Lubitsch. The gimmick is that Cooper has been divorced seven times; his eighth wife, Claudette Colbert, tries to make their marriage last by the supposedly hilarious expedient of refusing to consummate it. Her ruses, which include munching on scallions, finally drive him to a nervous breakdown. The cast includes David Niven, Herman Bing, Elizabeth Patterson, Edward Everett Horton, Franklin Pangborn, and Warren Hymer, so there are some alleviating comic moments. The film bears a heavy mark of the studio, but there are background shots of France. (Sacha Guitry may be glimpsed coming out of a hotel in Cannes.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

Brink of Life (1957)—Ingmar Bergman directed this study of women in a maternity hospital—and a gory, dreary film it is. With Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin, and Bibi Andersson. In Swedish. (New Yorker; Aug. 6-7.)

The Clockmaker—With Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort, directed by Bertrand Tavernier. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Fine Arts, and Quad Cinema.)

Conrack (1974)—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher on an island off the South Carolina coast, who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy; directed by Martin Ritt, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder." Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (Playboy; through Aug. 10.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings, full of Rabelaisian cheer. Finely acted by people whom the director has helped to embody a mixture of the droll and the fragile. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne (1945)—Robert Bresson's film is highly stylized, artificial in purpose, with a degree of photographic chic that Bresson later cast off. Cocteau wrote the dialogue; Maria Casarès plays a diabolical sophisticate called Hélène, who is engaged in a revenge drama. The presence of Cocteau and Maria Casarès makes the film glamorous, histrionic, and not typical of Bresson, though glimmers of his reserved sensibility show through. In French. (Elgin; Aug. 10.)

Dark Passage (1947)—"Dark" in a movie title generally seems to be an attempt to give some sinister allure to opacity and confusion, as in "The Dark Corner," "Dark Waters," "The Dark Mirror." And this Bogart-Bacall bummer is no exception. Throughout most of the miserably plotted picture, Bogart, accused of murder, hides out in Bacall's fashionable San Francisco apartment while recovering from plastic surgery; with his head bandaged, he can't do much except nod appreciatively while Bacall feeds him through a glass straw. In moments of stress, she dilates her nostrils; he's so trussed up he can't even do that, which puts him ahead of her, but not very far. The picture is an almost total drag, though Agnes Moorehead, as the villainess, has a sensational exit through plate-glass windows. Written and directed by Delmar Daves, from a David Goodis story. (Regency; starting Aug. 11.)

Drum—With Warren Oates, Isela Vega, and Ken Norton; directed by Steve Carver. (Loews Orpheum.)

The Earrings of Madame De . . . (1953)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinarily romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Elgin; Aug. 10.)

The End of Summer (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 9.)

Escape to Witch Mountain (1975)—From the Disney studios, with Eddie Albert, Ray Milland, and Donald Pleasence, directed by John Hough. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 5.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ 12th St. Cinema, and Olympia; through Aug. 10.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

Farewell, My Lovely (1975)—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 4. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 11.)

The Farmer's Daughter (1947)—This political comedy was enormously popular—maybe because of its smooth, bland, apolitical cheerfulness, which some people considered fresh. It's amiable but unrelentingly clean and nice. With blond braids wound in clusters over her ears, and turning "j"s into "y"s, Loretta Young plays a Swedish housemaid who finds a job in the home of a patrician, politically influential family (dominated by Ethel Barrymore), and gets to be a congresswoman. With Joseph Cotten, Charles Bickford, Rose Hobart, Rhys Williams, Harry Davenport, Lex Barker, Don Beddoe, and Jason Robards (père). Directed by H. C. Potter, from a screenplay by Allen Rivkin and his partner-wife, Laura Kerr. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 7.)

The Food of the Gods—Directed by Bert I. Gordon. Very largely about rats. Also about very large rats. An essence that issues from the earth has terrible powers of enlarging the size of various creatures, especially the aforesaid rats. Billed as being based on H. G. Wells' novel but lacking an ounce of his intellect or sense of augury. (7/26/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 10.)

The Front Page (1931)—The first movie version, directed by Lewis Milestone, stays closer to the Hecht-and-MacArthur play than the Howard Hawks version or the new one by Billy Wilder. The play is a dialogue comedy, but dialogue of the speediest, most rapid-fire variety, which succeeds in this film as it does on the stage. Adolphe Menjou is sharp and adroit as Walter Burns; Pat O'Brien is a trace too stolid as Hildy Johnson. As the heroine, Mary Brian makes her occasional wan entrances; Edward Everett Horton is the fastidious health-crank reporter. With Mae Clarke as the neurotic prostitute, and Walter Catlett. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 11-12.)

Gold Diggers of 1933—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls, singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you," merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (Regency; Aug. 8-10.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 11-12.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—The first film that Preston Sturges both wrote and directed (after he wrote a series of first-rate scripts) is a satire on American politics. The hero (Brian Donlevy) gets in solid with the local political boss by voting thirty-seven times in one day, but he falls in love, tries to go straight, and his career is wrecked. Not up to the classic Sturges comedies that followed, but fairly funny, with the frantic, slapstick reversals on Horatio Alger success themes that became the Sturges specialty. With Akim Tamiroff and Muriel Angelus. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 7.)

Gus—From the Disney studios, with Edward Asner, Don Knotts, and Gary Grimes, directed by Vincent McEveety. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Aug. 6.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Aug. 11.)

The Horse Soldiers (1959)—John Ford, working with weak material—a superficial, contrived Civil War story in which John Wayne and William Holden are cast as officers who clash. Wayne is a colonel assigned to lead a mission into Confederate territory to destroy the railroads; he hates doctors (for having killed his wife) and Holden is a doctor, trying to give proper care to the wounded. With Constance Towers, Hoot Gibson, Anna Lee, Althea Gibson, Carleton Young, and Denver Pyle. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 11.)

Intermezzo (1939)—David O. Selznick, who arranged this début for Ingrid Bergman in English-speaking films, wasn't going to take any chances; it's a remake of a picture she'd already had a hit with in Sweden, in 1936. Selznick even retained the same slurpy "haunting" theme music. Leslie Howard is the wan and renowned violin virtuoso, afflicted with the boredom of fame and of domestic bliss with his beloved, understanding wife (Edna Best). He falls in love with Bergman, his daughter's piano teacher. Handsome and eager, she's a brilliant young pianist who becomes his accompanist. On a tour of the concert halls of Europe, the two combine business with passion, though at last the finer overtones of conscience separate them. The crisis occurs in a picturesque Mediterranean village—Selznick saw to it that the romantic upheavals of such artistic people got the smartest settings—and there are snacks of Brahms, Liszt, and Grieg to buoy up the cultural tone. The film's only real claim on anyone's attention was Bergman, whose natural look (full eyebrows, and even a shine on her nose) seemed revolutionary. Gregory Ratoff directed; Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. With John Halliday. (This drippy thing was remade again just a few years ago.) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 7.)

The Jazz Singer (1927)—A mediocre, mostly silent picture, but Al Jolson's songs (plus a bit of spoken dialogue) amid the heart-tugging conflict-of-generations plot stirred audiences. It certainly doesn't look like a revolutionary film, but it heralded the new era of

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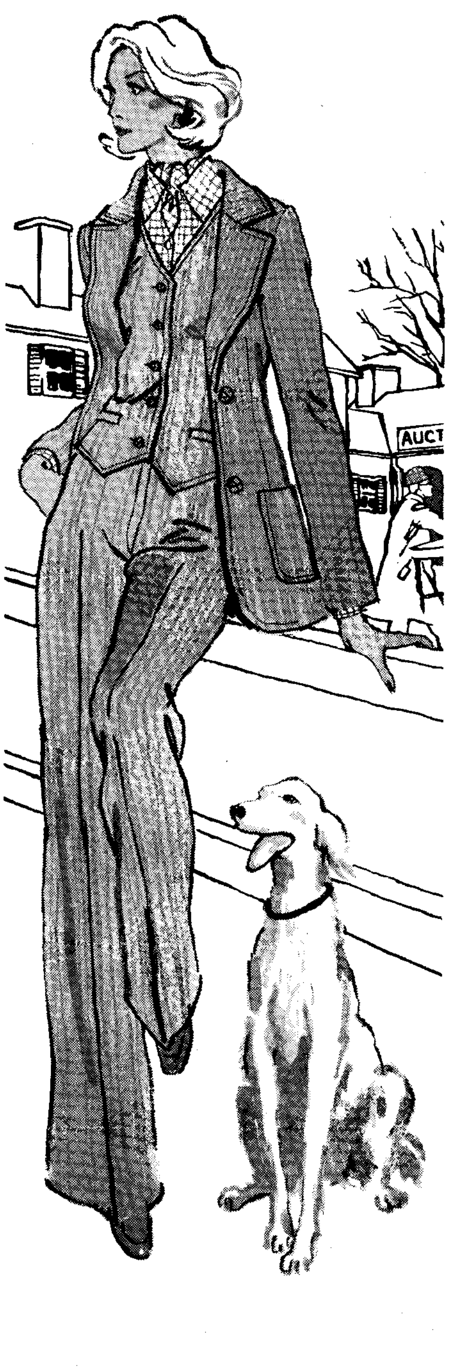

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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talkies. Alan Crosland directed, from Samson Raphaelson's play. With May McAvoy. (Regency; Aug. 8-10.)

Lacombe, Lucien (1974)—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teenage country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 10.)

Late Spring (1949)—A masterpiece by Ozu, concerned with silence and repose. Ozu restrains himself from the usual punctuation marks of film directors and arrives at a tranquil simplicity. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 9.)

The Leopard (1963)—Visconti's remarkable, luxurious film about aristocratic attitudes; sometimes boring but finally magnificent. From Lampedusa's novel. With Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale. Superbly photographed by Giuseppe Rotunno. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 9.)

Let's Talk About Men (1965)—A quartet of stories, with Nino Manfredi. Directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Loews Tower East.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (Trans-Lux East, Greenwich, and Symphony.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economical—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Regency; starting Aug. 11.)

Man of a Thousand Faces (1957)—Unappetizing bio of the turmoiled, forbidding Lon Chaney, with James Cagney giving the role more conviction than the viewer really wants; the script and conception are so maudlin and degrading that Cagney's high dedication becomes somewhat oppressive. He discards his mannerisms and his usual bravado, and acts out the Chaney characters—the hunchback of Notre Dame, the mad organist of the Paris Opéra, the cripple of "The Miracle Man," etc., giving them a gruesome tenderness that is almost as upsetting as Chaney's own brand of compassion. With Dorothy Malone as Chaney's lackadaisical first wife, and Jane Greer, cast wildly against type, as the fine, upstanding chorus girl who becomes his perfect second wife. Joseph Pevney's direction is at its worst with these two; he's a little more comfortable with Celia Lovsky as Chaney's deaf-mute mother. The cast includes Marjorie Rambeau, Jim Backus, Robert Evans, Jack Albertson, Jeanne Cagney, Hank Mann, and Snub Pollard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 8-9.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Plaza. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Aug. 10.)

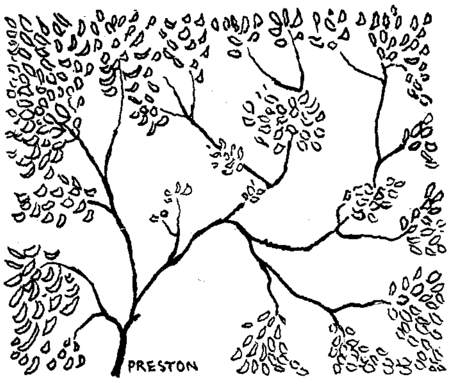
Miracle in Milan (1951)—Part social satire, part fantasy, this Vittorio De Sica film suggests a childlike view of Dostoevski's "The Idiot." A fun-loving old lady finds a newborn baby in a cabbage patch. The baby becomes Toto the Good, the happy man who loves everyone; when he is frustrated in his desire to help people, the old lady, now an angel, comes down and gives him the power to work miracles. Toto the hero, naïve and full of love, organizes a hobo shantytown into an ideal community, but the social contradictions are ludicrously hopeless—not even magic powers can resolve them. The failure of innocence here is touchingly absurd; the film is stylized poetry, and it is like nothing else that De Sica ever did. With Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and the great Emma Gramatica as the old lady. Cesare Zavattini did the adaptation of his own novel. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 7. . . . ¶ New Yorker; Aug. 11-12.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a deft, fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies: this private entrepreneur of murder feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as turgid. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations, and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work of movie art, but it's so special a film that maybe it deserves to be called a classic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

Mother, Jugs & Speed—A comedy-adventure about an ambulance company in Los Angeles. With Bill Cosby, Raquel Welch, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Peter Yates. (Playboy; through Aug. 10.)

Murder by Death—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Art, Baronet, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema, and Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 11. . . . ¶ 12th St. Cinema; starting Aug. 11, tentative.)

My Friends—An Italian film about friendship, which is one of the things that Italians are as good at as they are bad at—thank the Lord—military prowess. The film is a salute to male camaraderie, bravery in mufti, benevolence to friends' failings. Philippe Noiret plays one of the quartet of friends—a poached-egg-eyed crime reporter. The film was conceived by Pietro Germi, fully planned by him, and directed by him for a week before his death, in December, 1974. It was completed with great affection by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (7/26/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)



Obsession—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma, enfeebled by echolalia. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. The ambiguity is a fake, and we know it. This is the difference between Hitchcock and De Palma. De Palma declines to give us the information that Hitchcock respects as necessary to audiences. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman called Courtland (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a Daddi in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Is she restoring a Daddi? Pun? Because she is his daughter? Or is she his mysteriously renascent wife? Or is she a hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. The most interesting part of this picture is the relationship between Courtland, as a jumped-up Southerner, and his Old South partner, Robert La Salle, played by John Lithgow. (8/2/76) (Coronet.)

The Omen—Directed by Richard Donner, starring a very sonorous and vapid Gregory Peck, who is married to Lee Remick (in a good performance). The plot involves the replacing of her stillborn baby with an orphan who turns out to be the child of Satan. The cult of Satanism may be the "Jaws" of next year. (7/5/76) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Aug. 10.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Playboy; starting Aug. 11.)

Open City (1944)—This brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation is famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 8-10.)

The Outlaw (1947)—As producer-director and bra designer, Howard Hughes managed to create the definitive burlesque of cowtown dramas, and without even trying. Jane Russell swings her bosom around and shows her love for frail, seedy Billy the Kid (Jack Buetel) by hitting him over the head with a coffeepot and putting sand in his water flasks when he is setting out across the desert. To reciprocate, he ties her up with wet thongs and leaves her out in the sun. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell provide a little relief from the amorous games. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 11-12.)

The Outlaw Josey Wales—Directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Columbia I, U.A. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Peter Ibbetson (1935)—A romantic fantasy in which the hero (Gary Cooper) is visited by his dead beloved (Ann Harding, as Mary, Duchess of Towers), who comes drifting down from Heaven. The five screenwriters failed to lick the datedness of the material (a George Du Maurier story, filmed as a silent, in 1921). This is an essentially sickly Gothic, and yet the director, Henry Hathaway, brings off some of the ethereal moments, and the film tends to stay in the memory. With Ida Lupino, John Halliday, Douglass Dumbrille, Donald Meek, and Leonid Kinskey. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 10.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 5.)

Resurrection (1931)—Serious, stupefying version of Tolstoy's novel, featuring the stolid musical-comedy singer John Boles and the Mexican spitfire comedienne Lupe Velez. Boles' speaking voice never changes its mel-low tone throughout, but Siberia seems to agree with Velez: she does a little acting and looks radiant. Directed by Edwin Carewe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 10.)

The Return of a Man Called Horse—With Richard Harris, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Ziegfeld.)

The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe Called Horse—With Pierre Richard, directed by Yves Robert. In French. (D. W. Griffith.)

The Ritz—Based on the Terrence McNally comedy, with Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller. Directed by Richard Lester. (Cinema I; starting Aug. 12.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and the masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (New Yorker; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; Aug. 11-12.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Olympia; starting Aug. 11.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Aug. 11.)

Sandra (1966)—Luchino Visconti gives his native land the turbid and murky climate of a gothic novel. In the richly upholstered gloom of a crumbling palazzo, the young heroine (Claudia Cardinale) slips uneasily from one pool of shadows to the next, pursued by her amiable, baffled American husband (Michael Craig) and by her dissolute brother Gianni (Jean Sorel). The tale demands to be sung, and in scene after scene we prepare to enjoy an aria that has been unaccountably mislaid. With Marie Bell as the mentally disturbed mother. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 9.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through Aug. 10. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Paramount; starting Aug. 11.)

Something to Shout About (1943)—Clumsy, chaotic little musical taken from a Cole Porter Broadway show. Janet Blair has too much to do; Jack Oakie doesn't have enough. With William Gaxton, Hazel Scott, Cyd Charisse, and Don Ameche. One good song: "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To." Gregory Ratoff directed, for Columbia. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 8-9.)

Son of Blob (1972)—With Robert Walker, directed by Larry Hagman. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 10.)

Squirm—With Don Scardino and Patricia Pearcy, directed by Jeff Lieberman. (86th St. East.)

Survive!—A Mexican film (in English) based on the survival of the Uruguayan soccer team that crashed in the Andes in 1972. (Loews Ciné.)

Swashbuckler—With Robert Shaw, James Earl Jones, Peter Boyle, Geneviève Bujold, Beau Bridges, and Geoffrey Holder; directed by James Goldstone. (Music Hall.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Quad Cinema.)

The Sword in the Stone (1963)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Aug. 6.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Columbia II.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. Highly recommended for children, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Guild, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Aug. 10.)

They Might Be Giants (1971)—George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward in a seventies attempt at an imaginative, lunatic comedy, like the Frank Capra romances of the thirties. Scott plays a widowed former judge who is in danger of being sent to a loony bin because of his belief that he is Sherlock Holmes; Woodward is the doctor asked to certify him insane—and her name is Dr. Watson. Scott does his damnedest, but the whimsical plot goes to pieces; studio interference, via cutting and a prologue and an epilogue, certainly doesn't help. Anthony Harvey directed, from James Goldman's script. With Jack Gilford, Rue McClanahan, Kitty Winn, Lester Rawlins, and, in a bit, F. Murray Abraham. (Elgin; Aug. 12.)

Thunderbolt and Lightfoot (1974)—Clint Eastwood, Jeff Bridges, George Kennedy, and Geoffrey Lewis as a quartet of thieves. Written and directed by Michael Cimino. (Playboy; starting Aug. 11.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—The original 108-minute version, not previously exhibited, of Orson Welles' marvellously garish thriller about drugs and police corruption in a border town. Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 8.)

Tunnelvision—With Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor, directed by Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel. (Cinema Village, and Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 10.)

The Two of Us (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artless. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 10.)

Two Rode Together (1961)—A disorienting, cynical, tragicomic Western by John Ford, in which the hero, played by James Stewart, is a mercenary sheriff. The sheriff and an Army officer (Richard Widmark) go off to rescue some white captives of the Comanches; the captives, it turns out, would be better off left where they are. Ford's attempt at a modern ironic tone is peculiarly unbecoming, and the picture doesn't take imaginative hold of the audience. With Shirley Jones, Linda Cristal, Anna Lee, Andy Devine, Jeanette Nolan, Woody Strode, and Ted Knight. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 11.)

Umberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's greatest film. His Umberto D. is an obstinate, aging bourgeois with bourgeois standards for himself, a down-and-out's income, and the backbone of nobility. The film is a work of wonderful compassion and purity that gathers more people to cherish it as the years go by. Scripted by Zavattini. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 6. . . . ¶ New Yorker; Aug. 11-12.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—René Clair's lovely early musical. In French. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 8-10.)

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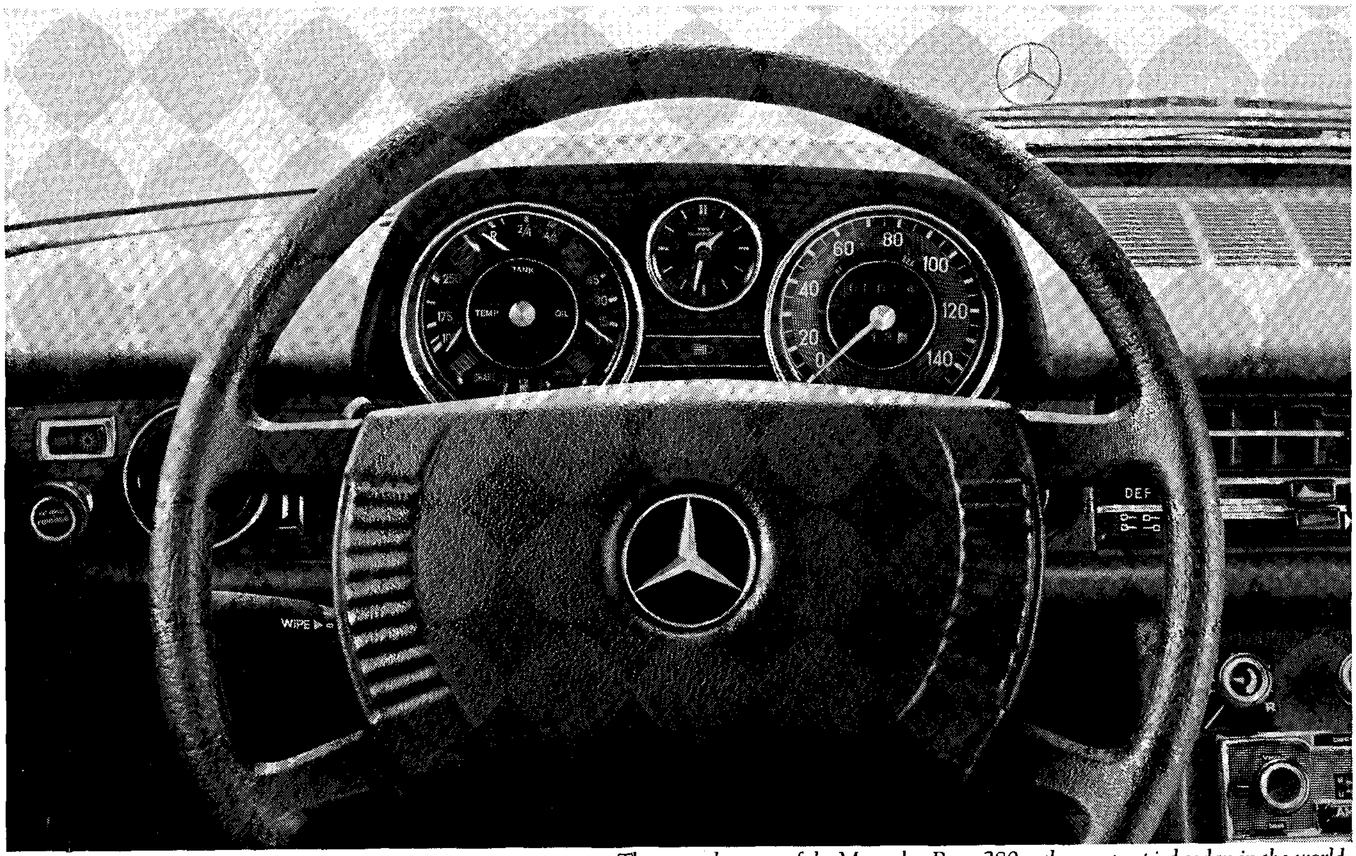

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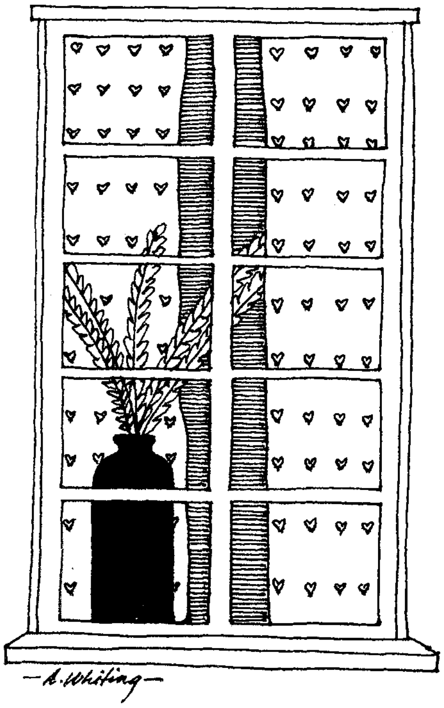
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

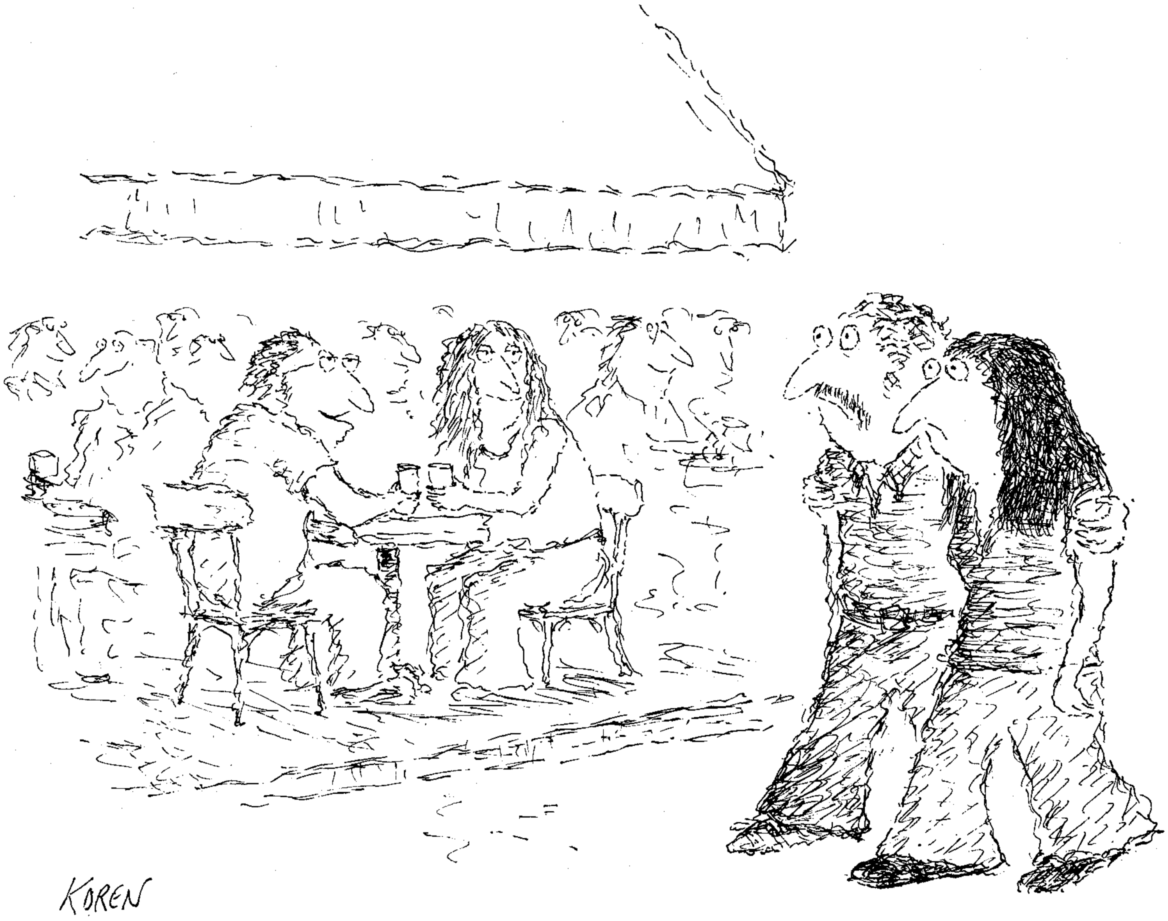
Notes and Comment

NO one knows how many lawyers there are in New York City, but the best estimates put the figure at somewhere between forty and fifty thousand. No one knows what their average income is, either, although the starting salary for top law-school graduates at the top law firms is twenty-five thousand dollars a year. What *is* known is that there are fewer than two hundred full-time local lawyers to represent the three million people in the city who are reported to live below the poverty level when those people get involved in civil-law cases. While the Supreme Court has ordered that free legal counsel be provided to the indigent in all criminal cases, it hasn't ordered similar representation in civil cases, which make up by far the larger part of legal proceedings in this country, and which often have graver consequences for those involved. Accordingly, the poor must turn to private and semi-private organizations when they need help in civil lawsuits. The outfits that provide civil-law assistance for the poor here are the Legal Aid Society, which has sixty-five lawyers handling civil cases at seven offices around the city; the Community Law Offices, an independent subsidiary of the L.A.S., which works out of a single office and has four full-time lawyers supervising some two hundred civil-law volunteers at any given time in the course of a year (that number of volunteers, each of whom handles from ten to fifteen cases a year—some of them significant cases, involving groups of abused citizens—is the equivalent of perhaps ten full-time lawyers); and Community Action for Legal Services, which has a hundred and twenty-three lawyers at seventeen offices. Today, because of inflation and limited budgets, these organizations have had to restrict their work mainly to emergency cases, such as evictions or denial of welfare payments, and have had to reject tens of thousands of other civil cases, most of them involving family, consumer, or housing disputes. Canon Two of the American Bar Association's Code of Professional Responsibility states:

> The basic responsibility for providing legal services for those unable to pay ultimately rests upon the individual lawyer, and personal involvement in the problems of the disadvantaged can be one of the most rewarding experiences in the life of a lawyer. Every lawyer, regardless of professional prominence or professional workload, should find time to participate in serving the disadvantaged.

Early this year, in an attempt to encourage private lawyers to enjoy the rewarding experience of serving the disadvantaged, the Association of the Bar of the City of New York persuaded the Mayor to name May 18th as Legal Services Day. Then, on that day, the association's outgoing president, Cyrus R. Vance (who served in the Kennedy Administration as Secretary of the Army and in the Johnson Administration as Deputy Secretary of Defense), took a busload of lawyers from forty-odd law firms here that do some *pro-bono-publico* work—together with a bunch of journalists—on a tour of some civil courts and legal-aid offices, to dramatize the plight of the unrepresented poor when they have legal problems involving civil proceedings. The tour got quite a bit of television and newspaper coverage at the time, and after a few weeks had passed we stopped by Vance's law firm—Simpson Thacher & Bartlett—to see how he felt about the effects of the venture. His office, on the thirty-fourth floor of a shiny black skyscraper at the lower tip of Manhattan, presented an expansive view south across the Upper Bay to the Statue of Liberty and Staten Island, west across Battery Park and the North River to New Jersey, and north over the old Customs House and above the verdigrised mansard roof of an old shipping-line building and on past the twin towers of the World Trade Center to the whole of Manhattan. Vance, a trim man in his late fifties, with steel-gray hair and blue eyes above semicircular reading glasses, greeted us cordially and allowed us a few seconds to savor this advantaged person's outlook. Then he waved us to a chair across from his desk and, in response to our question, said, "A lot, maybe most, of the lawyers who went on the tour had never been in such places before. Some of them told me afterward, and I think most of them felt, that it had helped them visualize the needs of the poor better than they had been able to before. I'm awful glad we did it. As members of the bar, all lawyers have a strong obligation to see that the poor have adequate representation before the courts. I don't think we are providing adequate services to the poor now. We'd like the government to take care of the problem, but, considering the nation's financial circumstances, that's unrealistic. So we have to turn





"The Garbers are people who have been through it all and survived."

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to volunteer help. We're trying to stimulate lawyers' consciousness of the problem."

We asked how many lawyers' consciousness seemed to have been stimulated by the tour and the news coverage of it.

Vance leaned back in his chair and took off his glasses and twirled them for a few seconds. "Ah, there's been some increase in volunteers—I don't know exactly how many have come forward," he said. "But we hope that this program will also increase financial donations to the organizations that are already doing this work. If the bar can't meet its obligation voluntarily, then we're going to have to consider imposing a mandatory system on all private lawyers to do a certain amount of *pro-bono* work. That would be a very big step, and even talk about the possibility generates a lot of heat and concern among lawyers in general."

We had learned before our visit that most of the *pro-bono* volunteers working for the main volunteer legal-service group, the Community Law Offices, had been out of law school no more than three years. Now we contemplated the picture of hundreds of partners and senior partners in Wall Street law firms—middle-aged and elderly men making upward of two hundred thousand dollars a year—arriving in seedy courtrooms throughout the city to represent bewildered, inarticulate, suspicious blacks and Puerto Ricans who were being gouged by landlords or cheated by salesmen or beset by family difficulties, and we asked Vance if prosperous lawyers of this sort would be likely to volunteer to help such clients. "I think we all have to find the time," he said.

"Have you done such work yourself?" we asked.

Vance nodded, and said, "I have spent a good deal of time working with various legal-services organizations—helping them with fund-raising campaigns, trying to get Congress to provide financial support, and helping out with my firm's *pro-bono* efforts."

"Have you worked in a courtroom?" we asked.

"Not in recent years, no," he answered.

We let a few more weeks pass, to give the Bar Association's outing and the publicity about it more time to produce results, and then got in touch with the three legal-services outfits working for poor people, to see what had happened. The Legal Aid Society reported that it had got inquiries from half a dozen potential volunteers; two of them had promised to put in from fifteen to twenty hours a week, but after doing that for a couple of weeks they had given up. The Community Law Offices had got about twenty new volunteers, or the equivalent of one full-time lawyer. And a man from Community Action for Legal Services said they had heard from three or four lawyers, but, as far as he knew, none of them had shown up for work. We asked him if there had been any increase in donations to his organization. "The day after the Bar Association tour, we sent out a direct-mail solicitation for funds to all of the Association's members," he said. "We received around three thousand dollars in contributions. That didn't even pay for the mailing."

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Theme

AT Privé, a new cabaret in the East Fifties, a young man wearing a wing collar crossed to the middle of the floor, stood there stiffly, and stuck out his hand. To his right was a giant white piano. To his left were other young men in wing collars. All around him were people of the sort who live in studio apartments costing seven hundred dollars a month. "Radiogram for Miss Dawson," the young man in the wing collar announced, urging his frame toward an even more formal bearing. A young woman in a white satin dress, who was almost certainly Miss Dawson, approached the young man in the wing collar. She turned her attention to the "radiogram." "Oh, no!" the young woman said, urging her frame toward a slouching posture once favored by alcoholic débutantes. "He won't be able to sail with me on the Ile-de-France!"

Trunks, covered in something that

looked like white wallpaper, were brought forward. In the midst of these trunks, the young woman sang "I Travel Alone" (Noël Coward, 1934). Then she sang "Island in the West Indies" (Ira Gershwin and Vernon Duke, 1935); "Paree" (Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, 1935); "Where or When" (Rodgers and Hart, 1937); "Get Yourself a Geisha" (Dietz and Schwartz, 1935); and other songs.

"I always notice a *theme*," said a languid-looking girl at a ringside table. "These songs are about travel."

"I always notice a white piano," said her companion, a dissatisfied young man. "There are two kinds of white piano. First, there is the kind of white piano my aunt has. My aunt, who has lived largely in hotels, has a white piano with baroque legs and gilt trim. This is the other kind of white piano. The kind with chrome and Lucite."

"I thought we were through with chrome and Lucite," said the languid girl. "You promised that we were."

On the floor, four young men in wing collars sang a commercial for Henry George cigars (CBS commercial, 1930), and then the young woman sang "Cigarettes, Cigars" (Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, 1931).

"Smoking," said the languid girl. "These songs are about smoking."

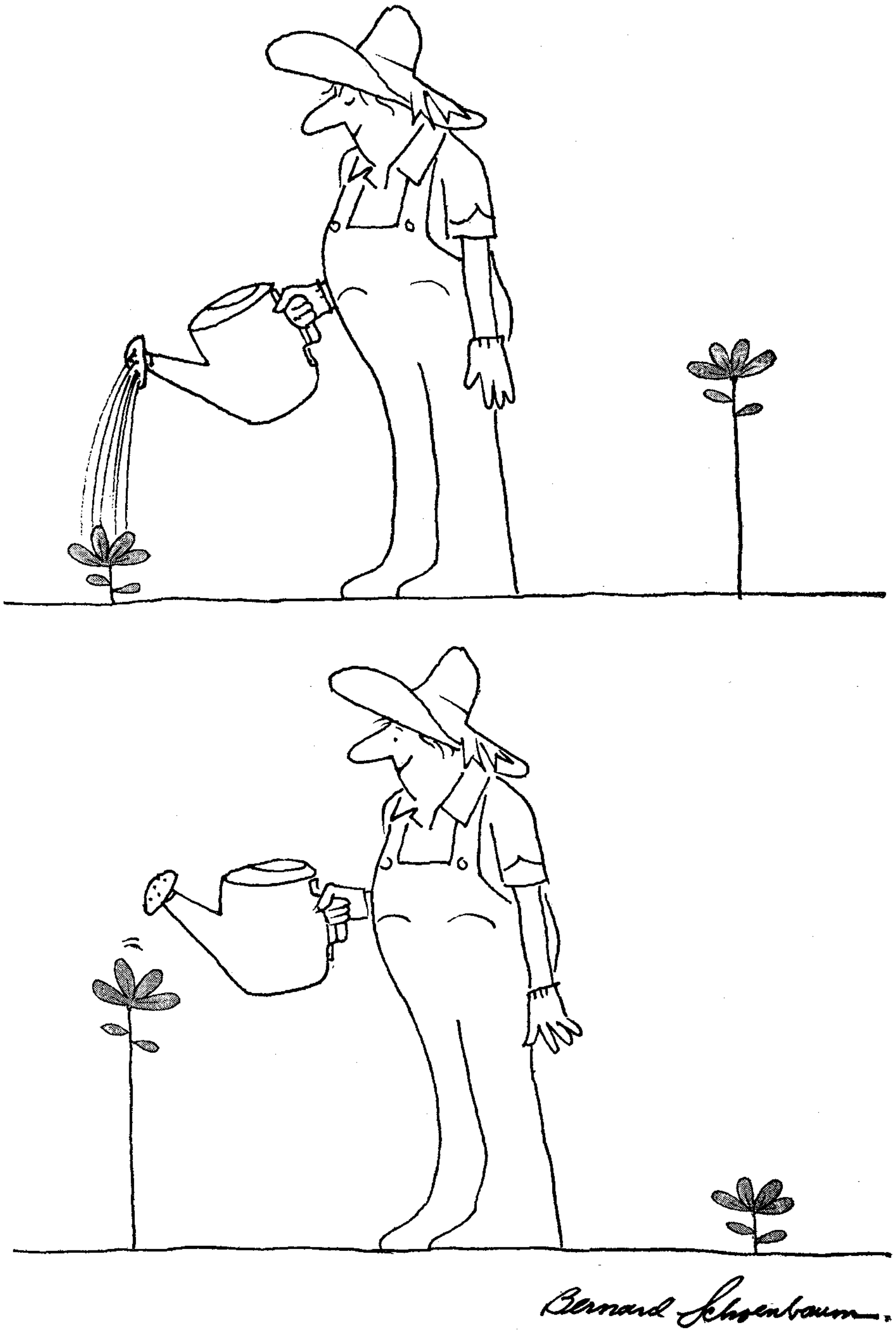
"I'm keeping a list of the code words and code names they use," said the dissatisfied young man. "The code words for style, fun, glamour, and so on. So far, I have 'Adele Astaire,' 'radiogram,' 'Ile-de-France,' 'Duesenberg,' 'Stork Club,' 'Depression,' and 'Grover Whalen.' "

"I don't have the patience for lists," said the languid girl. "I'm completely visual. I'm concentrating on the fabulous old telephone on the desk of the maître d'. It has a lock on it, so you can't make outgoing calls."

Author

AS of the close of business last week, Miss Barbara Cartland, the picturesque, high-spirited seventy-five-year-old English author and national institution, had published one hundred and seventy novels, twenty-three nonfiction works on love, health, and sex, two biographies, four volumes of autobiography, eight histories, three plays, the text of one revue, three cookbooks, one book of etiquette, one volume of philosophy, and one volume of verse, making an œuvre of two hundred and seventeen books; she had just completed her one-hundred-and-seventy-first novel, entitled "A Duel with Destiny," which is a somewhat atypical title, as a great many of her earlier titles contain the word "love," among them "No Time for Love," "The Tears of Love," "The Mask of Love," "The Fire of Love," "The Wings of Love," "The Slaves of Love," "The Coin of Love," "The Messenger of Love," "Lights of Love," "The Thief of Love," "The Karma of Love," "Never Laugh at Love," "Hungry for Love," "Love Under Fire," "Love on the Run," "Love in Hiding," "Love Is Mine," "Love Is Innocent," "Love Is Dangerous," "Love Is Contraband," "Love Is the Enemy," and "Love Is an Eagle;" and she had two more novels mentally outlined, both, as it happens, dealing with love. After more than half a century of literary activity, Miss Cartland shows no signs of slowing down. In fact, last year was her most productive year to date: nineteen novels and a cookbook. Her publishers—she has at least thirty scattered around the globe, including three in England and two in the United States—are pressing her for a still bigger output this year. Even with her astonishing 1975 performance, they can't keep up with the demand for Barbara Cartlands. It is estimated that her books have now sold a grand total of seventy million copies, give or take a few hundred thousand.

Through the good offices of Corgi Books, one of Miss Cartland's lucky English publishers, we were invited by Miss Cartland to tea on a recent Wednesday afternoon at Camfield Place, her residence, which is near Hatfield, Hertfordshire, about three-quarters of an hour by train and taxi from



Bernard Schoenbaum

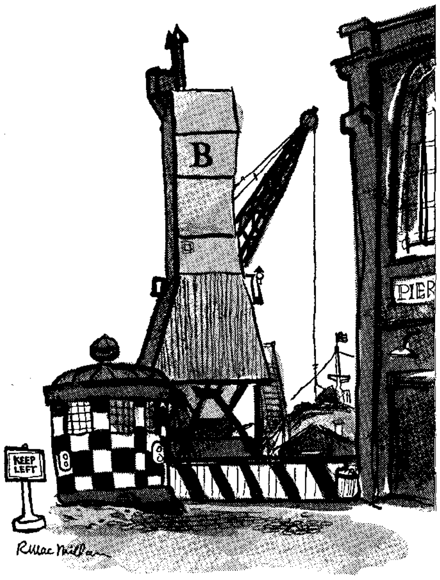
London. The house at Camfield Place, we saw as our taxi approached it up a long, well-tended drive, is an imposingly large Victorian structure, set among beautiful gardens and lawns, and looking over gently rolling fields uncluttered as far as the eye can see by a single man-made object. We were admitted by a butler, who conducted us to the entrance to the drawing room, where Miss Cartland, holding a white Pekinese named Tai-tai (for Taiwan), one of a pair that are her almost inseparable companions, greeted us with a lovely smile—an expression, we found, that seems as natural for her as breathing and does much for her reputation as an instant charmer. Twice married, the second time for twenty-seven years, she has been a widow since 1963. Rather tall, stylishly stout, with very slender legs, blond-rinsed hair, and blue eyes accented by bluish-green eye shadow and dark false eyelashes, she presents a striking figure and looks younger by far than her years. "I've lived so long I'm now at the stage where I almost *boast* about my age," she said, laughing. She laughs a lot, and loves to talk, which she does with unflagging animation. A woman who is known for vivid costumes, and particularly for memorable hats and jewels, she was uncharacteristically wearing a simple black silk dress, which was, however, relieved by a distinctive display of pearls and diamonds. The reason for the black dress, she explained, was that she was in mourning for her mother, who had died a few weeks earlier, at the age of ninety-eight and a half. "She drove her own car until she was ninety-five, when we finally persuaded her to give it up," Miss Cartland said. "I don't think she ever quite forgave us for that. I'm wearing lots of jewelry because I like jewelry—and I like feathers and furs and flowers and scent, and all the other things that are terribly feminine and help a woman when she gets older and needs ornamentation. Nowadays, of course, most of my jewelry is always in the bank. I haven't seen my diamond necklace for so long that I can hardly remember what it looks like."

We had followed Miss Cartland into the drawing room, spacious and high-ceilinged, done in jade green and coral, and combining antique and modern furniture, and real and artificial flowers. We remarked on the handsome countryside visible through the unusually tall windows. "It's a most wonderful position and very unusual, so near to London," Miss Cartland said. "We're in the Green Belt, you see. We have four hundred acres that we farm, and a little more, so we have a shoot, which my sons—I have two, and also a daughter—both love. Pheasants and ducks. The park was laid out by Capability Brown, and there used to be a beautiful house on the property. Then an awful Mr. Potter—he was Beatrix Potter's grandfather, actually—came down very rich from the north, pulled down the Tudor house, and built this in 1867, which wasn't a very good period. Altogether, the house had twenty-three bedrooms when I bought it, in 1950. I have made it smaller. I've made a cottage for the chauffeur at one end, and a good deal of space is taken up by the secretaries—a social secretary and two who help with the books and other things. Fortunately, the person who owned the house before my husband and I moved in was Lord Queenborough, who had two American millionaire wives. They did miracles to the house. They put in all these marvellous Adam fireplaces, all the cornices, parquet flooring throughout the house, including the servants' quarters, and ten bathrooms. Thank God for the Americans!"

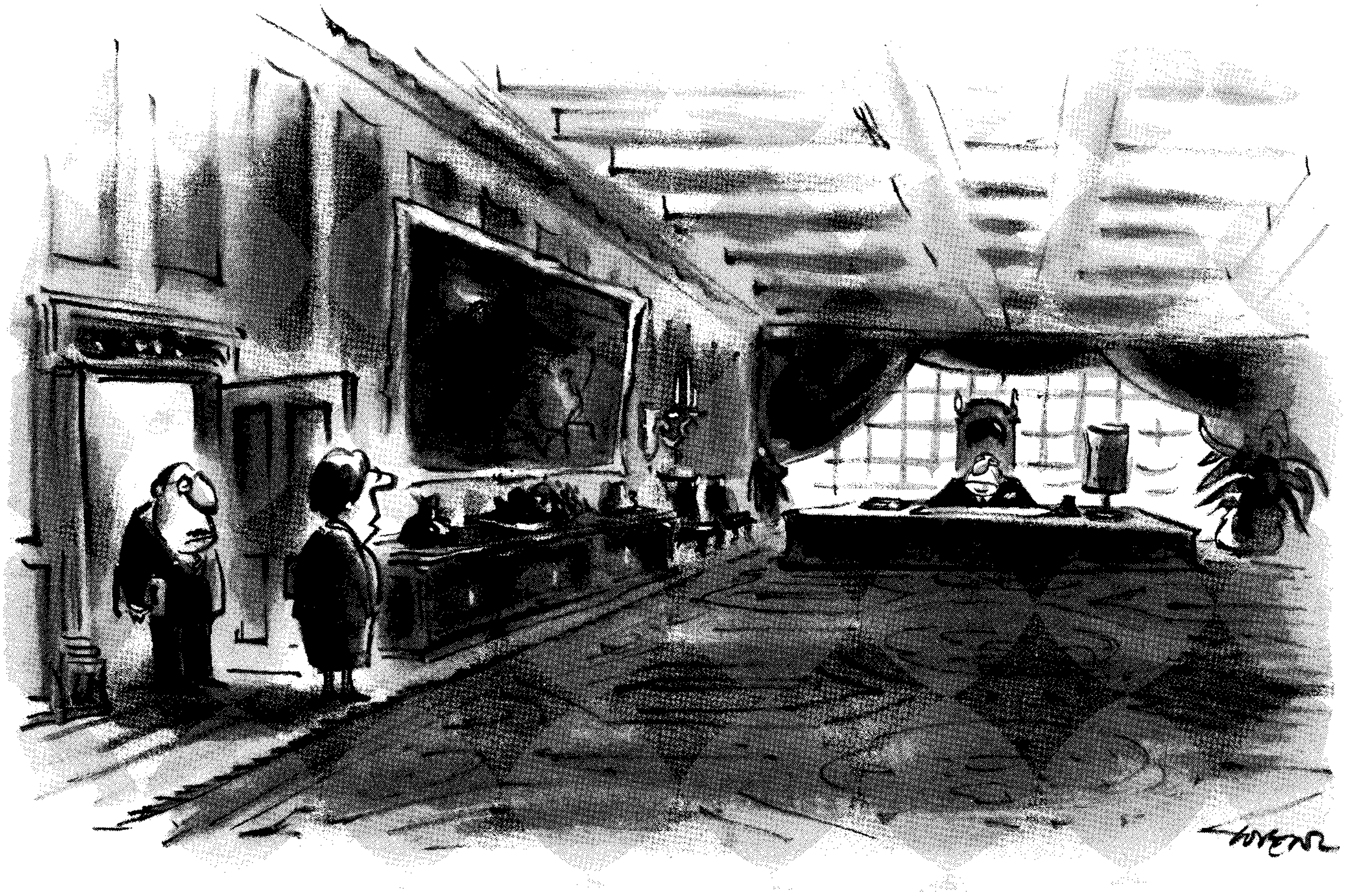
The butler having served a substantial tea, Miss Cartland bade us take a chair near her, at one side of the Adam fireplace. "Now, those sandwiches are all for you, so you please eat them," she said. "China tea—do you like it? I've lived so long. I've done so much. It's no use people coming down expecting to do the whole of my life, so you'll have to pick out the bits you want."

We said that the main bit we were interested in was how she happened to become one of the world's most prolific writers.

"My father was killed in the First World War, and my mother was left very poor with my two brothers and me," Miss Cartland said, sounding as if the telling of this bit were not an entirely unfamiliar experience. "As children of a serving officer, each of us was given a small gratuity—about a hundred pounds, or something like that. When that was exhausted, Mummy said to me, 'You must get a job. I think you should be a receptionist or a secretary to a doctor.' She chose that because she thought doctors had no interest in sex—something, I can tell you, that's *quite* unrelated to fact. Anyway, I had no intention of being a secretary to anybody. I intended to write a novel. My friends all screamed, 'You'll never finish it! You're out dancing all night!' Of course, that was true. In those days, we danced till dawn, and went on dancing again at breakfast. I said, 'I *will* finish it,' because I *hate* being told I can't do anything. *You're not eating.* Have another sandwich. In the meantime, at a party I met a man—life is so extraordinary—who said, 'I work for the *Daily Express*. Will you give me some snippets about the party in the morning?' So I telephoned him and said the Duchess of Dashes was wearing a bouquet of roses on her head, or something like that, and I gave him other little items. I got five shillings a paragraph. And I thought, I'm rich! Five shillings was a hell of a lot of money in those days. I also thought that this was a very easy way to make money. Then, one day, the telephone rang, and Lord Beaverbrook was on the line. He said, 'I like the way you write. I want you to come and see me.' I did, and he really taught me how to write. He also took me around—I was very pretty in those days—and introduced me to all the famous people of the time: Lord Birkenhead, Winston Churchill, Lloyd George. It was marvellous."



Before long, Miss Cartland continued, feeding morsels to Tai-tai, she was writing society articles for the *Daily Express*, and later she wrote them for the *Tatler* and the *Observer*, among other publications, and she also finished her first novel. "It was called 'Jigsaw,' and was published when I was twenty-one," she said. "It wasn't very good, but it was a huge success, simply because I was a débutante—a girl who was supposed to be a lady and had soiled her lily-white hands with work. That was back in 1922, you see. I made about a hundred and fifty pounds from the book—a fortune, I thought. Having got bitten by the writing bug, I went on, and now, of course, I can't stop. It's my life."



"Senior Vice-President Buffington reporting, sir. Requests permission to advance and be recognized."

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Her first book took her about three months to write, Miss Cartland continued, pouring us another cup of tea. Now she does a book in seven days. "I don't write seven days in a row," she said. "I don't think I could, at my age. I'm not very keen on working on Friday, because that's the day the children and the grandchildren arrive for the weekend. I'm not writing today, because I have proofs and other things to do, but I finished a novel yesterday, and I'll start another tomorrow. You must have some of these cookies. They're homemade. My chef would be offended if you didn't. The ideas for my books come to me entirely through the subconscious. That sounds a bit odd, but it happens to be true. I think it's because of so many years of very strong concentration. Also, I travel a great deal, and every place I go brings out an idea for a book. I did a lovely one on Hong Kong, and last year I went to Ceylon, and I dedicated the book that came out of that to Earl Mountbatten of Burma, because he told me I must go to Ceylon, it was so beautiful. I've just done a lovely one set in Martinique. Martinique is absolutely fascinating! Oh, no, there's no problem about ideas. I just say I want a plot, and the plot's there. Of course, as I always write a story with a virgin heroine, we *know* the story is always going to be very much the same, because the girl is pure and the man isn't. The man will go to bed with any woman who takes his fancy, so I've got to keep him from going to bed with the heroine until page two hundred, when she has a wedding ring on her finger. I tried writing modern books, but I found it very difficult to create convincing virgins in modern dress, so my stories are always set between approximately 1790 and 1890. As the plots are always similar, I must vary the situations, and I must have exciting and real backgrounds, absolutely authentic. That is the part that interests me most. I love history, and I love research, and I do an enormous amount of it. I read between fifteen and thirty books for every novel I do. When I'm going to do a book, like one of the recent ones, say, which was against the background of the suffragette movement, I ring up Hatchards and say, 'I want all the books you've got on the suffragettes.' I then write to the London Library, and they send me fifteen or twenty books on the subject. I go through them all, rather like a student at the university, picking out the ones that are going to help and avoiding the tomes. I *chew* it all over, the way Mr. Gladstone did, and make a very, very few notes. Then it's all in my mind, you see, and I'm ready to write."

Miss Cartland was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone on her desk, and excused herself to answer it. After a brief conversation about weekend plans, she returned. "Sorry," she said. "That's my private line—just the children have the number, and they were calling me from London. I have always dictated my books, except the first two. I lie very comfortably on the sofa in the library, which is next to this room, with a white rug over me and Tai-tai cuddled next to me, and I dictate while one of my secretaries sits behind me and takes the book down in shorthand. There's a tape recorder, in case she misses anything. I'm telling a story, you see. It requires great concentration, and I cannot be disturbed. When I'm telling the story, it's like watching a film. If they're going upstairs, I *see* them going upstairs. I *see* it all happening. That's why it rings

"I may be old-fashioned, but give me a man who can shoot from the hip, every time."

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true. I tell a story from a quarter past one until about half past three, and I've then written seven thousand words. And that's a chapter. As easy as that. Another secretary types what I've written and puts in the punctuation, and then it goes to an ex-schoolmaster, who corrects *her* punctuation and spelling and anything else like that. He was head classics master at Harrow, so he's rather grand, and very good on this sort of thing. Then his copy is retyped, and that's the manuscript that goes to the publishers. I have to read all the proofs myself, because I'm the only person who knows what I want to say. You see, when you write the way I do, you write to music. I don't mean music, exactly—it's harmony. If a sentence doesn't sound right, it means the music of it isn't right. You have to make your sentences balance. They have to harmonize, and nobody but you can get them to. I read proofs very quickly, because I can almost *see* the mistakes on a page with just one look at it."

Miss Cartland waved at some stacks of proofs on her desk, and said, "It's a good thing the proofs do go quickly, because the publishers are pushing all the time for books. I find it quite funny, because they used to say, 'Oh, Barbara, you write too much.' Now I've got all these publishers *screaming* for books. 'Please, please!' they say. 'Give us books, books, books!' I've always sold very well and made what is for England quite a lot of money, but my books have never sold in the crazy way that's going on now, in fourteen languages and all over the world—I just went into Swahili. I mean, I'm the best seller in Turkey. They say I sell more in Guyana than anyone else. Barbados is full of my books. And I sell *enormously* in all the Eastern countries. The Indians adore my books. The East understands virgins. And America is selling very well indeed. I mean, Pyramid say they've sold sixteen million, and Bantam have done about the same. When Victor Temkin was over here from Bantam, I said to him, 'I'm sure I sell in the Bible Belt better than anywhere else in America,' and he said, 'We've just done a survey over the whole country, and you sell everywhere more or less even, including Boston, which thinks itself sophisticated.' So, you see, it's extraordinary."

We asked Miss Cartland how she accounted for the remarkable popularity of her books.

"Well, it's entirely due to this pornography," she said. "You see, pornography's so ugly that when people have had a good look at porn, they go out and buy me. It's absolutely true. Furthermore, my books are an escape from the depression and boredom and lack of romance in modern life. And I think I'm the only person who writes what I call straight love—you know, the real Cinderella story—and I think that's the answer. I mean, one has frightfully complicated plots, but they all get unwound in the end and everybody's happy and everything is wonderful. That's what people want. When I had a very bad operation three years ago, I found that the only thing I could read was Barbara Cartland. I knew the ending, you see, and I knew it was going to be happy. There are so *few* books with a happy ending. I do see why I am a success. I'm going to give you some of this cake, and you must have butter on it—lots of butter. And don't tell me you're worried about cholesterol, because that's old-fashioned. The Americans sent a team down to Yemen, where the camel's milk is ten times the strength of an ordinary Jersey cow's, and the men with the camels drink ten pints a day, and the Americans couldn't find a single man with anything at all wrong with his heart. So this theory that butter and cream affect your heart is all out of date. So finish that cake and have some more. You must have a proper English tea. It's white sugar you must avoid. Have honey instead, and lots of vitamins. I have ninety vitamin pills a day. I think I did the world record last year when I wrote nineteen novels and a cookery book, and I did that entirely on my wonderful, wonderful vitamins plus ginseng. Ginseng is absolutely *wonderful*, especially when you're flying. It stops all that brain fag. I take all those vitamins because I believe in them. And, I mean, look at me."

We did, and she looked so spirited and full of vigor that we thought perhaps we were being a bit rash as we asked if she had ever considered retiring.

"Never," she said. "As long as I can write, I am very useful, because I am making a lot of money for my children. I like writing, and I like to be busy, and I know there are always excitements tomorrow. So as long as the plots keep arriving from outer space, I'll go on with my virgins, and as long as everybody seems to have this mad passion for love, I will just go on enjoying myself."

SY PRINGLE'S SUMMER MENU

Out-to-Lunch Films, Inc.
P.O. Box 12
Del Monte Park, Calif. 93950

Memo from: Sy Pringle

To: You Guys in the Business

OUR summer list is now complete, ready for your perusal and selection. We're confident that we have a blockbuster menu of celluloid edibilia, and we know you'll agree. The package includes the six finalists from this year's "International Breakfast Film Festival," all of which drew big wows when they were unspooled for the judges. This is top-draw quality material, and we won't insult you with a "hard sell" spiel. Just come and book 'em!

"Savage Diet," U.S.A., directed by Mitch Bonaparte. The second installment in Bonaparte's "Naked Blue-Plate Special" trilogy, this tells the wild tale of Hank Trueheart, a paunchy, calorie-conscious country-and-Western singing star. Trueheart forgoes breakfast each day but encourages his vivacious, slender young wife, Connie, to bring home skinny, underweight men, all total strangers, who take his place at the kitchen table and eat what would otherwise be his morning meal. The plot twists in bizarre fashion through an orgy of sliced grapefruits, hot Cream of Wheat, steaming omelettes, griddle cakes dripping with syrup and creamery-fresh butter, lots of warm toast and glistening grape jelly, meaty slabs of Canadian bacon, piping mugs of dynamite coffee, and other high-cholesterol delights. Here is a film destined to render obsolete all previous notions of explicitness in a cinematic probe of breakfast, lunch, dinner—or any between-meals "snack!"

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"Room Service," English, directed by Giles Faversham. The scene is Denby Kennel, an English manor house in the Cotswolds countryside, near Chipping Norton. The setting: Victorian England. Cynthia is a buxom lass who has grown up in Barbados with strict missionary parents and has recently entered domestic service in the household of Harry Oliver Egan, a gadabout, rogue, and epicure. On her first morning, the unsuspecting Cynthia delivers Egan his standard English breakfast of kippers, link sausage, poached eggs, dry toast, marmalade, and tea. When she enters his bedchamber, Egan, weirdly costumed like a waiter from Claridge's, springs from behind the door and startles her with his own concoction of *cou-cou*, salt fish, and green bananas—all from Cynthia's native Barbados! The sybaritic aristocrat forces the blushing Cynthia to hand-feed him the West Indian staples while he slyly urges her to sample the more traditional repast. In a scene of building intensity, the seductive and demanding Egan tries to awaken in Cynthia a passion for marmalade. Once aroused, her appetite proves voracious, and she begs for more and more toast and tea, until, in an astonishing role-switch, Egan dashes to the downstairs pantry to fetch her a second breakfast. A truly surfeiting film, not for the easily shocked.

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"Tempura Lox, Nisei Bagels," Japanese, directed by Meiko Harada. If you have ever wondered what happens when members of dissonant food cultures get together to satisfy visceral urges, this one is for you! Toshio Matsuda and Bruce Takamoto portray two outwardly docile Japanese businessmen who, while on a visit to New York, wander into a kosher deli for Sunday brunch. Their middle-aged waitress (played by Bernice Kaplowitz, an experienced West Side hash-slinger whose presence greatly enhances the film's realism) has always craved the chance to make Nipponese diners feel at home. Here she does it with unrestrained abandon—foisting heavy quantities of unwanted food on the startled tourists while pinching their cheeks, patting their heads, and asking if they wouldn't like to meet her niece. Intent upon proving that a real woman can dish it out for a couple of pleasure-mad Orientals, Mrs. Kaplowitz violates sixteen separate and distinct dietary laws, including several transgressions never previously captured on film. (In Japanese and occasional Yiddish, with English subtitles.)

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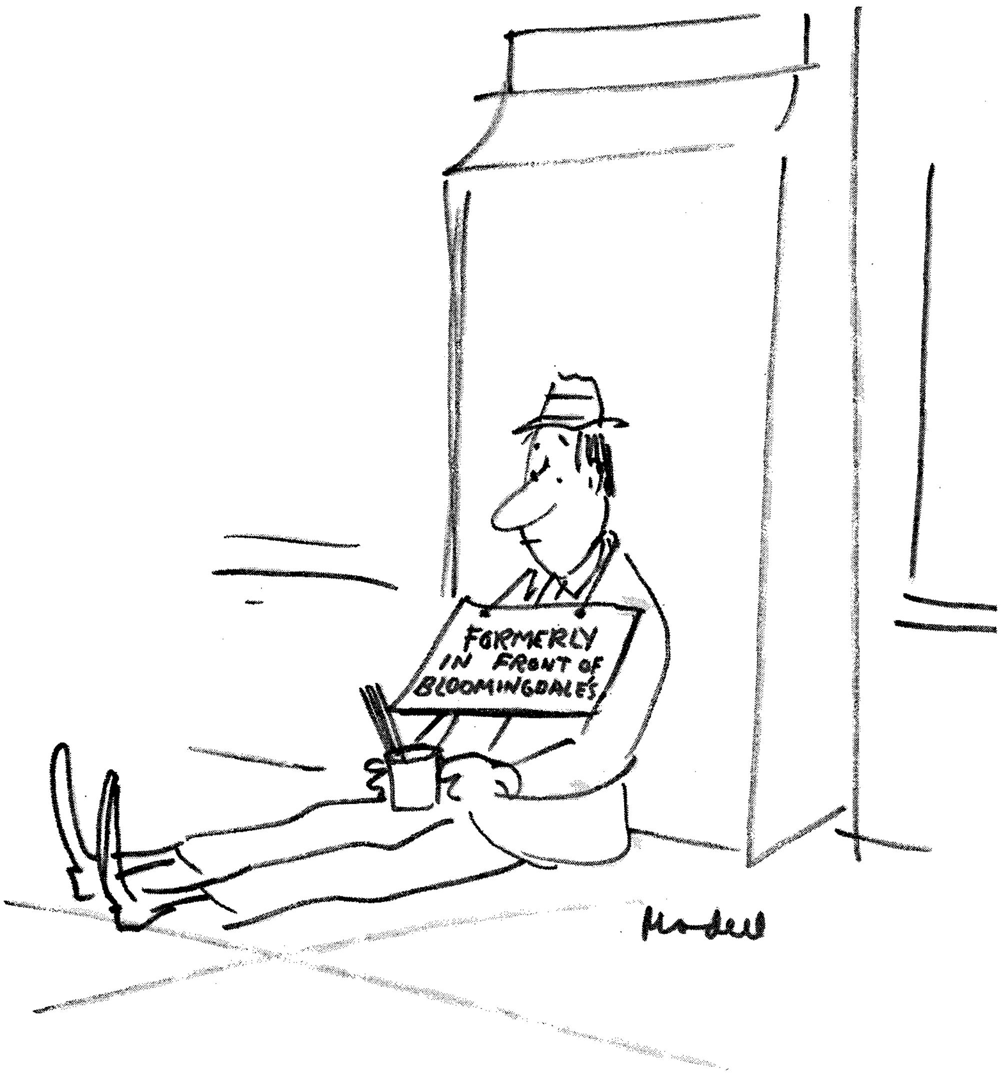
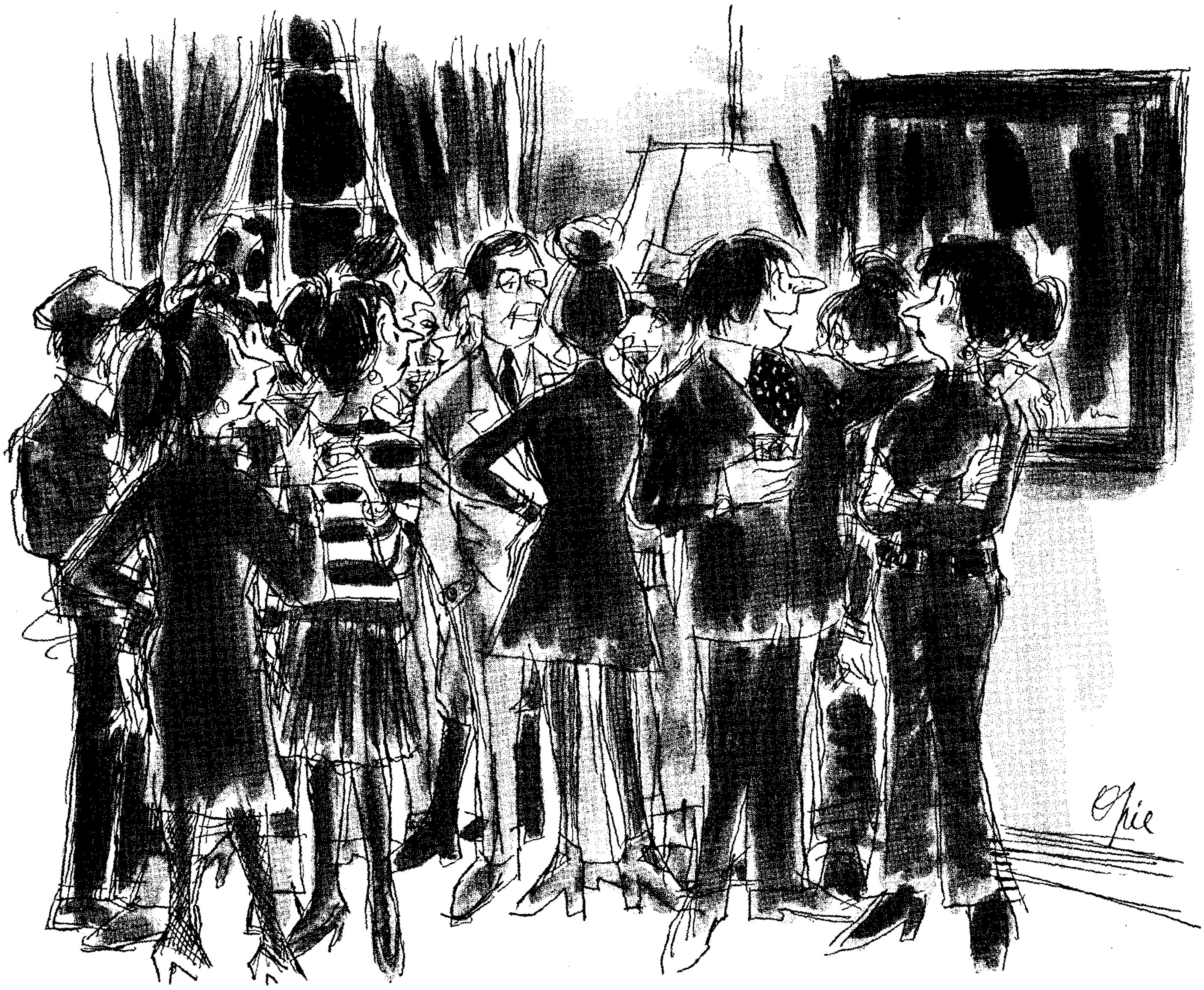
"Passionate Fruits," U.S.A., directed by Wayne Truffelmeyer. A sequel to "Hot Orange Samoa," the director's 1974 collaboration with Nedicks vender Mort Ambash, this animated gem offers an unabashed





"Michael's modus operandi, I understand, is pretty much the same as his modus vivendi."

• •

glimpse into the secret life of well-bred citrus fruits. A Proctor-Silex Juicit Juicer lurks ominously in the background as a pair of ripe navel oranges—"6/89¢" and "8/$1"—demonstrate how mature, hot-to-trot fruit can simmer with desire even while locked in the chilly "see-through crispers" of a sixteen-cubic-foot Amana refrigerator. Peel, seeds, and pulp float before Truffelmeyer's imaginative camera, as 6/89¢ and 8/$1 indulge themselves in an explosive-yet-tender pas de deux during the hours before their climactic "turn on," when they are heartlessly plopped into the Juicit Juicer to become the daily-minimum Vitamin C requirement of a Larchmont real-estate man.

•

"Dødeligt Maaltid" ("Mortal Meal"), Danish, directed by Gustav Shøckhorst. In this surrealist adventure, Ole Odinbøcken plays a virile young Copenhagen cobbler who has purchased a fresh, peach-filled Danish pastry, only to realize that it bears a haunting resemblance to his ex-girlfriend, Gudrun. Ole falls hopelessly in love with the sweet roll, and takes her along on a sailing picnic aboard his small sloop. Capsized in a furious Baltic storm, he swims to a deserted island, bravely gripping his Danish pastry in his teeth. Weeks pass without rescue, and as Ole's hunger grows he confronts a true existential dilemma: whether or not to ingest his sweetheart. A tantalizing and lubricious cinematic achievement.

•

"À la Manière Française" ("The French Way"), French, directed by Paulette Paillasson. Young newlyweds Jean-Pierre and Émilie have rented a small cottage in the mountains near Vence, where they plan to spend *les vacances*. Their friends Michel and Hélène join them there for a weekend, during which the two couples make a startling discovery: It seems that the inexperienced Jean-Pierre and Émilie have been setting the table each day for their *petit déjeuner* in a most conventional manner. Michel and Hélène, highly experienced in the techniques of domestic bliss, explain that at least forty-three different combinations are possible when setting a breakfast table for four. After they initiate Jean-Pierre and Émilie in these unusual rites, their quick-to-learn pupils discover several more variations! Some of the arrangements for the butter, rolls, jam, and coffee appear prosaic, but others are *très* far out! Everything you have ever heard about crumbling French croissants is confirmed by this film.

—Mark Singer

RIGHTS OF WAY

WAGON

MIDSUMMER, not far from the sea. North. Long evening, everything finished, houses closed, cobbled streets washed and empty. Echoes prowling. Shadows horizontal. Upstairs in the hat factory there is a stuffed pheasant with a broken neck, and a large model of a seventeenth-century merchant vessel, with a light bulb behind green and red portholes and a light switch that does not work. The stairs, the halls, parts of all the rooms, and the bathroom, are piled with dusty hatboxes. Downstairs the doors are locked with polished locks. Everything smells of leather, felt, and pipe smoke.

Starched white curtains on the windows. Full moon. It never really gets dark. The light bellies out on things. The façades in the unpeopled street remain white while turning green and blue in the moonlight. The white paint on the window frames gleams like teeth. Even with its colors, dawn at first looks duller than the moonlight. Nothing stirs in the street.

Well before the early sunrise there is a sound of distant thunder. It fades, and then is there again, nearer. It approaches. It becomes continuous. The rumble can be felt in the house. The street echoes. The doors and windows rattle. It is a cart, a wagon. Big iron-bound wheel rims racketing, banging on the cobbles, rolling globes of the thunder sound ahead of them. Their roar is shot through, split, hacked and hacked by the massive slapping together of the load of heavy sawn planks far too long for the wagon and waving down behind, trying to touch the ground. Looming and flapping closer, more than ever like thunder. Closer than anyone would have believed it could come, beating down every other sound, shaking every wall and painting, setting the dust adrift, and then passing, with no one looking out to see whether it cast a shadow or who was driving. Going by, high as the second-story windows, and beginning to recede, and fading away until at last the heart is louder and the day begins.

WATCHING A TRAIN

THROUGH dusk on summer fields far from habitations, a stone wind is heard rising through a cut in a hill. A long note and a short one.

The earth is still twilit after sundown at the time when the ray first appears, in high summer, bleaching the path ahead of it. Then the linked shadow full of lighted windows that sweep the fields making them darker, not reflecting them, follows.

Rows of lives are looking out of sound they no longer hear. They think it is night here, as they pass, with their minds in other places.

Sparked between hills, the windows are erased at their own speed. Then the sky is deeper, though there are no stars yet. And the rare crickets are clearer, as when the wind drops.

THE FIELD

EVERY railroad station exists in a dream. There is no way to avoid that. Now we can even imagine the railroads themselves ceasing to exist. What will stand then where the stations are now? If there should be any people in those places by then, what would they dream, perhaps many stories up in what is now air? They will not know that a station was ever there, the trains coming and going below them where they sleep. In a dream people still get on a familiar train, and the doors close, and they know where to look for the first field. When they see it, already the station is far behind, and each of them is in a different green afternoon.

A PARCEL

ONE day, a package of implements arrives in the mail, from a house I had known in my childhood. Most things from that house have been lost by then, or are not wanted at the moment. These things that have survived are still useful. A few knives and spoons. It is a surprise to see wood, such as handles, after it has been put away for so long. The wood appears to be smaller, paler, or lighter or heavier than the memory of it. The origin of none of the pieces of metal and wood is known. Some of them belonged to my parents. Some of those pieces they had inherited. Some others were souvenirs, but not of places where my parents had ever been.

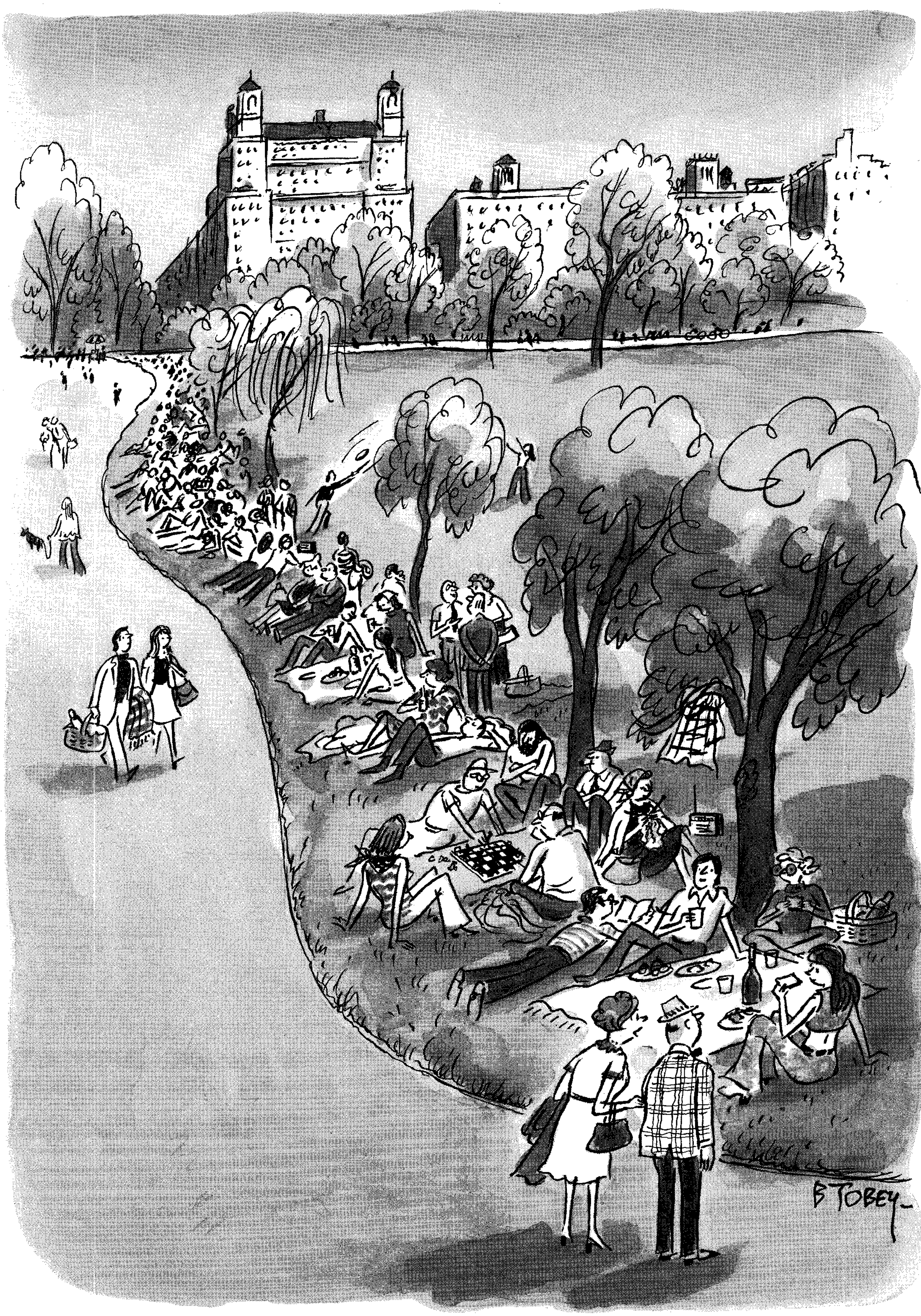
Here, far from where I was born, after I have lived in many houses, the late spring flowers are opening toward the southeast, and I do not know where any of these things come from.

I helped to dry these spoons in that one house where we lived together. I hear the water running in that kitchen. The clink of the plates on the draining board. A parade of refrigerator doors. A footstep on the linoleum—I recognize it as my mother's. We have all dissolved. I see the light in the kitchen, the reflections on the painted walls. There were places then, the same ones as now, where the silver of the spoons had been worn away, at the base of the bowl and where the handle rested. It was already so when the things were Margie's. The insides of the bowls were already scratched, so that they gave back no reflection. But I could hold two of them to my closed eyelids and look, as though I were looking through them.

Then I took them down and went on looking.

—W. S. MERWIN

Man with Insect



"Is this the line for the Shakespeare Theatre?"

THE TENANT

"ABOUT this rental," his wife said, "we are going to be more businesslike." Time after time, whenever they had rented their house in New England, they had returned to find some of their best things broken or missing. "This time they are going to pay for them beforehand," she said. She decided to set a security deposit of two hundred dollars—more than one month's rent—returnable only after damages were deducted.

The tenant asked, "Is that necessary?" She was a friend of friends, and had the reputation of being a very good housekeeper.

"Well, yes," his wife replied. She knew the woman had three boys, aged ten, twelve, and fourteen. She and her husband probably shouldn't be renting the house to this family in the first place. They should be renting it to an old, childless couple. But the ideal couple was hard to find. A real-estate agent had come up with nothing, and there was so little time. In a week she, her husband, and three children were going to fly to Italy, and she hadn't done half her packing—packing for a year. What she had done, for days now, was clean the house, put things away, scrub, get everything in shape for the tenants. "I wish I could find the house as clean as I am going to leave it," she said. "It's never happened to me."

Her husband hadn't seen the tenant yet. Then, just before they were to leave, she came in for a few minutes. He watched her walking around. She looked to him like a model, just as pretty and as pleasant as a model—graceful, gracious. A tall brunette, slender, athletic, bright-eyed. From what he'd heard, her husband had left her for someone else. Why would anyone want to leave her, he wondered. Inconceivable, mad.

And more than once, from far away—from Rome—wistfully he thought of her sleeping in their bed.

She fed their cat, and once in a while, in a package of mail she forwarded, she would include a note—a letter, really—of her own, addressing them by their first names and always full of good news: about the cat, about how comfortable the house was, about people who had called them. She asked permission to repaint the dining room and kitchen the same color. Oh, they couldn't have got a better tenant. When the year was up and she was leaving, shortly before their return, she wrote that she had shampooed the carpets. Well, they had never done that themselves. They smiled at each other appreciatively.

WHEN they stepped back into their house, after a year, everything looked neat and tidy. "Better than when we left," he said. And, indeed, the living-room rug looked as it had when new, and the repainted walls were a clean, fresh white. "We'd better rush and give her that deposit back," he said.

"No rush," his wife said. She walked from room to room, downstairs and upstairs.

"Are the bedrooms O.K.?" he said, busy with the luggage.

"Yes," she said. "Not quite as good as downstairs."

"Well, what do you expect? Three boys."

"I know," she said.

Then, as they settled in, his wife began finding broken things. Three windowpanes were cracked, one in pieces; nearly all the drinking glasses were gone. She was missing a few books. "And there'll be others," she said. "You can be sure of that."

"Oh, well, they fed our cat," he said.

"Look, there's a hole—from a BB gun, I think—in that window."

He sighed, not so much for the window as because he knew what was coming.

"Another little hole in an upstairs window," she soon reported. A pan missing. The bottom of the Chinese umbrella stand broken. More books gone. Four bare patches on the lawn where the boys had played baseball. A gouge here, a gouge there.

"You have to expect some wear and tear," he said.

"This is more than just wear and tear," she said. "Only two cups left and one without a handle," she added, a little later.

He went out to his car, which he had left parked in the yard on blocks. There was a tiny crack in the center of the windshield. From another BB shot, most likely. That could spread, he thought, and told his wife. Oh dear, there *were* quite a few things. Going around the house, he looked at the storm windows. Two of their frames were broken and new ones would have to be bought; one was missing a pane. Inside, he found that several of the lampshades had got burned from having been tilted too close to the bulb; two of the bannister posts on the stairs were loose, a couple of straw chairs broken through, a few of his tools missing. More books had disappeared. And he thought of her security deposit, which she must be expecting back. Its return was in doubt, to say the least. And he could see her shampooing the rugs, futilely.

"Are you going to give her the deposit back?" he asked his wife.

"Like fun I am. Not all of it, anyway. I am going to make a list of the damages and see how much they come to. Close to two hundred dollars, I bet, or more."

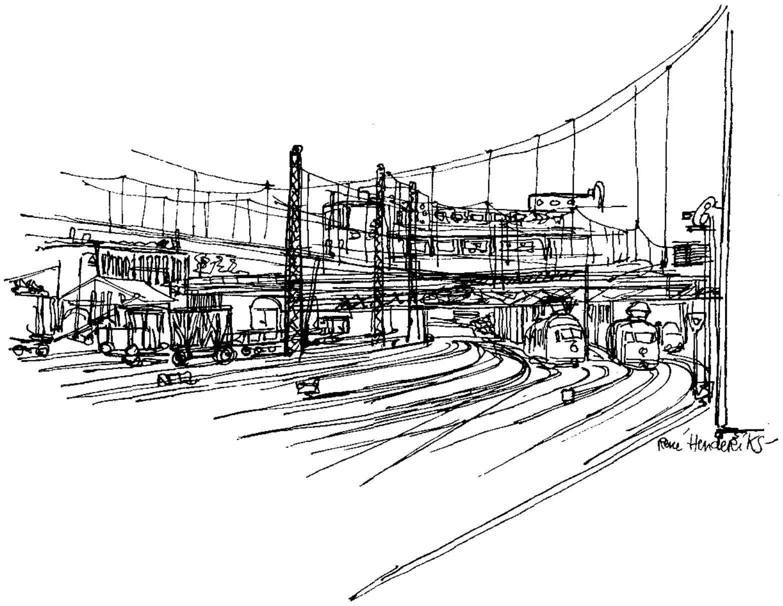
"No," he said. "Don't forget she painted two rooms for us, and they fed the cat, and sent us all the mail regularly."

"I am not forgetting, but we paid for the postage and the paint. And as for the cat, the rent was low."

"I'd give the deposit right back to her."

"Of course you would! I'll make a list. I'll be fair, don't worry."

A little later, he saw her drawing up a list at the kitchen table. The total was over a hundred and fifty dollars, and it kept mount-



ing as she thought of one thing after another.

He sighed. "Let's give ourselves the luxury of not quarrelling over it," he said.

"There'll be no quarrel."

"Oh, come on."

"Look, just the windshield of your car will be over a hundred dollars."

"But the crack *may* not spread. Did you put that down?"

"No, this is all without it."

"The worst are the windows," he said.

"Huh," she said, as if she had in mind other things more precious.

THE next day, the tenant called up. There were quite a few things she had left in storage in the house. Would it be all right if she came by to pick them up?

"Oh, yes," his wife said. "Come anytime."

"O.K. I'll be there in a few minutes."

She looked even prettier than he remembered. So pretty that he'd forgive her just about anything. So fresh and pretty that she didn't look like the mother of teen-agers—more like a teen-ager herself, at least to him, and not in her mid-thirties, as his wife had assured him.

He found himself trying to delay for as long as possible any business talk, to delay it and to avert it, by talking, especially when there was a pause, about disparate subjects—the weather, the furnace, Rome, the schools. He thanked her for forwarding the mail so regularly, for feeding the cat, who, as she soon must have found out, had a terrific appetite.

"She has character," she said.

"Oh, she's fierce," he said, and went on to thank her for painting the walls, for shampooing the rugs, and, as his wife glowered at him, for leaving everything so neat and clean. She smiled at him. Men like her better than women do, and she knows it, he thought. But, inevitably, the time came for his wife to mention the deposit. She took out the list she had drawn up. The two women went over it, item by item. "Uh-huh," the tenant said again and again. In Italy, where he came from, he thought, they would have raised their voices.

He edged away into the next room and the next and the next, up the stairs, to his studio.

"What did she say?" he asked his wife later, when the tenant had left.

"Oh, she realized a lot of things had got broken. Look, she knew it; she wasn't surprised."

"Just a little put out."

"A little."

"You didn't give her anything back?"

"No, what do you think!"

"What I think doesn't seem to matter at all to you. I told you what I thought."

"Oh, you'd be done out of everything. You enjoy the role of victim."

"No, I don't. I don't enjoy victimizing others."

"Don't worry. She paid a very low rent. The real-estate agent, if he'd rented it for us, would have charged two hundred. He told me."

"I still feel kind of bad."

"You would."

THE SHADE

A summer cold. No fever. Nothing. But a dozen times during the night I wake
to listen to my son whimpering in his sleep, trying to snort the sticky phlegm out of his nostrils.
The passage clears: silence, nothing. I cross the room, groping for the warm,
elusive creature of his breath and my heart lunges, stutters, tries to race away;
I don't know from what, from my imagination, from life itself, maybe from understanding too well
and being unable to do anything about how much of my anxiety is always for myself.
Whatever it was, I left it when the dawn came. There's a park near here
where everyone who's out of work in our neighborhood comes to line up in the morning.
The converted school buses, shuttling hands to the cannery fields in Jersey, were just rattling away when I got there
and the small-time contractors, hiring out cheap walls, cheap ditches, cheap everything,
were loading laborers onto the sacks of plaster and concrete in the backs of their pickups.
A few housewives drove by looking for someone to baby-sit or clean cellars for them,
then the gates of the local bar unlaced and whoever was left drifted in out of the wall of heat
already rolling in with the first fists of smoke from the city incinerators.

It's so quiet now I can hear the sparrows foraging scraps of garbage on the paths.
The stove husk, chained as a sign to the store across the street, creaks in the last breeze of the darkness.
By noon, you'd have to be out of your mind to want to be here: the park will reek of urine,
bodies will be sprawled on the benches, men will wrestle through the surf of broken bottles,
but even now, watching the leaves of the elms softly lifting toward the day, softly falling back,
all I see is fear forgiving fear on every page I turn; all I know is every time I try to change it,
I say it all again: my wife, my child . . . my home, my work, my sorrow.
If this were the last morning of the world, if time had finally moved inside us and erupted
and we were Agamemnon again, Helen again, back on that faint, beginning planet
where even the daily survivals were giants, filled with light, I think I'd still be here,
afraid or not enough afraid, silently howling the names of death over the grass and asphalt.
The morning goes on, the sun burning, the earth burning, and between them part of me lifts and starts back,
past the wash of dead music from the bar, the drinker reeling on the curb, the cars coughing alive,
and part, between the forge and flame, stays, forever, blinking into the glare, freezing.

—C. K. Williams

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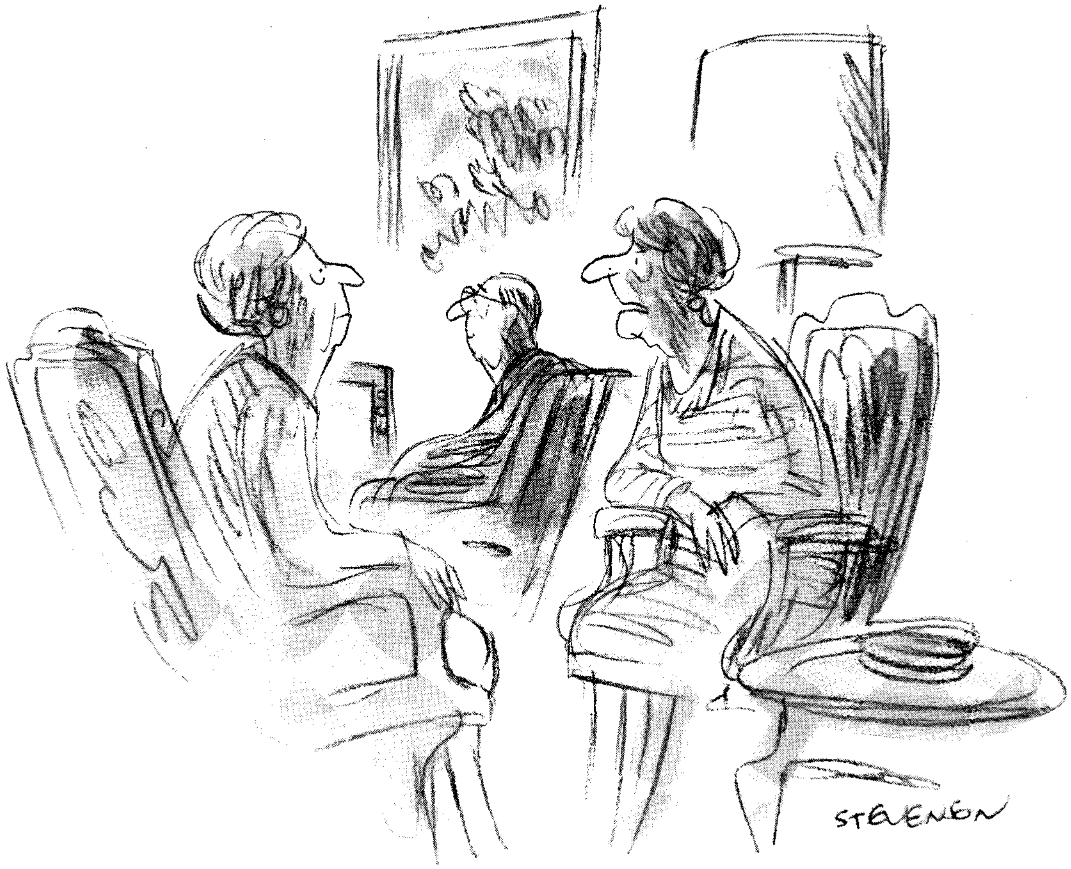
"I think I'll send her a check."

"Don't you dare," she said sternly.



"All he can talk about is Lillian Carter this and Lillian Carter that."

• •

SEND her a check—he had said it polemically, but the thought recurred again and again to him. No—not send it, give it to her. An excuse to see her. An excuse to know her.

In the loneliness of his studio, within the noisy house—so very much his children's during the day, before and after school—and in the quietness of the night, when they all slept, he thought of her, thought of her intensely, until it seemed to him he loved her. Was it love? If it wasn't love, he didn't know what it was. Infatuation? Oh, that was just another, and poorer, word for love. She was always in the limelight of his thoughts. Wasn't that love? Wasn't it love if he quite forgot himself thinking about her? She wore a sheer blouse tied around the waist. He saw her supple neck, her graceful movements as she turned, the way she held the cup of coffee that his wife had given her. When she moved, every movement blended with the next one with such perfection that he wished she would go on moving like that forever. And he had the same feeling when she spoke.

The following day, at the post office, he met her. It was no coincidence, he was sure. It was his love that had drawn him, sent him there, to the right place at the right time. It had happened to him before, this sort of thing, this guidance of love. He was quite convinced of it—love could work such things and more. It gave you a certain clairvoyance, he had no doubt. And for him this—the second sight, the ultrasensitivity, the uncanny perception that love gave you—was another proof of its power and its importance.

She saw him first and said hello in the most friendly, natural way, as if that business about the deposit had never taken place or was forgotten. She had collected her mail—the town was a small one, a village, really, and there was no mail delivery—and was returning to her car as he was getting out of his. She didn't stop but, after greeting him, stepped into her car and was off. She looked at him again from the window and waved. Then she was gone, swiftly, in a swift-looking car.

She had left her telephone number with them. Should he call her? Invite her for a drink? He didn't dare—oh, not because of his wife and what she had said but because he felt the barrier that something too coveted or sought for interposes between it and the seeker.

Again he met her, again at the post office, a few days later, as he almost knew he would. Again she said hello, and was about to leave when he approached her. She stopped and waited for him by her car door.

"Ah, how are you?" he said.

"Fine, how are you?"

"I've been meaning to talk to you. You know that deposit, that money, I'd like to give it back to you. I wrote a check." He took it out of his wallet. "My wife doesn't have to know about it," he added, and laughed.

"Oh," she said, "your wife was probably right."

"No, please take it," he said, and gave it to her.

"Well, thank you," she said. She seemed about to go.

"Sometime," he said, "would you have a drink with me?"

She still had the check in her hand. "No," she said proudly, and, looking straight at him, gave him back the check.

She drove away swiftly—more swiftly than before. From where he stood, she looked like a race horse, taut and eager for distance.

From then on, he went at a very different time to the post office.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

•

The racquet is an instrument of work and a transmitter of energy. The amount of energy you transfer to the ball can best be defined as a Force (F). The amount of this Force can than be equated to its mass times its acceleration.

F = ma

F = Force is the amount of energy you transfer to the ball by the racquet.

m = Mass is the weight of the racquet divided by gravity, or

m = w/g, gravity is generally 32ft/sec and for all practical purposes, simply refer to it as weight.

a = Acceleration is the speed with which you swing the racquet.

From the above equation (F = ma), you can see that the faster one swings the racquet the greater the force will be transmitted to the ball.—*Tennis Trade.*

Try to get it over the net, in any event.

ANNALS OF BUSINESS

FUNDS GRAY AND BLACK

A NUMBER of the revelations of large-scale illegal or unethical activity made in the past three dispiriting years have concerned the dealings of government officials or political candidates, both domestic and foreign, with large American corporations. The first such revelation came on July 6, 1973, when the Watergate Special Prosecution Force announced that American Airlines had made a contribution of fifty-five thousand dollars from corporate funds to President Nixon's 1972 reëlection campaign. In making the announcement, Archibald Cox, then Special Prosecutor, called upon all corporate officials who knew that their companies had made illegal political contributions to come forward and disclose the facts voluntarily. The response, sluggish at first, was eventually profuse—particularly after the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Internal Revenue Service, Congress, and various private litigants joined the Special Prosecutor in looking into corporate political activities. By this summer, about a hundred and fifty corporations had admitted that over a period of years they had made contributions at home or abroad to political candidates or their parties. Those companies which have admitted to domestic political payments include Ashland Oil, Inc., the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, the Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Company, the Northrop Corporation, and the Phillips Petroleum Company; and among those identified as recipients of such payments have been forty-five members of Congress. The number and variety of corporations confessing to questionable payments abroad is far greater. This list includes the Exxon Corporation, the world's largest industrial company (which has conceded that over a decade or so some fifty-six million dollars was somehow siphoned out of the company and its Italian subsidiary, and an unknown part of that sum used for political payments in Italy); the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation (which has admitted to more than twenty-two million dollars in overseas payments, including disbursements of more than twelve and a half million in Japan, the disclosure of which has caused a grave government crisis and the arrest of a former prime minister, Kakuei Tanaka); such imperial giants of American industry as the American Home Products Corporation, Merck & Company, and the United Brands Company; and such lesser firms as Levi Strauss & Company, makers of bluejeans. During the spring and early summer of this year, new admissions and disclosures of overseas payments came to be so commonplace in the daily press as to virtually force a reader to the conclusion that payments to political figures had become a way of life for American corporations operating abroad; and, by way of confirmation, in May the chairman of the S.E.C., Roderick M. Hills, told a group of leading businessmen that more disclosures could confidently be expected in the future. Since such payments serve no legitimate business purpose and are made in the hope, if not actually with the promise, of favors in return, they may more bluntly, and more precisely, be called bribes.

In the United States, political contributions by a corporation (as distinguished from those by individual executives) are illegal in campaigns for federal office under Section 610 of Title 18 of the United States Code, and have been illegal under that or predecessor statutes since 1907. Section 610 reads, in part, "It is unlawful for . . . any corporation . . . to make a contribution or expenditure in connection with any election . . . at which Presidential and Vice-Presidential electors or a Senator or Representative in . . . Congress are to be voted for, or in connection with any primary election or political convention or caucus held to select candidates for any of the foregoing offices, or for any candidate, political committee, or other person to accept or receive any contribution prohibited by this section." In many states, parallel laws have long forbidden corporate political contributions to state candidates. In other countries, more often than not, political contributions by corporations of any nationality are legal; whether those made abroad by American corporations are any more ethical than those made at home is perhaps a question worthy of Marlowe's Barabas, who defended himself against the charge of fornication partly on the ground that the offense had been committed in another country. At all events, the fact that the emerging pattern of systematic political bribery by

"Wardleigh, why don't you put on your walking shorts and walk out to the mailbox and get the mail?"

Dana Fradon

"Before I do anything, say anything, or try anything, I say to myself, 'Is it in the best interests of baseball?'"

• •

American corporations, mostly abroad but to a lesser extent at home, is not a function of "Watergate morality" but goes back long before Watergate—and thus, indeed, may have contributed to Watergate morality—is well established by the recent admissions and disclosures. In particular, it is well established by the disclosures about the Gulf Oil Corporation, which between 1960 and 1973 distributed political contributions and payments in the United States and abroad aggregating over twelve million dollars.

The public disclosures about Gulf's political activities were made piecemeal, beginning on August 10, 1973, when the corporation issued a press release stating that in 1971 and 1972 it had made an illegal contribution of a hundred thousand dollars to the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President, an adjunct of the Committee to Re-Elect the President, or CREEP. The announcement was not exactly voluntary, as Cox had asked; rather, Gulf was faced with the threat of disclosure of the gift by the Finance Committee itself, which was under court order as the result of a suit by Common Cause to disclose its receipts between January 1, 1971, and April 6, 1972, and which had returned the hundred thousand dollars to Gulf two weeks earlier. On November 13, 1973, Gulf and its chief Washington lobbyist, Claude C. Wild, Jr., were charged under Section 610 in the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia. Both Gulf and Wild were charged with the Finance Committee contribution, while Gulf was additionally charged with contributions of ten thousand dollars and fifteen thousand dollars to the 1972 campaigns of Senator Henry M. Jackson and Representative Wilbur Mills, respectively. Both Gulf and Wild immediately pleaded guilty, whereupon Gulf was fined five thousand dollars and Wild a thousand dollars—punishments that in the context may perhaps best be described not as wrist slaps but as eyewinks; but then the whole history of Section 610 has been one of slack enforcement and light sentences.

The following day—November 14, 1973—Wild testified publicly before the Senate Watergate Committee. His testimony was entirely about his relations with the Finance Committee; he said nothing about other political contributions, because he was not asked—a fact that may or may not be related to Wild's subsequent statement to a lawyer at a firm retained by Gulf that he had at one time or another dispensed gifts, either legal or illegal, to "all senators on Watergate except Ervin." In October, 1974, the S.E.C. began an investigation to determine whether or not Gulf had violated the federal securities laws. The investigation and attendant negotiations with Gulf led, on March 11, 1975, to a consent decree under which Gulf agreed to appoint a Special Review Committee with a mandate to get to the bottom of Gulf's political contributions, past and present. The committee—consisting of two members of the Gulf board of directors, Nathan W. Pearson and Beverley Matthews, and one outsider, the New York lawyer John J. McCloy, who served as chairman—reviewed and collated all existing evidence, and also interviewed almost a hundred and fifty witnesses in the United States, Canada, and Europe; it issued its report and recommendations in a volume of more than three hundred pages last December 30th. Meanwhile, more facts and details of the matter had come to light independently. In May, 1975, Gulf's chief executive officer, Bob R. Dorsey, had told the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations that in 1966 and 1970 Gulf contributed four million dollars to the Korean Democratic Republican Party; and in November a series of depositions by Gulf executives in a new S.E.C. suit were made public, showing, for the first time, a widespread systematic program of political contributions by Gulf which had been in efficient operation for well over a decade.

The McCloy report (as the report of the Special Review Committee has come to be called), along with the other available evidence, gives a far more detailed account of the techniques and procedures of corporate political bribery than has so far become available regarding any other corporation. Since ethical matters are best examined in detail and in the context of their social and cultural setting, one may logically choose the Gulf situation for a study of the subject without implying that Gulf's activities have been more egregious than those of other corporations, even though Gulf's illegal domestic contributions appear to have been unusually extensive. In doing so, however, one must point out the dubious provenance of some of the evidence upon which the story as it is now known is based. For one thing, the testimony of Joseph E. Bounds, a retired Gulf executive, who was the McCloy committee's chief source of information about the early days of Gulf's political enterprise, was taken when Bounds was seventy years old, in poor health and apparently under constant medication, and, to add to his troubles, was suffering from a rattlesnake bite. A more serious cloud overhangs the testimony of perhaps the key witness in the case—Claude Wild, to whom, as the McCloy committee put it, "all evidence seems to point as the chief distributor of corporate funds and the center of most of the domestic political activity." On advice of counsel, Wild was not available to the committee until the very end of its investigation, and when he finally appeared, he refused to give the names of any of the recipients of Gulf's largesse. (No new details came out in Wild's trial in Washington at the end of July on charges of having made an illegal campaign contribution to Senator Daniel K. Inouye, of Hawaii, which ended in dismissal of the charges on a legal technicality.) In 1973, however, in a series of interviews with a young lawyer named Thomas D. Wright, who was with a Pittsburgh law firm that represented Gulf and had been designated by the corporation to investigate its political contributions, Wild did give the names of recipients, along with many other details of his operations. Wright took pencilled notes during these interviews, and last September, in a deposition taken by the S.E.C., he reconstructed what Wild had told him two years earlier, on the basis of notes that he himself was not always able to decipher. In some cases, what Wild told Wright is corroborated by others, and in some cases it is not. It is on such evidence—hearsay, perhaps, of the least unacceptable sort, but hearsay all the same—that part of the story as it is now known is based.

AUGUST

Heat lightning. No rain.
Under the dark boughs of the oak,
fireflies test their lights.
A mockingbird tries a meow that fails
to fool the white cat, a low cloud
at the edge of the lawn.

She walks the remains
of the formal garden lost
in wild mint. A garden
no longer tended. An odd feather.
An old shirt, a shell found in one pocket,
a worn rock in the other.
The house empty, light
from the kitchen spilling
into the deepening dark
like warm milk.

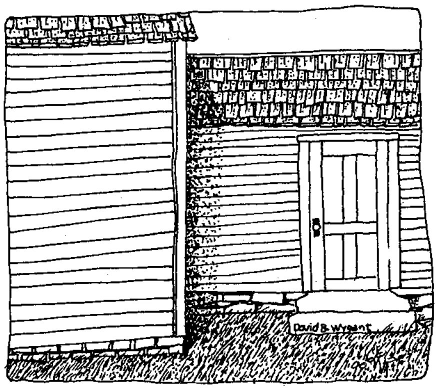
From the window I see
myself in the garden, a dark shape
against the darker trees.
The voices raised downstairs
do not reach me. I watch
myself walk into the night's first chill.

—Debora Greger

• •

THE Gulf Oil Corporation traces its history back to 1901, when a drilling team, financed by a loan of three hundred thousand dollars from the celebrated Pittsburgh banking firm of T. Mellon & Sons, brought in the biggest oil well ever recorded up to then, at Spindletop, an unimpressive-looking mound near the Gulf Coast of Texas. Today, Gulf, with worldwide interests and, for 1975, assets of $12.4 billion, gross revenues of $16 billion, and net income of $700 million, is the fifth-largest United States oil company. Its commitment to a program of political contributions as a means of producing more favorable conditions under which to conduct its business seems to have begun in 1958; in any event, that September the company made a public announcement that "in the future the Corporation will take an increasingly active interest in practical politics," and the following June stockholders and employees were issued a pamphlet entitled "A Political Program for Gulf Oil Corporation," in which the author, a senior vice-president, denounced the "creeping encroachment" of government on industry—particularly the oil industry—and asserted that Gulf and the industry had been "subjected to increasing attack" and "increasingly . . . denied a fair hearing." The "Political Program" encouraged employees to become involved in local politics, and to set up among themselves a network of regional political supervisors—activities that, of course, would be perfectly legal.

Machinery by which corporate funds could be surreptitiously collected and illegal contributions made from them appears to have been set up in 1959. Late that year, Gulf hired Wild as a Washington lobbyist, at an annual salary of twenty-five thousand dollars. According to Wild—a lawyer, then in his middle thirties, who had previously worked for the Mid-Continent Oil & Gas Association and had acquired a reputation as an effective lobbyist—two of the Gulf executives who hired him told him that his mission was to build an organization that would give Gulf more "muscle" in politics, and that for that purpose he would have a budget of about two hundred thousand dollars a year. (Later, the figure was doubled.) Nothing was said about where the funds would come from. Also in 1959, Bounds, then the administrative vice-president of Gulf, learned of plans to establish a political fund, in a series of meetings with William K. Whiteford, then the company's chief executive officer. Whiteford, according to Bounds, was convinced (incorrectly) that if funds for domestic political use were generated outside the United States and were handled by a foreign corporation, with no deductions on Gulf's United States tax returns, the arrangement would be legal. Whiteford also insisted, Bounds said, that he had learned from the top management of some of the other major oil companies that they had already set up schemes similar to the one he had in mind. (Up to now, no such setup has been shown to have existed at any other major oil company.) Nevertheless, Whiteford made it clear that his plans must be kept from the Mellon family, which held the single largest block of Gulf stock, and from certain other Gulf executives, whom he described as "Boy Scouts"—among them Dorsey, who was then a vice-president and was to become Gulf's chairman and chief executive officer in 1972.



In Bounds' account, Whiteford was the moving spirit in the establishment of means whereby Gulf could make political contributions both at home and abroad and keep them secret, from all but a few even within the company. Born in Los Angeles in 1900, White-

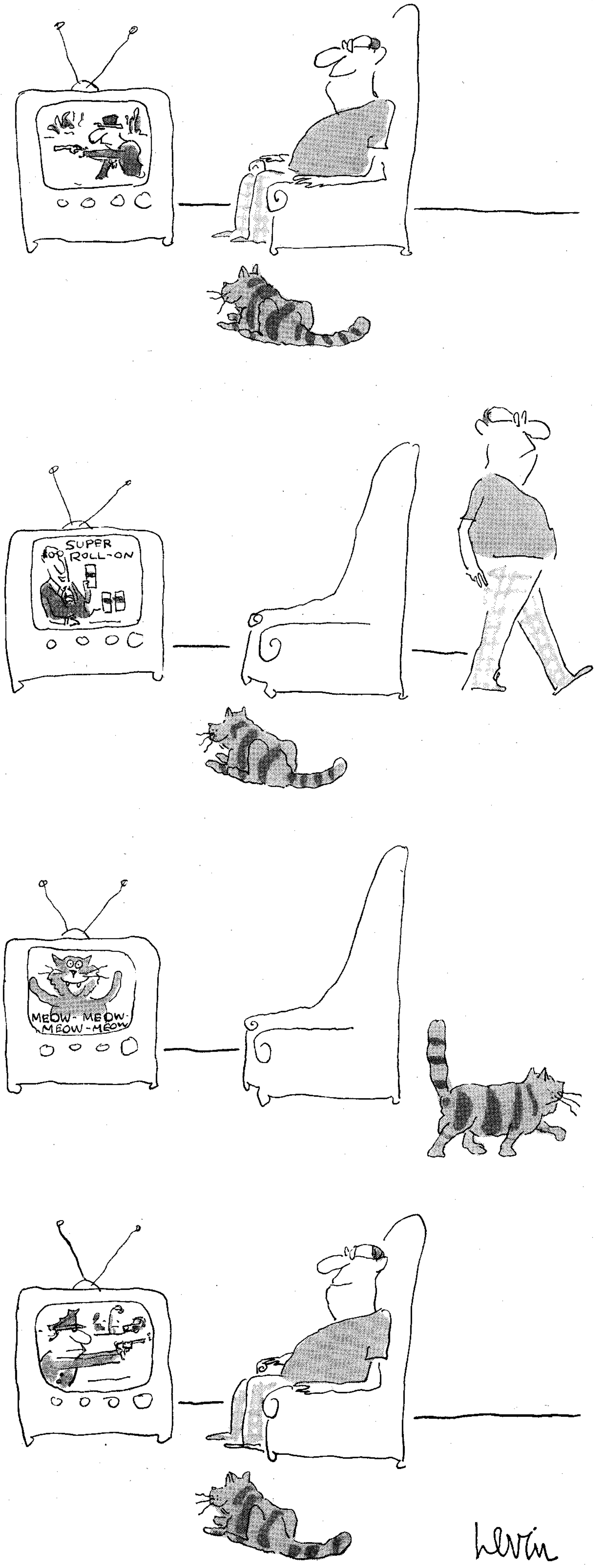
"It is a superb vision of America, all right, but I can't remember which candidate projected it."

• •

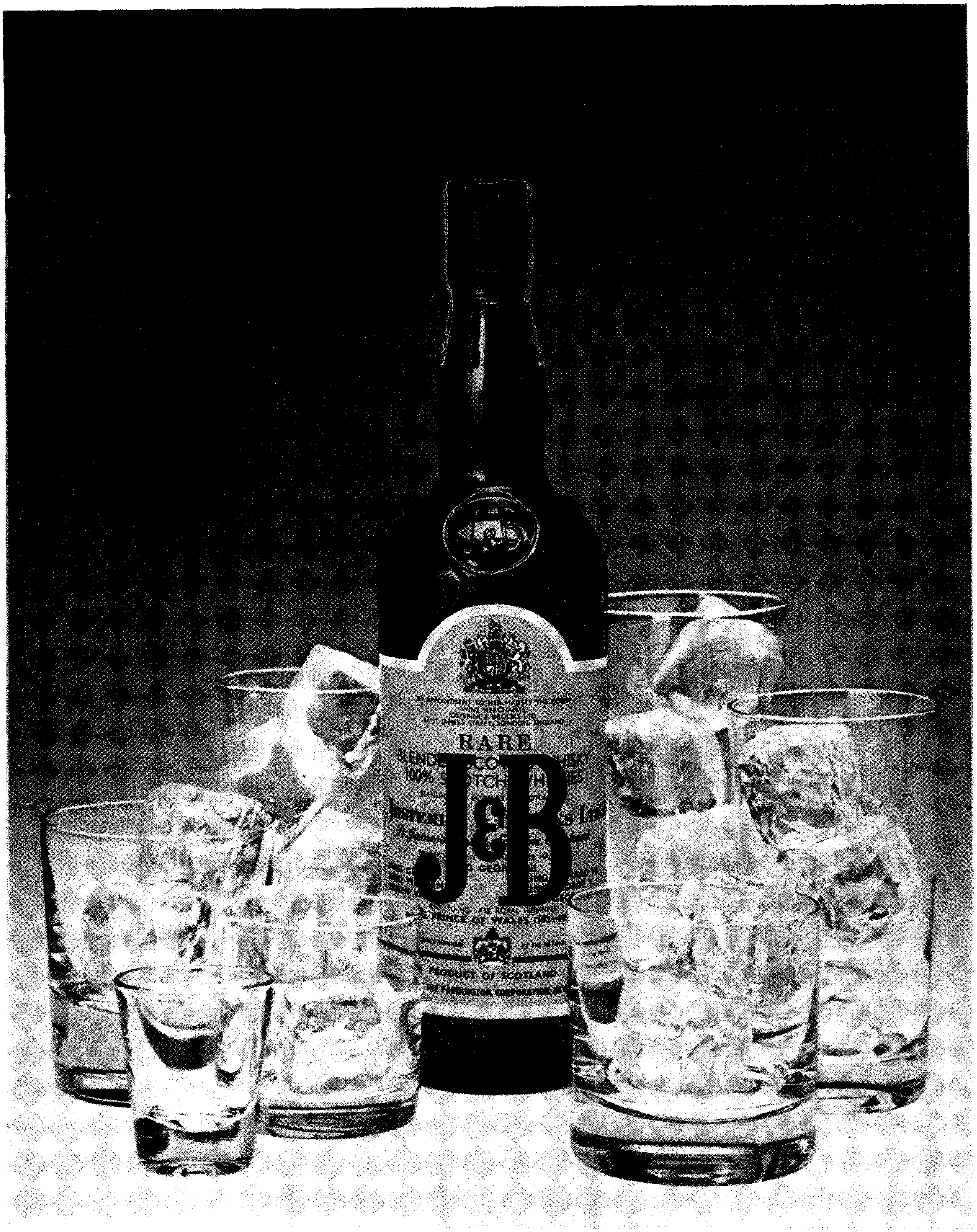
ford had studied at Stanford and subsequently served as a leading executive of two Toronto-based oil concerns—the British American Oil Producing Company and the British American Oil Company, Ltd. Having come to Gulf as executive vice-president in 1951, he became president in 1952 and chief executive officer in 1957, and he served in the latter capacity until his retirement, in 1965. He died in 1968 in a head-on automobile collision a few miles from his home, in Ligonier, Pennsylvania. According to the McCloy committee, Whiteford was "dynamic and colorful." It was presumably under his direction that early in 1960 Gulf began channelling funds for political use through the Bahamas Exploration Company, Ltd., an oil-exploration subsidiary with headquarters in Nassau. Bahamas Ex., as it was called, was ideal for this purpose in several respects. For one, it was relatively dormant, its chief activity in 1960 being to hold licenses against the day when Gulf might decide to undertake oil-exploration work in the Bahamas. For another, it was not consolidated with its parent company, Gulf, for tax purposes, and it existed in a tax-haven country, so it was not required to reveal its annual income and disbursements in income-tax returns anywhere. On January 8, 1960, Gulf opened an account at the Bank of Nova Scotia in Nassau, in the name of Bahamas Ex., and on January 15th the company made an initial deposit of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The account was not recorded on the books of Bahamas Ex.; the Gulf executives authorizing deposits in it did so by handwritten notes, which were customarily destroyed; and the bank's statements and records of deposits and withdrawals were never placed in the files of Bahamas Ex. but, rather, were regularly torn up and flushed down a toilet by William C. Viglia, a former assistant comptroller of Gulf, who in July, 1959, had been assigned to Nassau to maintain the accounts of Bahamas Ex.

The secret Bank of Nova Scotia account was now ready to make disbursements. (Some time later, Whiteford, upon being appointed to a quasi-honorary post as a vice-president of the Bank of Nova Scotia, wrote in jocular vein to a working officer of the bank, "This is good news, especially to me, as the next time I have to make a confidential arrangement to secure political funds I can put the blame on the Bank should this great institution . . . fail to protect my anonymity." The recipient of the letter, who had no idea that the Bahamas Ex. account was for political purposes, assumed that the letter was an example of Whiteford's well-known sense of humor. In hindsight, it may be seen as evidence of a penchant of

Whiteford's—quite extraordinary in the chief executive of a great corporation—for deliberately skating on the thinnest of ice, for no purpose other than to dare the Devil.) Late in the winter of 1959-60, on instructions from Bounds, William T. Grummer, Gulf's comptroller, made several trips to Nassau and on each occasion withdrew amounts ranging from twenty thousand dollars to forty thousand dollars in cash from the Bahamas Ex. account and in each case subsequently delivered the money to Gulf executives in Pittsburgh. Such deliveries in the early months of the Bahamas Ex. arrangement were, as Bounds told it, handled as follows: the courier from Nassau would hand Bounds, in Pittsburgh, an envelope containing the cash; Bounds would lock it in a safe that, at Whiteford's request, Bounds had had installed in his own office; whereupon Whiteford would enter Bounds' office in his absence and remove the envelope from the safe, leaving the safe open until the next delivery from Nassau. What possible purpose this routine could have served, other than to gratify Whiteford's taste for the baroque, it is impossible to say. By July 6, 1960, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars had been withdrawn from Nassau and delivered to Pittsburgh, and as early as that April the withdrawals had been large enough to cause a logistical problem: the Bank of Nova Scotia sometimes didn't have enough cash on hand in United States dollars to meet the demand. To solve this problem, another intricate routine was worked out. The Bank of Nova Scotia would systematically collect U.S. dollars, in exchange for local currency, from a local casino where visiting Americans were in the convenient habit of losing them; when a good supply of dollars had been assembled, the Bank would notify Viglia, the Bahamas Ex. man; and Viglia would then withdraw the dollars and put them in a safe-deposit box at another Nassau bank, ready for delivery to the mainland as required.



The ultimate destination of the dollars thus collected came, after the earliest days, to be the province of Wild, the lobbyist, who from 1960 on was generally in charge of selecting recipients of political contributions and making deliveries to them. In one of his first assignments along these lines, Wild, by his own account, delivered fifty thousand dollars in cash over a period of months to Walter Jenkins, an aide to Senator Lyndon B. Johnson. As time went on, an efficient standard operating procedure evolved in Pittsburgh, Nassau, and Washington. A Gulf official in Pittsburgh, usually someone in the comptroller's office, would authorize a transfer, usually of one or two hundred thousand dollars, to the Bahamas Ex. account in Nassau. Viglia, in Nassau, would deposit the money and wait for delivery instructions. When they came—usually from Wild, but occasionally from other Gulf executives—Viglia would put the required sum (usually twenty-five thousand dollars) in an envelope,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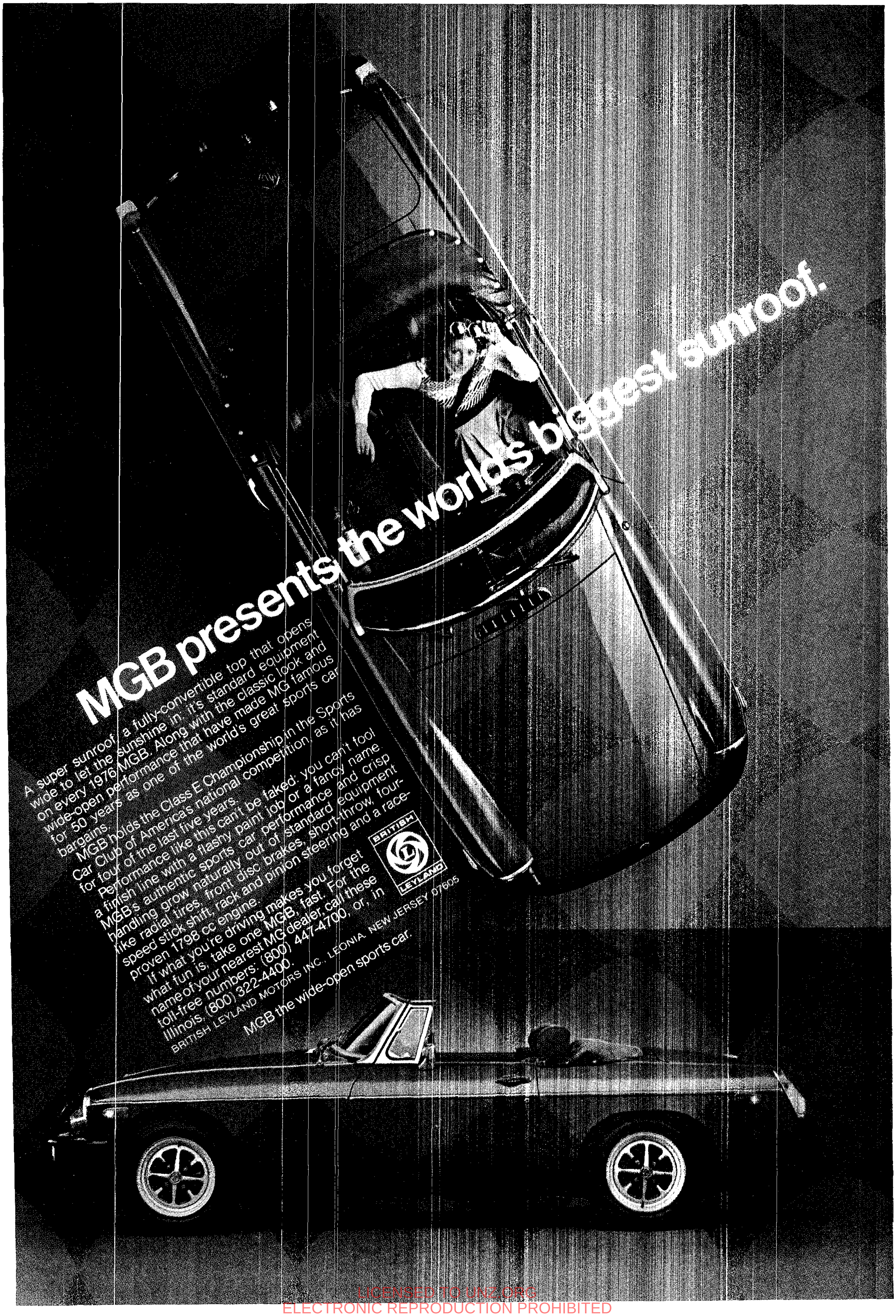

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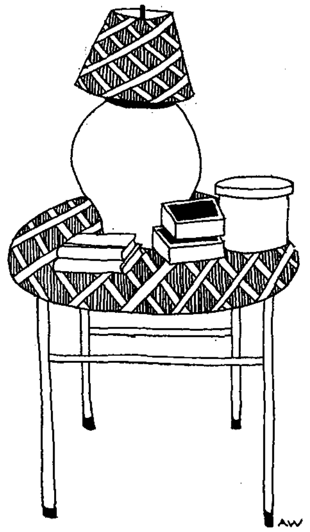
buy an airline ticket (which he would later destroy), and fly to a prearranged destination in the United States—no longer Bounds' office in Pittsburgh but usually somewhere in Washington, Miami, or Houston. (According to Viglia, he became so friendly with the U.S. customs people that his baggage and his person were never examined.) Upon arriving, he would deliver the cash-filled envelope to Wild or another Gulf officer, and then he would fly right back to Nassau. Wild would pass the envelope on to the intended recipient, in Washington or elsewhere—sometimes in the recipient's office, but on other occasions, at the recipient's request, somewhere else.

By the beginning of 1966, some two and a half million dollars had been transferred from Gulf to the Bahamas Ex. account, of which almost two million had been carried by Viglia in cash to the United States for delivery to political figures—most often to national ones, but sometimes, according to Wild's statement to Wright, officials or candidates at the state and local levels. Most of the political figures who received some of the money, either then or later, have since said that they did not know that the contributions they were receiving were from corporate funds—rather than from Gulf executives as individuals—and were therefore illegal. However, not one recipient has said that he asked questions about where the money came from. It is also worth noting that in almost every instance Gulf's political contributions were made on the request—sometimes the urgent demand—of the recipient. There was never a specific quid pro quo offered; the implied offer was merely a more favorable legislative climate for Gulf, or even the avoidance of a *less* favorable climate. In some cases, Wild was made to feel that his bribes were buying no more than a continuation of the status quo. As Wild later put it in connection with the Nixon Finance Committee case, "If there was not some participation on my part or our part, we may be . . . whether you call it a blacklist or bottom of the totem pole. I would just like [them] to answer my telephone calls once in a while."

The entire arrangement suffered a temporary setback in 1961, when Bounds staged a revolt against it. Sometime that year, by his account, he told Whiteford that he did not like "the Bahamian setup." Whiteford told him he had better like it or he would be fired. The matter came to a head with a confrontation between the two men that October at the Duquesne Club, a favorite gathering place of Pittsburgh's business élite, where, after a violent argument, Bounds, as he put it, "decked" Whiteford. Whether or not, by so doing, Bounds violated the bylaws of the Duquesne Club, he violated those of Whiteford, who got up off the deck and shortly thereafter sent Bounds into a sort of exile by assigning him to run a Gulf property in California. Bounds, nevertheless, continued from exile to write requests for transfers of corporate funds to Bahamas Ex., right up to his early retirement, in 1964. So the revolt was quelled, and the arrangement returned to smooth functioning.

Sometimes, Wild found that he needed help from others in making deliveries of cash to political figures, because, he explained, it was "physically impossible for one man to handle that kind of money." Such a helper was Frederick A. Myers, who had been a Gulf employee for forty-seven years at the time he retired, in 1975, and who for fifteen years had held positions in Gulf's Washington office, reporting to Wild and another Gulf official. In October, 1975, Myers, testifying before the S.E.C. under a promise of immunity from prosecution, related that, on orders from Wild, between March, 1961, and September, 1972, he had made twenty-two separate trips to various places in the United States to deliver sealed envelopes to political figures, and, in addition, had made four to six such deliveries per year in Washington to members of Congress or their staffs.



The picture that emerges from Myers' testimony is one of a man forced by circumstances to reduce himself to pure mechanical function—to do what he was told while asking no questions and, if possible, thinking no thoughts. In Washington, Wild would give him a sealed envelope along with precise instructions about where and to whom it should be delivered. Myers would board an airliner and proceed to the designated place. The designated person would always be there. Myers would greet him, and hand over the envelope. The recipient would say "Thank you," and after an exchange of chitchat Myers would fly back to Washington. Most often, the delivery would be at an airport or at the recipient's office, but occasionally it would be at a place suggestive of a desire for secrecy on the part of either the donor or the recipient. In October of 1964, for example, Myers went to Albuquerque, New Mexico, to deliver an envelope to Edwin L. Mechem, who was then running for re-election as a senator from that state. At the Albuquerque airport, Myers was met by a man who conveyed him by private plane to a ranch, where Myers delivered the envelope to Mechem behind a barn, saying, as usual, "Mr. Wild asked me to give this to you." Again, in 1970, Myers said, he handed an envelope to Representative Richard L. Roudebush, of Indiana, at the latter's suggestion, in the men's washroom of a motel in Indianapolis.

In no instance did Wild, in giving Myers his instructions and a sealed envelope to deliver, tell Myers what the envelope contained, and in no instance did Myers ask. Nor did Wild ever explain why the delivery was to be made by hand rather than by mail. And in no instance, according to Myers' testimony, did he learn from the recipient what the envelope contained. Or, rather, in hardly any instance. On one of several occasions when he made deliveries to Herbert C. Manning, a Gulf attorney in Pittsburgh—presumably for distribution to local political figures—Manning opened the envelope in Myers' presence, revealing cash. On one other occasion—a 1970 delivery at a bank in a small town in Tennessee—the recipient similarly opened the envelope, and Myers saw that it contained cash. Did these two incidents suggest to Myers that his many other deliveries had also been of cash? Apparently not. Time and again, asked by S.E.C. counsel whether he knew what was in an envelope he had delivered, he replied, "I do not," or "I have no knowledge." A minor figure in the tragedy, Myers was apparently content to spin constantly by airliner above the cities, plains, and mountains of America, not knowing why, not wanting to know why—a man living in a moral void.

Gulf's heavy involvement in foreign political contributions appears to have begun in 1966, in that precarious, Western-created nominal democracy the Republic of Korea. The

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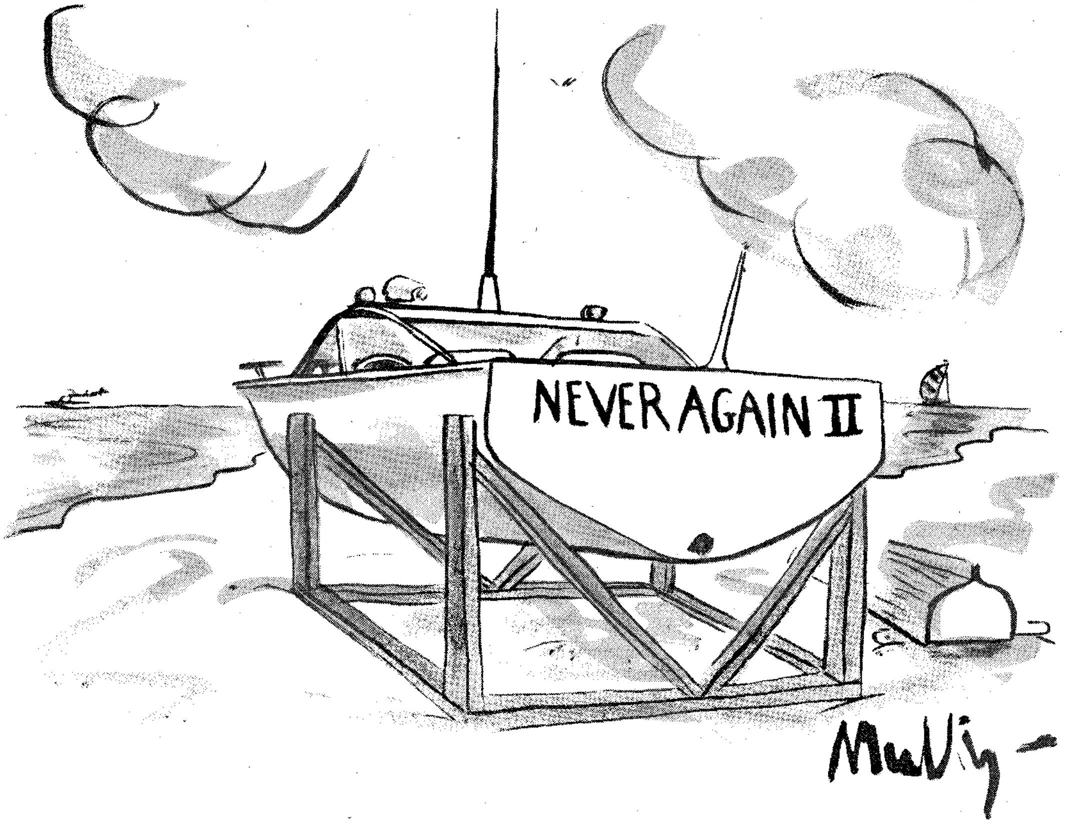
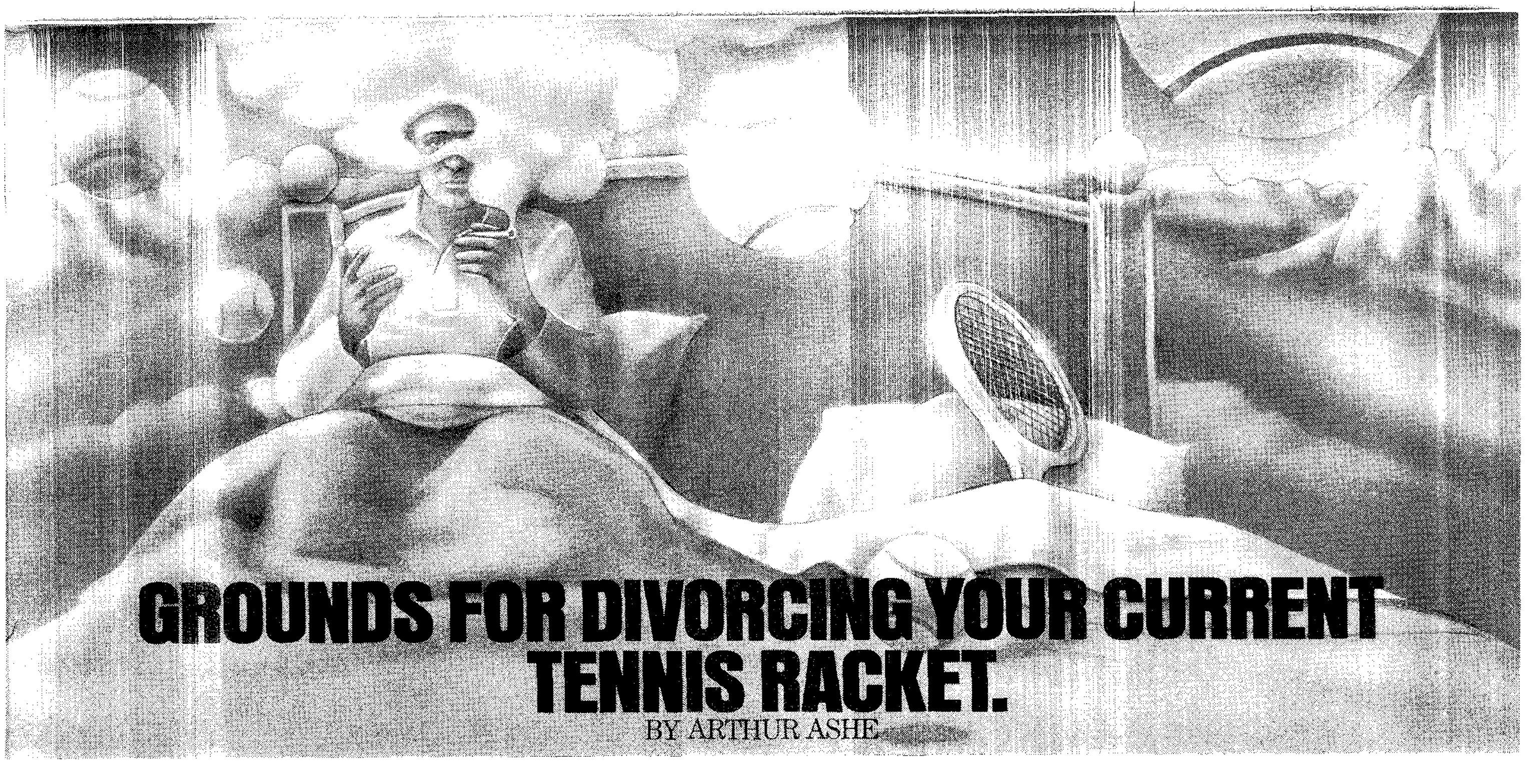
company had made its first commitment there in 1963, when it began building a refinery at Ulsan, which became known as the Pittsburgh of Korea, to create a new outlet for crude oil from Kuwait, which was then in large supply. The venture quickly became very profitable as Korea's industry flourished while its wages remained low, and within a few years Gulf's investment there mounted to two hundred million dollars or more. In 1966, a high official in the secretariat of President Park Chung Hee went to a top Gulf executive in the Far East and asked for a contribution of one million dollars to Park's political organization, the Democratic Republican Party, for the coming election. The executive immediately passed the request along to Dorsey—then president and second-in-command of the company—in Pittsburgh. Dorsey was persuaded, he later told the McCloy committee, that the Korean request was "a very strong approach, indeed; not threatening . . . but certainly, I was told . . . that there were veiled threats . . . that if you want to survive and do well . . . you had best do this." He was also persuaded that American government officials were strongly pressing the Korean government to conduct Western-style elections, and that large sums of money would be necessary to accomplish this purpose. Accordingly, this man whom Whiteford had considered a "Boy Scout" authorized the million-dollar payment; the sum was sent to Bahamas Ex. and thence transferred to Korea via two Swiss bank accounts.

Then, in 1970, when the Democratic Republican Party of Korea was under a heavier political challenge, came what the McCloy committee called "a much more blunt approach." This time, it was made by S. K. Kim, a Korean political boss who was already known to Gulf officials there as "a rough customer." Kim summoned an official of Gulf's Korean subsidiary to his office and coolly demanded ten million dollars. The official took no action pending the arrival of Dorsey in Korea on a previously scheduled visit. Soon after his arrival, Dorsey and Kim had a meeting at Kim's house, which turned out to be highly acrimonious. In describing the meeting later, Dorsey said, in part, "The question of ten million dollars, there was no way I could do anything like that. . . . It was almost preposterous. And at that point he became exceedingly angry with me and exceedingly irritated and talked to me just about as roughly as he could; in effect saying . . . 'I'm not here to debate matters. You are either going to put up the goddam money or suffer the consequences,' although he said it substantially more roughly than that." Dorsey, very angry and upset, walked out of Kim's house. However, after tempers had cooled and further negotiations had been conducted, Dorsey agreed to three million dollars, and that amount was subsequently paid through the same machinery that had been used in 1966. In explaining the 1970 payment, Dorsey said he had realized that Gulf operated in Korea "at the sufferance of the government," and that Korea was "unlike any Western country" in that the corporation couldn't *operate there without the government* on its side; therefore, Dorsey thought, what he was doing was "in the best interest of the corporation."

The McCloy committee found itself unable to decide whether the two political contributions had been legal or illegal under Korean law, or whether United States regulatory jurisdiction applied in such cases, although it "assumed that outright bribery would be illegal wherever effected." As for Dorsey, the committee concluded that he seemed not to have given any thought to the legal aspect of the matter. In any event, he had decided not to tell the Gulf board of directors about the payments or the demands for them, because, he said later, such disclosure would have been "embarrassing to Gulf and embarrassing to the party to whom the payment was made." Indeed, it appears in retrospect that the reason a ten-million-dollar payment in 1970 was considered "almost preposterous," while a three-million-dollar payment was not, lay in the fact that the smaller sum could be effectively concealed among Gulf's annual disbursements to its various Caribbean subsidiaries, while the larger sum could not.

The situation of Gulf in Korea—a company tempted by a juicy legitimate business opportunity brought about by high demand and low wages, and then, figuratively, held up at gunpoint by a political party bent on getting a share of the profits—suggests the moral ambiguities involved in payments abroad by American corporations. When it is a choice of pay or lose out, and paying seems to be legal under local law, is not the corporation justified in paying, in the interests of its stockholders? Moreover, as the Gulf evidence shows, there are many subtle variations of the situation—a whole spectrum of ethical nuances to be considered. For example, in Kuwait, between 1968 and 1974, the Kuwait Oil Company, Ltd., which was then owned half by Gulf and half by the British Petroleum Company, on one occasion paid more than two million dollars for construction of a beach club, at the request of the Kuwait gov-





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BY ARTHUR ASHE

When you play tennis you and your racket are really partners. And though for sentimental reasons it's not always easy to do, there are a lot of sound reasons why maybe you and your tennis racket should separate.

Let's say you're a beginner. That racket you dug out of the basement or that cheap toy you bought on impulse may have served you well. It helped you find out if you were really interested in the game of tennis.

But once that's been established, what that racket could be doing to your game is nothing short of mental cruelty.

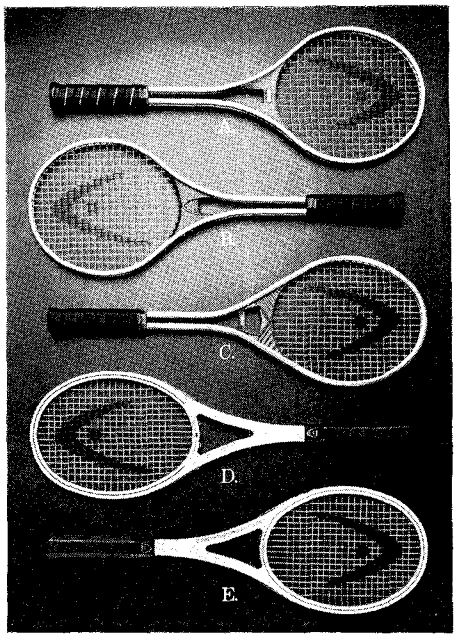
So I'd start you out with a Head Standard. It has a softer flex and a larger hitting surface than our competition models. So it combines adequate power with the control a beginner needs.

The Standard can help you learn right and enjoy the game more. And it's pre-strung, so it's not a big investment if you're just starting.

Or maybe you're a player who is already well on your way. And made the mistake of buying a racket that is too domineering. It's not that it's too "good" for you, but rather that it's too "much" for you to handle.

If that's the case, I'd recommend putting that racket aside for awhile and trying a Head Master. The Master has a stiffer flex than the Standard for the added power some intermediate and more advanced players are ready for.

But it has many of the same construction benefits for control. So you're controlling your racket, rather than having it control you.



A. HEAD STANDARD B. HEAD MASTER* C. HEAD PROFESSIONAL* D. HEAD ARTHUR ASHE COMPETITION 1* E. HEAD ARTHUR ASHE COMPETITION 2*
*SOLD UNSTRUNG.

But, usually, the opposite is more often true. Your current racket is holding you back. And your game might really improve if you use a racket with a little more "zip."

Advanced players like the Head Pro, or as many of them call it, the "Red Head." It has an elliptical head shape which elongates its "sweet spot." And because the Pro is rigid, it's exceptionally powerful when you hit that sweet spot.

Another good move "up" is to the Ashe Comp 1 or 2. They aren't metal, they're what we call "composites." Head and I planned and built them together to give some of the playing qualities of wood, with the durability and quickness of metal.

They both have teardrop shaped heads and are quite firm. That, plus a lot of other features, makes them very powerful. But their broad open throats give you less wobble and more control on off center hits than traditionally designed rackets.

The Ashe Comp 2 needs a player with high ability to realize its potential. The Ashe Comp 1 is more forgiving, but the person who uses it should be at least at the intermediate level.

I think it's very important that you mentally feel comfortable with the equipment you're playing with. So I would never suggest changing rackets just for the sake of change.

But if the time is right for you and your racket to go your separate ways, go to a reputable tennis shop or pro. And I know you'll find a Head racket that will give you and your game many years of happiness.

AMF Head

We planned it that way.
AMF HEAD
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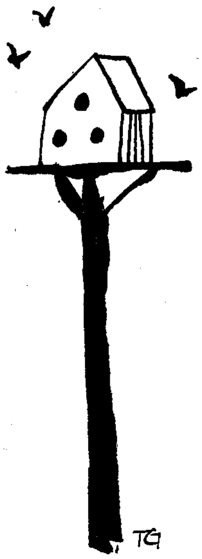
For a free AMF Head Tennis brochure write: AMF Head Division, Tennis Brochure, Dept. NY-D, 4801 North 63rd Street, Boulder, Colorado 80301 ernment, and over a number of years spent two million eight hundred thousand dollars to put a large aircraft at the disposal of Sheik Abdulla, Ruler of Kuwait. But these payments could scarcely be called political contributions, since the Ruler of Kuwait was virtually an absolute monarch, and therefore the country had no politics in the Western sense. Under such circumstances, Gulf could argue that its favors to the Ruler had, in effect, been payments of rent to a landlord.

Again, there was employed in some instances a method of "payment" far less crass than, say, handing over an envelope behind a barn—that of deliberately driving an easy bargain in a deal. In Korea in the nineteen-sixties, for example, Gulf several times sold oil tankers to Korean nationals favored by the government, under terms by which Gulf took all the risk and furnished all the working capital. In 1972, Gulf, probably to please a new Korean Prime Minister, went as far as to sell a supertanker called the Chun Woo to a government favorite in a deal whereby Gulf not only lent the buyer the entire purchase price and advanced all operating funds but sweetened the deal by paying, on demand, a "management fee" of half a million dollars. The McCloy committee decided that the Chun Woo transaction "had obvious political overtones." Those who made it could, of course, reply that it had merely been a business arrangement and that you can't win them all.



There were cases in which the pressure appeared to be nothing but the grandiose whim of a single foreign official, and the corporate executives could convince themselves that catering to the whim was not bribery but merely an exasperating form of hand holding. Such a case, apparently, was one that Gulf faced in 1966 in Bolivia, where the corporation over the previous nine years had discovered under government concession, and had put in full operation, eight large oil and natural-gas fields. Early that year, General René Barrientos, the co-dictator of Bolivia and a candidate for its Presidency, demanded a helicopter for use in his campaign. By three separate checks drawn on the Bahamas Ex. bank account—checks rather than cash being acceptable because, apparently, the transaction broke no laws—Gulf paid a total of $45,925 to the Fairchild Hiller Corporation to rent a helicopter for the General, who used it in his campaign. Barrientos, having won election on July 3rd, then refused to return the helicopter, and Gulf officials were notified through an intermediary that possession of it had become a virtual obsession with him. Accordingly, in October a cashier's check drawn on the Bank of Nova Scotia in the amount of $62,000—the additional sum needed to convert the rental into a sale—was sent to Fairchild Hiller. General Barrientos had his helicopter (in fact, he donated it to the Bolivian Air Force), and Gulf had clear sailing in its Bolivian oil and gas operations—or did until the fall of 1969, when all its properties were nationalized by the Bolivian government.

Finally, there is the most troublesome ethical question of all: that of precisely when the political contributions of American corporations in foreign countries represent conformity with the accepted code of the place—the custom of the country—and should therefore be condoned. (So stringent a moralist as St. Augustine quoted with approval the advice of St. Ambrose: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do.") It would be possible to describe the American practice of tipping as a system of extorted bribes; a similar judgment can, and perhaps should, be pronounced on the so-called Gray Fund that Gulf maintained for several years in the Republic of Korea, and the more chromatically downright Fondo Nero, or Black Fund, that it maintained in Italy. Both of these funds were maintained off the company books and consisted of money not sent from the United States and passed through the Bahamas but locally generated through small windfalls—rebates on insurance premiums and commissions on bank deposits paid as a way of circumventing laws restricting interest rates. A Gulf official in Korea described the Gray Fund as being "like trading stamps." As for their disposition, the Korean Gray Fund was used to pay gratuities, routinely expected and routinely given, to low-level government people whose agencies affected Gulf's operations, and the Fondo Nero in Italy was used for such purposes as to combat, through bribes of not only politicians but newspaper editors and writers, a press campaign for the nationalization of Gulf's concession in Sicily. The Gray Fund operated from 1972 to 1975, and in that time paid out only thirty-three thousand dollars; the Fondo Nero, a more substantial and longer-lasting operation, during its existence, from 1962 to 1974, paid out some four hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars.

The McCloy committee concluded that both the Gray Fund and the Fondo Nero were no worse than expressions of conformity to local ethical standards. Of the former it declared itself "satisfied that the uses to which the fund was put were neither unique with Gulf nor uncommon in Korea;" as for the latter, the committee pointed out that on one occasion the head of Gulf's Italian operations had assured his supervisor in the company that no impropriety attached to such accounts in Italy. The implication—and, indeed, the implication of most American recitals, up to now, of the political activities of American corporations abroad—would seem to be that the representatives of a country with higher standards were, under pressure of necessity, lowering themselves to conform to the ways of countries with lower ones. A rather different light was thrown on the matter last September by Adnan M. Khashoggi, a leading Saudi Arabian businessman who at one time served as an agent for the Northrop Corporation and in that capacity, according to a top Northrop official, acted as an intermediary in Northrop bribes of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars to two Saudi Arabian officials. At a conference in New York, Mr. Khashoggi expressed the opinion that bribes paid by United States businessmen to the agents of Middle Eastern governments were quite unnecessary to accomplish their purposes, and that in accepting such bribes the agents were "just following United States customs."

Gulf's financial support of what was to become the Nixon Administration—support that provided the climax and catastrophe of the corporation's career as a political contributor—began in the spring of 1968. At that time, according to Thomas Wright's notes, Wild gave twenty-five thousand dollars in cash to Maurice Stans, then a Nixon fund raiser, in connection with Nixon's effort to get the Republican nomination. That summer, so as not to be partial to any one Presidential aspirant or his party, Wild, according to Wright's notes, gave the same sum—twenty-five thousand dollars—to "a

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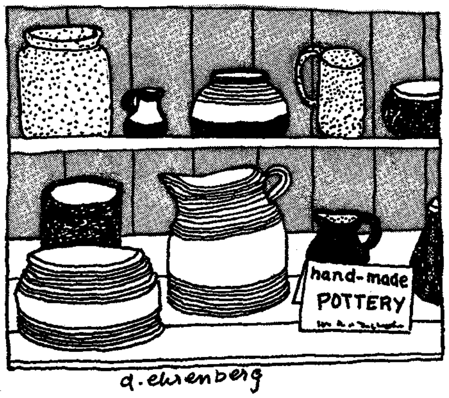
personal confidant" of Senator Hubert Humphrey, who subsequently became the Democratic candidate.

That some Gulf officials were again having qualms about illegal political contributions by the beginning of 1970 is indicated by the fact that in January the corporation established a vehicle for making such contributions legally. Called the Gulf Good Government Fund, it derived its resources from contributions voluntarily made by Gulf employees in their own names, usually in a standard amount of one-half of one per cent of an employee's base salary; disbursements from it were usually made by Wild to recipients of his choosing—that is to say, precisely the same way the illegal payments were made except that Good Government Fund payments were almost always made by check rather than in cash. The fund collected between seventy thousand and eighty thousand dollars for each year from 1970 through 1972. Legal though contributions of corporate executives may be, it would certainly seem that the ethical distinction between such contributions and illegal contributions from corporate funds becomes blurred when the former may have been solicited, or even extorted, by higher executives to whom the donor employees are responsible, and when the recipients are selected not by the donor but by a lobby for the corporation. Moreover, in the very year when Gulf made this gesture toward legality its illegal political activities moved along as briskly as ever. Indeed, they moved toward their peak. In the summer of 1970, according to Wild, he had lunch at the White House with several Nixon aides, who requested fifty thousand dollars to help in the election of a Republican Senate that November. Wild came across with twenty-five thousand dollars in cash, and that October he personally delivered another twenty-five thousand dollars in cash for Republican campaign use to Attorney General John Mitchell. Other payments from corporate funds between 1969 and 1972 included several ten-thousand-dollar donations to Republican Committee dinners; several five-thousand-dollar contributions to Democratic Committee dinners (which seem to have been regarded as half as worthy); and the periodic cash distributions that had come to be routine from Wild and his associates to various political figures outside Washington.

Early in 1971, a representative of the newly formed Committee to Re-Elect the President called on Wild at his office and asked for a contribution of a hundred thousand dollars. Shortly thereafter, having been assured by Mitchell that CREEP was a legitimate operation, Wild contributed fifty thousand dollars. But CREEP was not satisfied; its representative called on Wild again the following January and asked for another fifty thousand dollars. In February, 1972, Wild says, he went to see Maurice Stans, who was then Secretary of Commerce; Stans said that he knew about the previous fifty-thousand-dollar contribution but that he hoped the sum would be doubled. After thinking the matter over, Wild called Viglia in the Bahamas, ordered up fifty thousand dollars in cash, and, when he got it, turned it over to Stans, who by then had resigned his Cabinet post to devote himself to CREEP. With that, it seems, Wild felt that Gulf had met its quota; in the fall, he told William L. Henry, another Gulf official, in the course of a card game at Reston, Virginia, that if Henry should get a request from Stans for further contributions, he should ignore it. And meanwhile, it appears, Wild was throwing a light anchor to windward; early in 1972, he testified later, he gave ten thousand dollars in cash to an assistant to a Democratic senator, Henry M. Jackson, and fifteen thousand dollars, also in cash, to a close friend of a Democratic member of the House, Wilbur Mills.

At a Gulf management meeting in the fall of 1972, it was decided that, as a cost-cutting measure, all the company's offshore subsidiaries, including Bahamas Ex., should be consolidated into a single entity, Midcaribbean Investments, Ltd., with headquarters in Nassau. The move was approved by Gulf's corporate financial council early in December, and on the last day of the year the effective liquidation of Bahamas Ex. was completed. Thus the laundry for Gulf's illegal political money was put out of business—almost entirely, it appears, by executives merely anxious to save the company money, and innocent of any knowledge of the purpose that Bahamas Ex. had been so efficiently serving. Early in 1973, Wild began clamoring for more funds in Washington, and Viglia, in Nassau, had to reply that there were none, because the Bahamas Ex. account had been closed. Viglia then got authorization from Fred C. Deering, the Gulf comptroller, in Pittsburgh, to borrow funds temporarily from Midcaribbean to meet Wild's need, and by April a whole new system, using Midcaribbean almost exactly as the previous system had used Bahamas Ex., was established and operating. On March 15, 1973, a new infusion of two hundred thousand dollars went from Pittsburgh to Nassau, and between April 26th and July 19th of that year Viglia made five cash deliveries to Wild totalling a hundred and twenty thousand dollars.



But time was running out. A delivery by Viglia of twenty thousand dollars to Wild on July 19th proved to be his last. A few weeks earlier—the exact date is not known—Wild, realizing that the court order to the Finance Committee of CREEP would force it to disclose Gulf's two fifty-thousand-dollar contributions, told Dorsey, by then the company's chief executive officer, about them. On July 19th (the same day that Wild—rather ruefully, one may imagine—was taking his last cash delivery from Viglia), Gulf engaged the Pittsburgh law firm of Eckert, Seamans, Cherin & Mellott to represent the corporation in the matter; a week later, lawyers of that firm met with lawyers for the Watergate Special Prosecutor's office, and the process of disclosure leading to the McCloy report began.

THE McCloy committee concluded that Gulf's domestic political activities had been "shot through with illegality," and that the whole program, domestic and foreign, had "raised serious questions as to the policy and management of the company." It recommended, among other things, that off-the-books funds of any kind, for any purpose, thenceforward be proscribed at Gulf; that the company's chief legal officer be specifically charged with the responsibility of informing management of any illegal political activities that came to his attention; that the company's auditors institute special procedures to detect unusual expenses; and that in future any legal political fund similar to the Good Government Fund be dispensed not by a Washington lobbyist but by "a suitable representative committee." At the same time, the McCloy committee conceded that new rules and

"Dang it, Ellie, what were those memories we stored up for our sunset years?"

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procedures alone could not do the job of reform, saying that "in the last analysis it will be in the tone and attitude of top management that the eradication [of improper political activities] will be ensured in the future."

The personnel, as well as the tone and attitude, of top management was the principal question at issue when the Gulf board of directors met in Pittsburgh in mid-January of this year, shortly after it had received the McCloy report. The meeting turned out to be a corporate thriller. Nearly all the Gulf executives who had been mentioned as accomplices in the testimony of Bounds, Wild, Viglia, and others were by this time either dead, like Whiteford, or retired, like Bounds, Wild, and Viglia. But a few were not, and among these was Dorsey, the company's chairman and chief executive officer. The Gulf board, meeting for a total of more than twenty-three hours, in two sessions, between the afternoon of January 12th and the early morning of January 14th, devoted its marathon deliberations almost entirely to the question of whether Dorsey and three other Gulf executives should be forced to resign.

The McCloy committee's conclusions about Dorsey's involvement had been equivocal. While Dorsey had freely admitted his personal negotiation and authorization of the two Korean payments, totalling four million dollars, the committee concluded that he had apparently known nothing of the Bahamas Ex. secret account or its successor, and that the evidence fell short of demonstrating that he had known of Wild's unlawful political activities, but that concerning the latter he "was not sufficiently alert and should have known," and he "perhaps chose to shut his eyes to what was going on." With that judgment as a starting point, the board settled down, in closed session on the thirty-first floor of the Gulf Building, in Pittsburgh, to decide Dorsey's fate. According to Byron E. Calame, the *Wall Street Journal*'s man on the spot, it quickly developed that five directors who were considered representatives of the Mellons—the economic royalty of Gulf and of Pittsburgh itself—were bent on getting Dorsey's resignation, and were unwilling to have the blow softened by any face-saving compromise such as a "Ford-type pardon." With Dorsey and E. D. Brockett, another board member who had been mentioned by the McCloy committee as having been "involved," not participating in the deliberations for obvious reasons, the board consisted of twelve members, with the result that the Mellon block fell only two votes short of a majority. However, according to Calame, three other directors were equally adamant about keeping Dorsey in office; and Dorsey's lawyers were present to plead his case.

As the hours wore on, in an atmosphere described by participants as "brutal" and like that of a jury room, the Dorsey forces gradually gave ground, suggesting compromise plans under which Dorsey would remain in office with reduced authority until his normal retirement, in 1978. These plans were rejected. In the end, a key vote—if not, indeed, the swing vote—belonged to a director who, it seems safe to say, had been nominated with Dorsey's approval, and elected by Gulf stockholders the previous April, with no thought that nine months later she would all but hold the chairman's fate in her hands. She was Sister Jane Scully, president of Carlow College, a local liberal-arts institution for women, who had been elected in conformity with the current custom in corporate circles of putting a token, and presumably harmless, woman on the board. Sister Jane started out neutral, according to Calame, but eventually swung to the anti-Dorsey side. At last, at 1:15 A.M. on the fourteenth, the meeting was adjourned and the results were announced: Dorsey was to resign that same day as chief executive officer and from the board; William L. Henry and Fred Deering were to resign their posts as president of Gulf's real-estate subsidiary and Gulf's senior vice-president, respectively; and Herbert C. Manning—a vice-president and the attorney to whom Myers had said he had delivered sealed envelopes—was to resign as an officer but remains as an employee, in a different post.

WITH the forced resignation of Dorsey, and with a statement in March by Dorsey's successor, Jerry McAfee, that set forth a stiff new code of business principles to which "strict adherence" by all employees worldwide was described as "a condition of continued employment," Gulf's symbolic and substantive acts of contrition were accomplished, and there was reason to believe that the tone and attitude of top management would change notably in regard to political contributions. Obviously, though, serious and disturbing questions have yet to be answered about the implications of the things that have been shown to have happened, at Gulf and at many other leading corporations. Among those who have been named by Wild—by themselves or through staffs and associates—as recipients of contributions from Gulf funds are two former Presidents of the United States, a former Presidential candidate, several recent aspirants to the Presidency, and various members of key committees of the Senate and the House of Representatives. To be sure, none of these recipients say that they knew they were taking illegal funds. But, one cannot help wondering, did they not once ask themselves why the funds were delivered by hand and in cash? McCloy, in a *Times* interview last March, emphasized this question, pointing out that it is just as improper for politicians to accept corporate money illegally as it is for companies to give it, and that "the statement 'I didn't know these were corporate funds' doesn't wash when you're talking about cash in sealed envelopes." As for the United States government's attitude toward corporate contributions abroad, McCloy said his investigation showed that American officials in South Korea had made it generally known that they favored "American-style" politics there. "I don't want to suggest that Gulf was relying on United States government consent," he said. "It was just part of the atmosphere." And in mid-July another corporation that had made foreign political payments, the Aluminum Company of America, suggested that the atmosphere was sometimes not hazy but dazzlingly clear; it filed papers with the S.E.C. stating that in 1971 and 1972 the United States ambassador in an unnamed foreign country had actually solicited from Alcoa at least twenty-five thousand dollars, to be used for payments to officials and political parties in that country for the purpose of setting up a program to explain to local citizens the advantages of permitting United States investments there.

Congress and the executive branch, evidently reluctant to reform themselves, were far more enthusiastic about reforming the corporations. In March, President Ford announced the creation of a high-level panel, headed by Secretary of Commerce Elliot Richardson, to investigate misconduct by American corporations abroad. That same month, Senator William Proxmire, of Wisconsin, introduced a bill that would make corporate bribery of foreign officials a federal crime; that initiative, however, soon bogged down when Chairman Hills of the S.E.C. said that the Proxmire measure went too far, and then, in June, President Ford declared himself to be in favor of legislation that would merely require the disclosure of questionable payments, with no penalty against the payers. Because of this difference of opinion, there is little prospect that Congress will enact any anti-bribery law in its current session. In June, the twenty-four leading industrial nations that make up the membership of the Organization for Economic Coöperation and Development and account for three-fourths of world trade adopted a code of conduct for multinational corporations which included a clause declaring that multinational enterprises of the member states should "not render—and they should not be solicited or expected to render—any bribe or other improper benefit, direct or indirect, to any public servant or holder of public office." But the code is unenforceable, since the O.E.C.D. lacks the power to impose sanctions on violators. "It's completely illusory to think anything will change," Jerome Levinson, chief counsel of the Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations, said recently. "I think that once the publicity has faded, many of these guys will go back to the same old philosophy of 'sell, sell, sell, any way you can.' " As for the offending corporations themselves, their public attitudes have varied from contrition and good resolutions to defiance. A few, like Gulf, Lockheed, and Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing, have forced their top executives to resign or suffer demotion. But the situation was different at Northrop, which was guilty by its own admission of both illegal payments at home and improper ones abroad, and whose president and chairman, Thomas V. Jones, pleaded guilty in May, 1974, to felony charges in making contributions to President Nixon and in July, 1975, resigned under fire as company chairman—a somewhat tentative act of contrition, since he remained as president and chief executive officer. In February, the Northrop board reinstated Jones as chairman, and at the annual meeting in May the stockholders, praising Jones for his leadership, voted to ratify his reinstatement.

The disclosures and the attendant brouhaha do not appear to have caused much shock or outrage among investors or their professional advisers. Revelations of corporate bribery threaten a corporation's good name but not, apparently, its good profits or good prospects. The price of Gulf Oil common stock was not significantly depressed by any of the revelations, and in recent months it has risen strongly. In early March, when the Lockheed scandal seemed at its height, Lockheed stock rose three points, or more than forty per cent, in a week, almost as if the front-page stories about bribery were serving as a publicity windfall for the company. The fact is, though, that the huge corporations through their bribes, big and little, of politicians and their parties have corrupted, and thereby materially damaged, not only government but themselves. There are ways of looking at the things revealed about corporate political contributions in which they appear, in the aggregate, a worse national aberration than Watergate itself. Watergate was in essence a series of actions by a single national administration, now out of office, while corporate bribery, it appears, has been for a decade and more a pervasive and accepted norm of conduct among many of the nation's largest and usually most respected enterprises. And there is no conclusive evidence that the practice has stopped and will not resume.

—JOHN BROOKS

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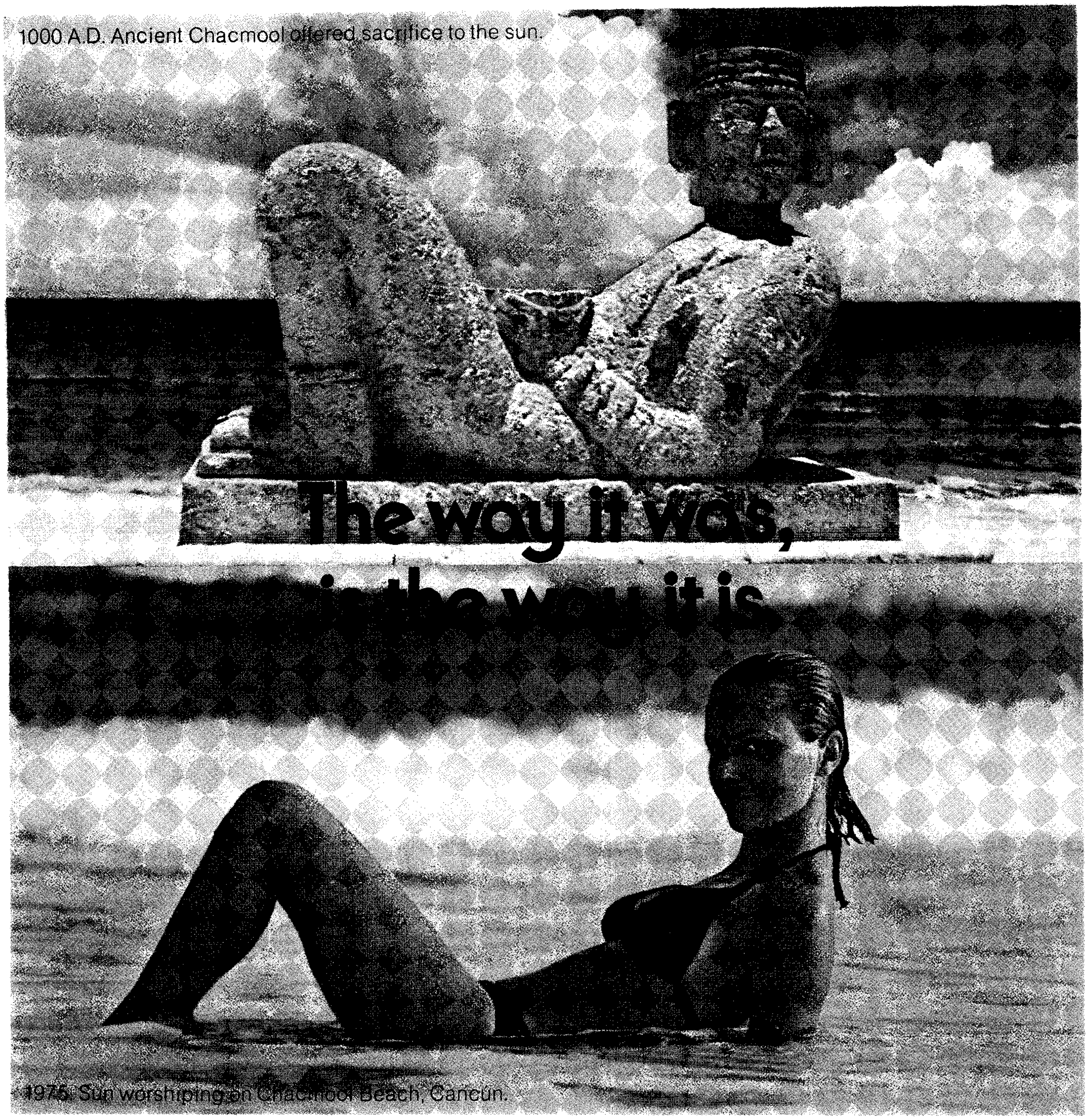
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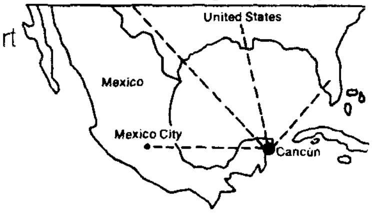

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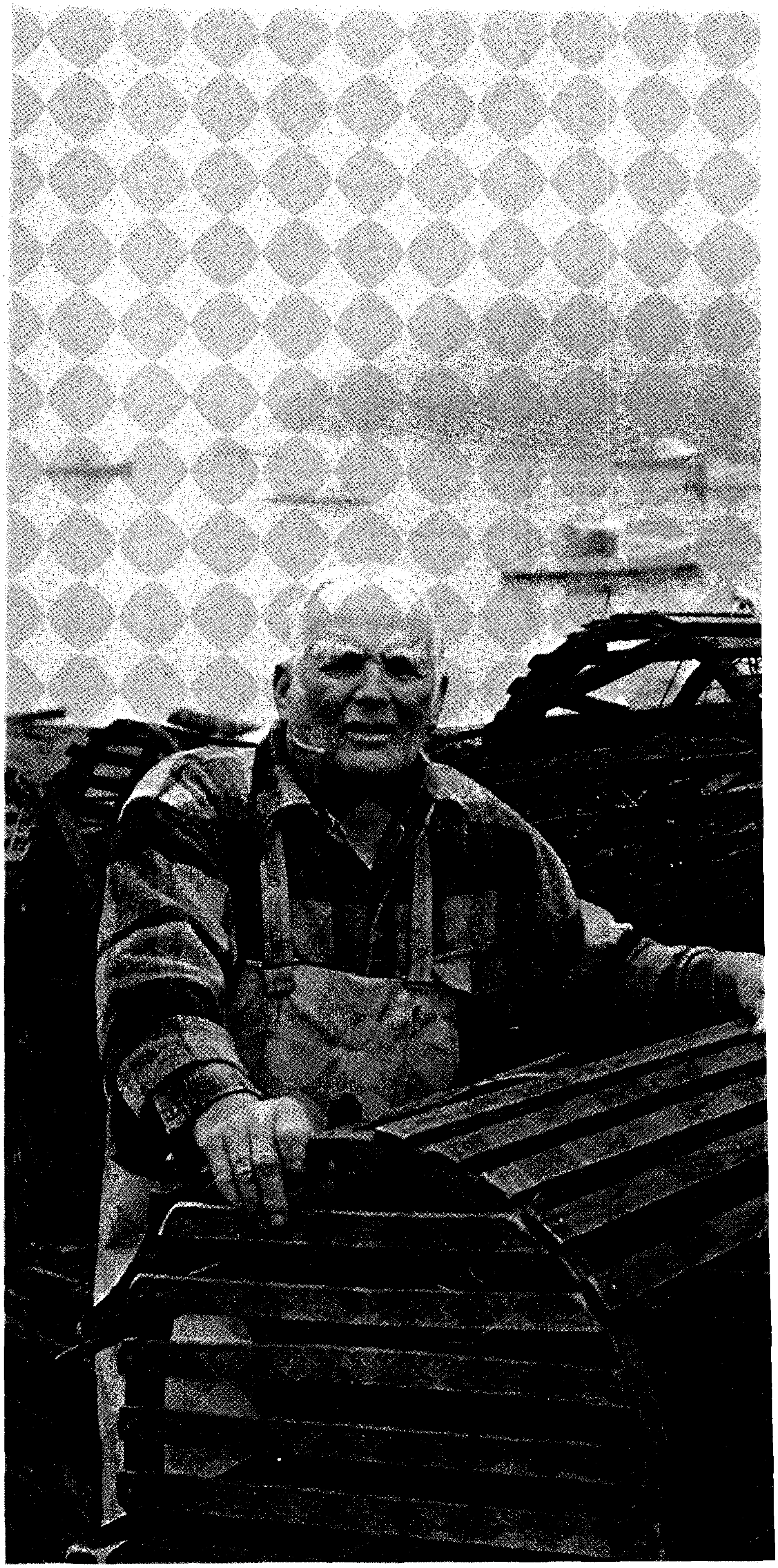

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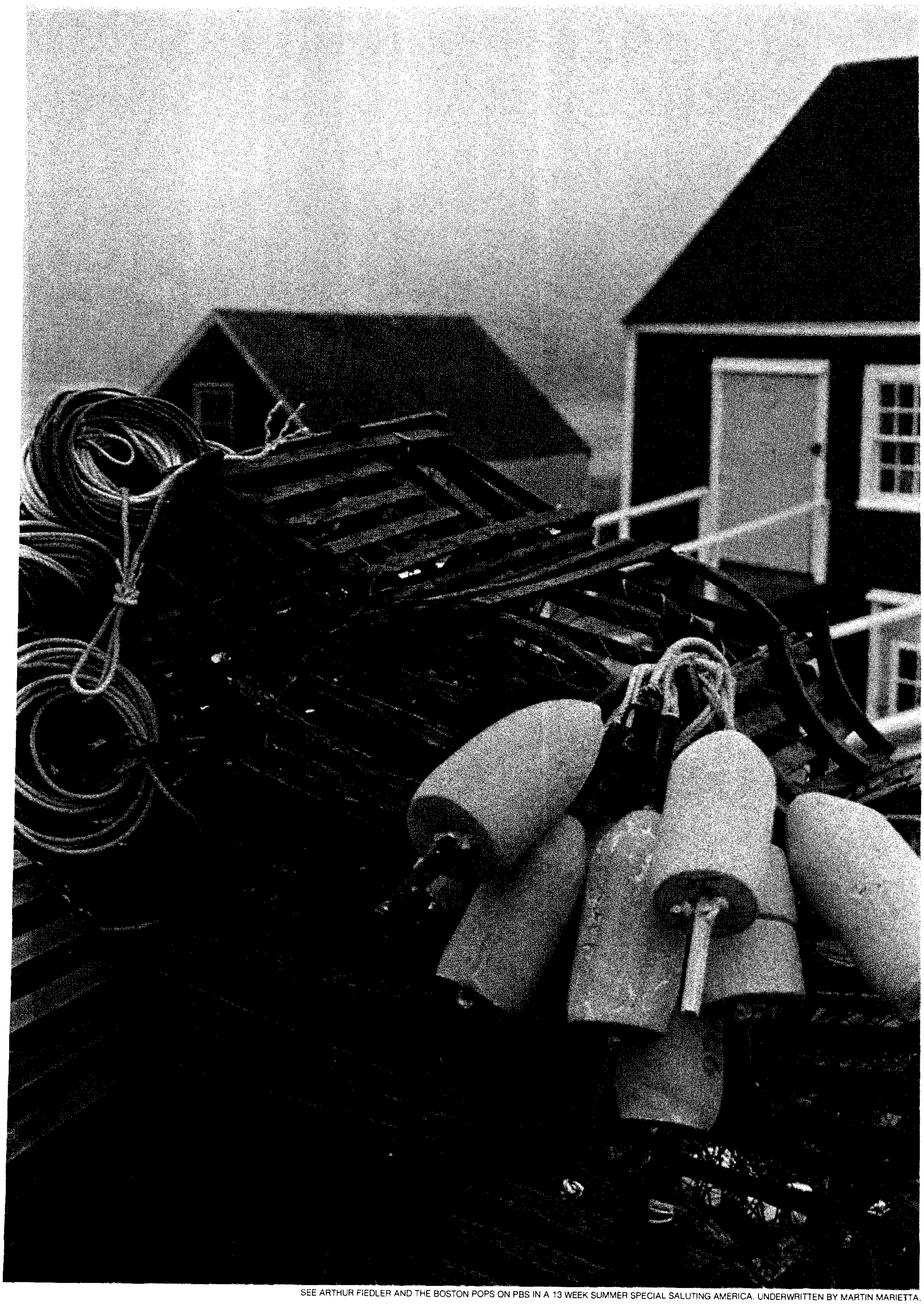

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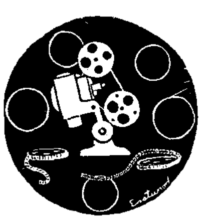
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Wild Justice

"REVENGE is a kind of wild justice"—Bacon. Simenon's novels are often propelled by the same idea. Bertrand Tavernier's beautiful film "The Clockmaker," from a Simenon novel (screenplay by Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost), is about an *horloger* in Lyons whose son and his girlfriend—in a moment of wild justice that revenges them on a society they find suffocating—murder a man who is a right-wing informant in a factory. France, says a sage flic to the clockmaker, is a country made up of "fifty million citizens, twenty million informers." The clockmaker himself is played by Philippe Noiret, as a calm petit bourgeois. In this film, which has Simenon's terseness, Noiret allows himself few facial expressions that call for sympathy. The performance is the most withheld yet most impassioned of his career. The character, called Descombes, has the face of a thoughtful boar mooching about in the woods, turning things up. He wears blue overalls at work, and keeps a magnifying glass screwed into his right eye as he repairs a watch. His experience is of Lyons: the long, pale streets, the taking down of shop shutters. He is not a political man, though his attitudes are implicitly to the left. They are speculative, considering, using intellect to understand the roots of rebellion. It is part of the complexity of the character that his spirit of revolt should emerge slowly, mixed with caution about not wanting to get a ticket for crossing a road on a red light. When crime reporters come to pry, he excuses himself because plumbers have arrived.



The unthinkable has happened. His son is being hunted for murder. Descombes is told about it by a dapper police inspector called Guiboud (Jean Rochefort). The clockmaker takes the news without speaking much. He works away in his little shop. A woman's bright voice tells listeners to the radio, in the midst of bulletins about traffic jams, that "eighty-nine per cent of Frenchmen are happy." Afterward, alone with his pondering, he sometimes falters and seems to feel a little sick, this contained and mute man. On a bus, straphanging, he suddenly says to a seated man passenger that he is afraid he has to sit down. His habits of meditation and humor see him through. At one point, taking his usual time, he shows the inquiring reporters a walking stick that his great-uncle used for hiding black-market matches during the Second World War. Dozens at a time were hidden in the stick. Afterward came the application of phosphorus. It was the phosphorus that gave the game away: it stuck to the great-uncle's shoes, and the soles then stuck to the pavement. Descombes says that Bernard, his son (Sylvain Rougerie), was never much interested. Descombes thinks he has done ill by the boy. Guiboud asks Descombes if he is a widower. Descombes meditates his past, as if taking apart a watch. No. He and his wife separated. So no. But she is dead, and perhaps that makes him a widower. For six years, a woman called Madeleine (Andrée Tainsy) cared for Bernard after he had run away from home at the age of twelve. Then the boy looked after himself. Perhaps his father was too remote from him. On the other hand, the boy took cues from him. Bernard went to technical college. It is quite clear that the father adores him, finds his lack of drive enigmatic, reproaches himself for not showing his love. His emotional habit is hermetic. If he were now to lose control, the known world would fly out of his hands like a kite string.

In an early scene that recalls Renoir, Descombes lies down on his son's bed to think. Someone near is practicing the Beethoven Minuet in G. Above the son's bed there is a Bruant poster. On a wall, a quote from Céline. Probably Bernard doesn't even know Céline's disfiguring views, or else he thinks they don't matter; he is of the generation that despises easy political views, would toy with Céline's Fascism in a spirit of the investigation of paradox, find it no flaw in Céline's literary originality. The French middle-class world we are in seems to be very solid, but the film is about its fragility.

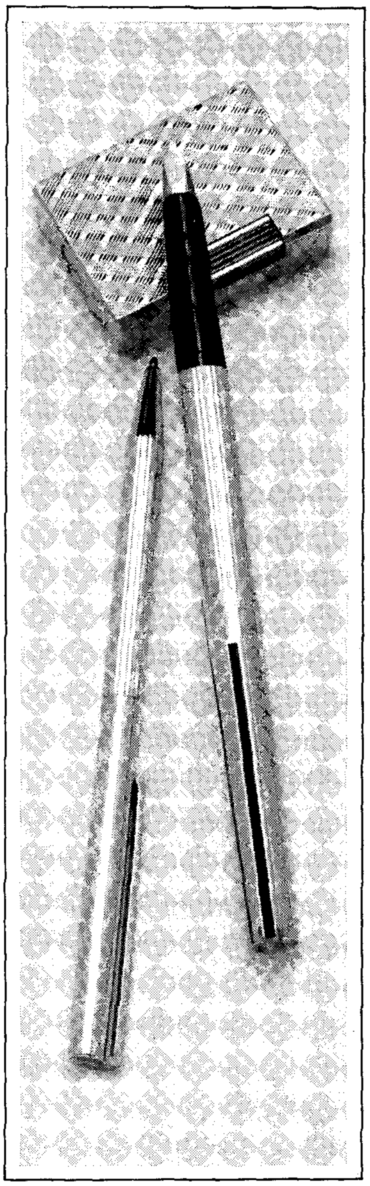
There is much domestic detail of a peculiarly Gallic sort. Through the prurient eyes of the police, we investigate the rooms of the murder victim, Razon. A French version of a *Playboy* reader, it seems. Pinups. Unloved travel mementos empty of meaning. Vulgarity seeps through the place like the smoke of a cheap cigar. Inspector Guiboud has found a Claudel quotation in Razon's pocket: "Saint of Brittany, saint of brutality." Once, it seems, Razon drove into a picket line outside the factory where Bernard's girlfriend worked. He is the enemy. So are all flics. Through Descombes' middle-aged eyes, we see the tacit, violent suffering of a younger generation. Their detritus speaks their opinions. The carcass of a car that Bernard burned after murdering Razon. Graffiti on a wall: "Down with the flics."

The search is on for the boy. A curiously peaceful alliance grows up between Descombes and Guiboud. Descombes speaks little. There is a crucial puzzle about his son's character to be worked out, and he must do it alone. Guiboud watches the difficult process with unstated fellow-feeling. Perhaps it is only through other parents that we understand our own children, Guiboud says.

Descombes goes to talk to Madeleine. She has seen Bernard twice lately, to his unvisited father's pain; and with his girl, whom Descombes has never laid eyes on. Madeleine and Descombes talk in the kitchen. The garden is ramshackle, but Bernard enjoyed it. Children like gardens. It will soon disappear, because the house is about to be pulled down. Madeleine is one of modern French cinema's most poignant examples of French ordinariness at its finest. She is the sort of woman who in the Second World War would have hidden shot-down Allied airmen in her cellar at the risk of her life without giving away nervousness. No wonder Bernard confides in her. She is a sanctuary. Her gestures are strong, decisive, and silent. She burns a precious postcard from Bernard when Descombes tells her to. Her words are few, but they let in the light. Once, she tells Descombes suddenly, obviously struggling to do something to appease the hunger for knowledge which he finds it impossible to voice, Bernard told her that his father was "too nice for a boy like me." Descombes is to brood for a long time about this revelation from the woman in an apron, with her wise, knotty, unmade-up face. Such insights into Bernard come slowly. Another: Inspector Guiboud, later in the film, tells Descombes that he and his son are unexpectedly alike in conveying a smile without actually smiling: a kinship that we have noticed but that Descombes doesn't dare to consider as existing, because he wants it too much.

The scene with Madeleine is one of the best in this muscular, tender film, which is a study of the process of intellect. (Admirably, it is Tavernier's first full-length film. He was once a critic for *Cahiers du Cinéma* and *L'Étrave*. He is thirty-five years old.) Bernard is not formally *gauchiste*. As we hear on a police tape that Descombes listens

Paris originals.



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to in his little workroom, the boy killed Razon simply because he represented everything he despised, and because he was sick of "the same ones always winning." Bernard obviously supposes himself to be light-years away from his decorously dressed father; when Descombes is waiting to see him in a courtroom corridor, the Inspector miserably has to tell him that the boy used another exit, because he didn't want to see him. But father and son eventually meet, and discover their likeness of spirit, at a dreadful session with a defense counsel, who has heard the boy announcing that he killed Razon "because he was a pig." Counsel has decided, old-fashioned hypocrite that he is, that the case can be pleaded only on the ground that the murder was a crime of passion: that Razon was after Bernard's girlfriend. The boy is full of scorn. So, to his surprise, is his father, though the contempt becomes apparent slowly. The likeness emerges most strongly in the other key scene in the film, when Bernard is in prison, having received a twenty-year sentence, and is talking to Descombes through a grille. Passing figures blacken the screen as they talk. Other voices blur their speech. All the same, it is a scene of heartbreaking intimacy and ease. The boy's hair has been cut, but sometimes he grins. He is white-faced and waifish, like a Blitz evacuee child making the best of things. His father tells a story about himself in 1940, when a general ordered him to go back into a burning house to get a trivial possession; Descombes refused, went wild, disobeyed authority, felt better. Bernard listens carefully. The link has been made. Then Descombes comes out into the sun, leaving his beloved child to a life beyond a parent's nightmares. The prospect has made the father unhappy as he has been only twice in his life, he has cryptically told Guiboud earlier. But he is getting over it, he said to Guiboud. We see him for the first time with his jacket off and slung over his shoulder, as he trails his fingers over the stones of the jail and smiles openly, also for the first time. There have been scores of films and plays about the generation gap; this film about generation affinity seems more searching and true.

THE front room is being re-wallpapered. Rachel Roberts, as Mrs. Elliot in Anthony Page's film of E. A. Whitehead's play "Alpha Beta," is turning the place from a suburban English flowered monstrosity into a suburban English stippled-white monstrosity. She folds the strips of paper carefully after the pasting. As she puts up each strip, the little Liverpool room looks better, but not much; the standard brown tile fireplace remains. And the signs of a house-proud partnership unilluminated by sex or love are unchanged.

Albert Finney, as Mr. Elliot, comes in and says—characteristically unable to stop himself as he looks at his wife's literal attempts to paper the cracks in their broken alliance by giving their house a new lease on life in the form of her all-white wallpaper—"Don't you think it suffers from a certain monotony?" Of course, he regrets the cruelty; but, also of course, he can't say so. Minutiae of politeness are gone through in recompense. Mugs of instant coffee are prepared. Thought alternates with mechanical nagging. Mr. Elliot says, "In half an hour, I'll be twenty-nine." Mrs. Elliot utters women's-magazine truisms: "I saved myself for you," she says. "But now I wouldn't let you touch me." For his part, he says, he wouldn't touch her with a barge pole. Both characters know the difference between a wedding and a marriage. Mr. Finney is the first to admit it. Sitting down, not helping with the wallpapering, he says that he reckons that it would be better if they separated.

What about the kids? What about the new wallpaper? A child cries. The trap tightens. Pause for panic. Emotional blackmail. The dreadful gavotte of recrimination is danced between people whom all the wallpaper paste in the world won't hold together. Mr. Elliot accuses his wife of having forced him into marriage by threatening suicide. Clutching at small injustices, she denies it hysterically and gets agreement out of one of his cronies over the telephone. Small victories, puny hopes. We can see something of what has gone awry. Mrs. Elliot had a prudish father who insisted on her being home by nine o'clock even when she was in her teens. Her only training is in jealousy of the girls her husband now has. With his anteater tongue, he is quite ready to admit to even more sins than he has committed.

Yet neither is wrong. Behind the nagging, they are fond of each other; behind their feeling of being trapped, they would like to see one another free; behind their commonplace wrangles lie dreams of huge adventure. Albert Finney's performance makes us sense a progress from engaging childhood to frustrated manhood, in perhaps the saddest passage in the tale of English working-class conventionalism which this great actor has ever traced. Anthony Page's direction of Whitehead's original play finds all that is scathing and tender in the characters' marriage. He makes us see their ambitions for a better life, their vast hopes, their unintended villainies and small vanities.

"Alpha Beta" is a racking film, but its truth and its domestic tenderness impart a sense of these people's wishes for greater endeavors and their longings for a different way of living with each other. The absence of condemnation in the writing and the direction gives the piece a gentleness that enlarges it into a pining for a world elsewhere. We see both characters taking refuge where they can. Mr. Elliot shelters in an English working-class male bigotry that is redeemed, whenever he allows his regret to show, in a dislike of the way his mates' jokes perpetually degrade women, and in a touching wish that his wife should not diminish herself by retreating into the rapacity and the tart suspiciousness that are the habits of overworked, undereducated women who have been brought up to think they have no choices in life. Mrs. Elliot loves her husband, and would obviously dearly like to be one of the freer girlfriends whom she berates him for; her trap lies in the fact that she doesn't know she herself is making the trap, by her morose responses that drive him further into scabrousness, and by her tight-lipped attitude toward the fun he offers and for which she secretly loves him. But, as things are, they have no chance while they are together. Mr. Elliot says desperately that he wants them both to have a chance. They separate.

When they meet again, years after he has left, a stiff cordiality reigns, veiling a great longing in both of them to remake the past. She has brought up the children without stint. They sit opposite each other. One can see that their aging touches them both. She shows him photographs of the children. He holds the enlargements carefully. "Can I have one?" he asks. "One of them is for you," she says. Another woman would have been able to make the gesture more eloquently, but he knows the meaning of it. It is one of those flashes of unemphatic feeling we so often find in the characters of Russian drama, who in the last scene seem free to vanish into the reality they have so vividly longed for. With this moment, perhaps the film's two people are finally out of the vise they have made for themselves, which is the drama we have been watching.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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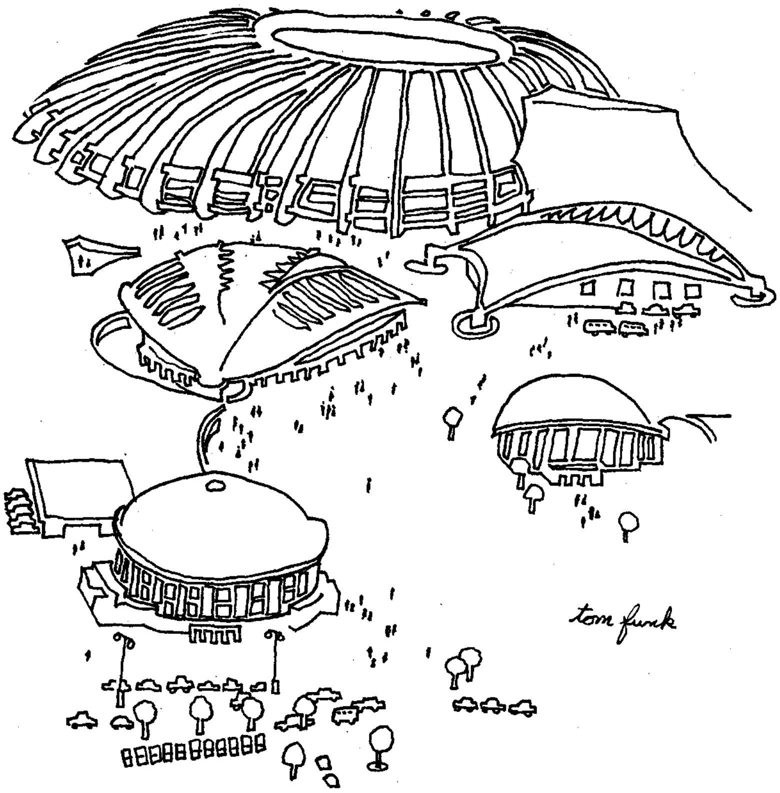
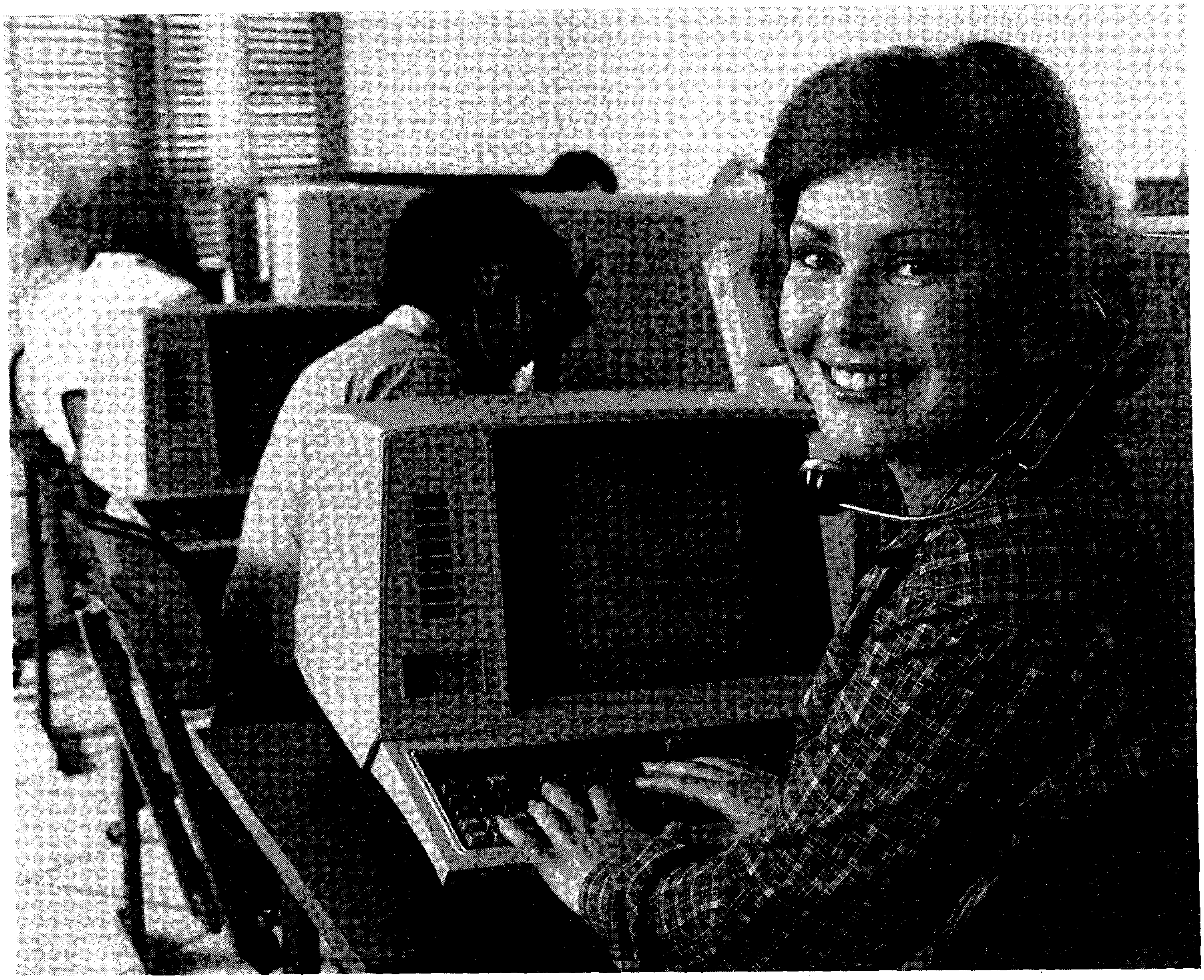


MONTREAL, JULY 30

MANY people who have been here throughout the topsy-turvy events of the Twenty-first Olympiad are glad that its closing ceremonies are imminent. They will be able to shut their eyes for a decent stretch. The sleeplessness that seems to be endemic during the Games is nowhere more apparent than among the indigenes, who can be found at all hours of the night and well into the morning larking it up in Old Montreal, some of whose streets have been closed to vehicular traffic, to give the celebrators a fair chance to survive. The energetic singing and dancing on nightly view there have been noisily complemented by various entertainments staged inside some of the sprawling complexes—stores, restaurants, hotels, offices, and malls all jumbled together under a single roof—characteristic of downtown Montreal; a crowd several hundred strong assembled the other day at the spacious Complex Desjardins to watch some Canadian Indians vie at kicking a toy fish hanging from a pole seven feet or so above the floor. That competition has not yet been declared an official Olympic sport, but don't count it out; it's certainly more exciting, and far more comprehensible to the uninitiated, than Greco-Roman wrestling. Out at the Olympic Park, similarly, there has been a practically non-stop succession of impromptu performances, notable among these some exhortatory talks by a team of Jesus freaks. The team's star is a fellow who started dragging a large wooden cross around the area even before the opening ceremonies and whose energy seems unflagging, though he does not appear to have made much headway with a vender who was hawking a tray of wares alongside him the other evening. "Pray tomorrow, drink beer tonight," the vender was saying.

A few hundred feet away, some attractive young women in Girl Scout-like uniforms were singing, and when I wandered over toward them I could read various placards that the crowd around them was carrying. One of the signs said "We Protest. Ukrainians Are Winning Gold Medals for Russians. Why?" Seeing me jot this down, a man handed me a packet of Ukrainian literature, and said proudly that the previous night some of his fellow-Ukrainians had managed to lower a Russian flag near the main stadium and defiantly hoist in its place their own colors, though officials hauled these down a few minutes afterward. The Ukrainians argue, not unpersuasively, that if small British or American possessions like Hong Kong and the Virgin Islands and small entities like Monaco and Liechtenstein can field independent teams in the Olympics, why should they, boasting a population of fifty million and, unlike Monaco and Liechtenstein, enjoying full-fledged membership in the United Nations, be denied that privilege? When I had a chance to leaf through the literature, it informed me that in the last six Olympiads Ukrainians had won a hundred and eighty-eight medals—all credited to "the faceless conglomerate," the Soviet Union. A few nights ago, nineteen of the protesting Ukrainians, each wearing a T-shirt with a single letter on it, sauntered into a soccer match in which Russia—a gross misnomer, in Ukrainian eyes—was taking part. They seated themselves carefully, with the result that their chests spelled out "LONG LIVE FREE UKRAINE." They were ejected as troublemakers without being given a chance to rearrange themselves and, in a quick, unexceptionable anagrammatic switch, spell out what one passenger on an Aegean cruise might say to another: "GREEK LINE UNFAIR, LOVE."

According to one of the International Olympic Committee's myriad solemn rules, spectators at events may display no flags other than the official ones of nations participating in the Games. The rule is sometimes winked at. Americans waving Bicentennial flags with a "76" where the stars should be have not been manhandled; nor were some ebullient Yugoslavs who, when their men's basketball team dealt rudely with the top-ranked Soviet aggregation (and thereby deprived the United States of the chance to do so in regaining the basketball gold medal, which it had lost to the U.S.S.R. in that much-disputed final at Munich four years ago), unfurled a banner that read "Yugo-go-go." All in all, we have had a surfeit of flag-waving, though the attention it has received in the press cannot be altogether displeasing to the publicity-loving—including Mayor Jean Drapeau, of Montreal, whose surname is the French for "flag." Riding back from the stadium the other night on the Metro, Mayor Drapeau's estimable rubber-tired subway, I almost had my eye put out by a bona-fide American flag, on a stick three or four feet long, toted by a young woman. She said that she was a fifth-grade schoolteacher from Philadelphia and that she had cut her flagstick down from its original length. If it had been much longer, she could have used it in the javelin throw. She said she had had all sorts of offers for her flag, and hoped to sell it for twenty dollars, to get back what she had paid a speculator for a ten-dollar swimming ticket. I asked how much she had paid for the flag. One-ninety-eight, she said. With a head for figures like that,



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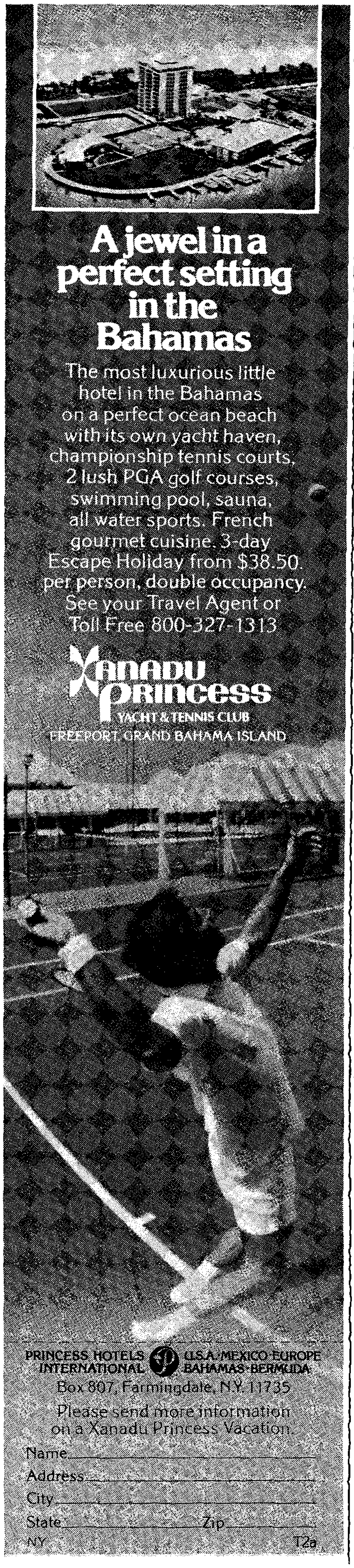

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she should at least—Mayor Rizzo, of course, willing—be promoted to teaching sixth grade.

All this unnecessary emphasis on flags ties in with the attention that is being riveted on the national origins of the individuals whose exploits here are theoretically supposed to be paramount. Why in a boxing match between two men, for instance, should it be necessary, or even advisable, for the official announcer to intone the name of a contestant's country before the contestant's own name? It is understandable that audiences at team sports should encourage the combatants by shouting their nation's names, but at a boxing match "Come on, Venezuela, hit him!" seems a bit much. Out at the rowing basin the other morning, when Joan Lind, of the United States, took second in the first women's single-sculls event in Olympic history, her rooters kept urging her on with cries of "U.S.A.!" Is it possible that if they'd yelled "Lind!" or "Joan!" she might have won a gold instead of a silver?

With the Games well into the second of their two weeks, the clouds that all but befogged them at the outset had not wholly lifted. Wherever one looked or listened there was trouble. A male spectator was arrested for allegedly seeking to throttle a young female usher who had told him he was occupying the wrong seat. She said he had nearly choked her to death. He was sixty-three and, to judge by their performances, in better shape than some of Canada's wrestlers. One policeman was charged with selling hashish, and another with selling tickets at hyped-up prices. Some members of the press declared war on the officials handling the press. Journalists assigned to fencing threatened at one point to quit covering it. The officials shrugged. It may be inevitable, with the press outnumbering the competitors, for some journalists to get the peculiar notion that the athletes are here to serve them rather than to be observed by them. There is nothing new about this role reversal; one of my sharpest nonviolent memories of Munich in 1972 is seeing Howard Cosell march through the Olympic Village and halt a passing athlete to inquire if the athlete didn't want his—Cosell's—autograph. In its mounting conflict with authority, the press has been appeased neither by the dispensing of free coffee in a lounge where daily briefings are held nor by the distribution of four-language glossaries for every sport, from which one can learn that the prescribed terminology for trying to drown someone in water polo is "submerge the opponent," "*couler un adversaire*," "*einen Gegner untertauchen*," or "*hundir a un adversario*." (I was glad to find "falling in the water by accident" among the diving terms. One of the most vivid incidents in my own athletic past occurred at a summer-camp swimming meet when the outcome hung on my completing one last dive without falling into the water by accident. The rival team won, for I—as I am now for the first time aware—was humiliatingly guilty of "*chute accidentelle à l'eau*," or "*caída accidental al agua*," or, as an infuriated camp counsellor might put it in Munich or Leipzig, "*unbeabsichtigter Fall in das Wasser*.") One West German correspondent was removed in handcuffs from the Olympic swimming-pool area after some fracas or other, and another was arrested and stripped for a while of his accreditation after shoving a policeman near where Queen Elizabeth was watching her daughter, Princess Anne, in the equestrian events. Following those incidents, a third West German press representative inquired tartly if the organizers of the Games planned to take away all his compatriots' credentials. He was told no less tartly that the question didn't deserve an answer. Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, not to be outdone by any pushy foreigners, shoved a Canadian reporter, whose questions about Africa and New Zealand he evidently felt merited no verbal response.

Mr. Trudeau may have been in a testy mood because of his countrymen's and countrywomen's unhappily poor performance in the Games thus far. The lead Olympic story in the Montreal *Gazette* the other day contained three "amazing"s, two "incredible"s, one "astounding," and one "astonishing." Alas, none of the adjectives applied to Canada. (A local television commentator, however, did describe Canada's last-moment tie with Mexico in water polo—which gave the Canadians a ninth-place ranking in that particular sport—as both incredible and fantastic.) Canada won no gold medals at Munich, but, with a five-hundred-and-thirty-one-person delegation here, not to mention audiences as partisan as the press, it had higher hopes this time around. The hopes have been dashed daily. A Canadian sprinter, after having harbored a friend in the Olympic Village who had no business being there, was removed from the team before his event came off. A Canadian boxer was sent packing for having waved his fists menacingly at a referee. One would like to hope that Canada's meagre pickings at this feast of medals can be attributed at least in part to the traditional pre-dinner adjuration of an exemplary host: Family hold back.

One official of the United States delegation, which has also taken some competitive lumps, described the proceedings the other day as "these snake-bitten Olympics." Not since 1928 had the United States failed to win a medal in the men's hundred-metre dash, and not since 1936 had it failed in the shot put. Nobody could recall when last, if ever, America had had an athlete disqualified and then reinstated within thirty minutes—Rick Wohlhuter, in the eight-hundred-metre run, after an on-track shoving incident. Having been thus uniquely disqualified didn't help Wohlhuter much. He finished a spent third to the fleet Cuban, Alberto Juantorena, who when he proclaimed that he had won not for himself but for his country, and that his gold medal would be dedicated to Fidel Castro, gave little joy to those of us wistfully hoping that the Games can somehow be denationalized. (Yesterday afternoon, Juantorena also took the four-hundred-metre run, and became the only man ever to win both events in one Olympics.) The eight-hundred-metre distance proved to be lined with booby traps for both sexes. New Zealand's John Walker, who became the overwhelming favorite in the fifteen-hundred-metre race when Tanzania's Filbert Bayi stayed home, was thought to have a fairly good chance in the shorter event, too. But in his qualifying heat, with only two entrants slated to advance, he finished third, without seeming to run hard at all. The suspicion arose that someone had goofed, and that Walker thought third place would move him along, as it did Wendy Knudson in the *women's* eight-hundred-metre heats. Nobody could even guess what went wrong in the case of Madeline Manning Jackson, who won the gold medal over this distance at Mexico City but here loped along casually, like an East Side stockbroker jogging toward Central Park, and finished seventh.

At least, we have had time to give thought to such matters rather than exclusively to political affairs. One day, in fact, I felt so carefree that I went over to watch cycling, that strange sport in which sprinters merely jockey for position until almost the end of their races, and then sprint. It is as if competitors in swimming sprints dog-paddled up to the final few strokes. Lord

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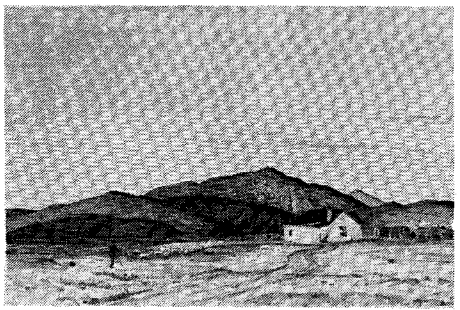

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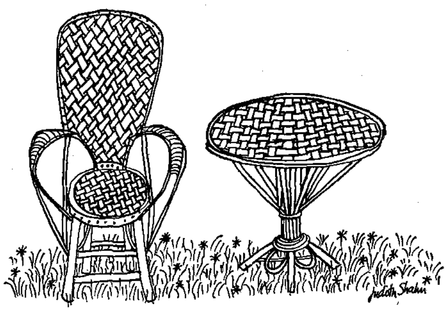
Killanin, head of the I.O.C., for his part, ventured out of his battle-scarred headquarters long enough to stop by the Olympic Village for lunch with some of the Irish athletes. According to a daily newspaper distributed to the inhabitants of the Village, when he was asked what Princess Anne was called on the official entry lists, he replied, "I've never given it much thought. I should think she'd be Anne Phillips. What is her last name? Windsor, is it not? Of course, it might be Anne P., standing for princess. The Queen is Elizabeth R. That's how she signs it. It's difficult to say for certain how it would be entered officially." His Lordship had been too preoccupied with the forest to notice the trees. The answer is "HRH Princess Anne," and (may the metric system protect Her Royal Highness against nosy Americans), according to the statistics that follow that official listing, she is one hundred and sixty-seven centimetres tall and weighs fifty-seven kilograms. (By way of comparison, the average height of the ever-fascinating Japanese women's volleyball team is one hundred and seventy-three and eight-tenths centimetres and the average weight sixty-seven and eighty-three hundredths kilograms.)

It had been feared that with the withdrawal of so many of the smaller countries the Games would be boringly dominated by the larger ones. This has happened to a certain degree, but there have been engaging exceptions, too: Daniel Bautista's triumph in the twenty-kilometre walk, for instance, following which he crossed himself and dropped to the track, not from exhaustion but to bestow a kiss on its accommodating surface. He was from Mexico, and it was Mexico's first gold medal ever in a track-and-field event. By chance, the finish of that long walk—only the start and the end of it took place within the stadium—overlapped a protracted heat in the ten-thousand-metre run. Rarely, if ever, before had two Olympic track events been under way at the same time and place. We had a chance for once to examine and reflect upon the modest differences between running and what walkers of Olympic calibre call walking. Then, there was the victory of Hasely Crawford (Trinidad and Tobago) in the one-hundred-metre dash and of Donald Quarrie (Jamaica) in the two-hundred-metre, both of which events had been won four years ago by the now no longer world's fastest human being, Valery Borzov (Russia, or U.S.S.R., or, according to the Ukrainians, Ukraine). For good measure, and for still another gold medal that was not added to any giant nation's trove, there was Lasse Viren's easy win in the ten-thousand-metre final. Finland is his home; he says he practices by running seven thousand kilometres there and elsewhere every year. That's considerably more than ten miles a day, with no days off. After Viren crossed the finish line, he sat down—again, not from exhaustion—and removed his shoes. Waving them aloft, he then began a victory prance around the track, in the course of which he was joined, without visible remonstrance from any of the security people on hand, by five ecstatic fans from the stands, who had confidently brought three Finnish flags along. Early this evening, after he also won the five-thousand-metre run, there were so many guards facing the stands that he had to do his victory lap alone. This time, he kept his shoes on. None of these results were especially surprising (Viren is an undethroned gold-medallist holdover from Munich), but each gave the spectators an opportunity to listen to an unfamiliar anthem.

The Montreal *Star's* music critic said of a revival this week of an eighteenth-century Italian opera, "L'Olimpiade," that it lacked focus. In the main Olympiad, the focus has been on East Germany, with the strains of whose national anthem we are now as well acquainted as with "Aida." Whenever one looks, it seems, there's that flag going up again. The East German contingent has been scarcely more remarkable for the number of gold medals it has acquired than for the quantity of promotional literature it has distributed, one tract calling sport a "civil right" and declaring the country's aim to be to "give young sporting talents all possibilities to develop." The accompanying statistics indicate that this has been done (with, it is loudly grumbled in Montreal, substantial government subsidies) on a majestic scale: in 1975, there were more than two and a half million members in the East German sports and gymnastics union, of which eighty-four thousand six hundred and twelve were under six years



old, and, in competitions held annually all over East Germany and called—with a skewed nod to ancient Greece—Spartakiades, there were eight hundred and forty-six thousand entrants. With a more direct nod to Canada, the cover of another brochure shows a young woman swimming in a pool alongside a beaver, which is both the host country's national animal and the mascot of these Games. Its familiar Algonquin name is "amik." Queen Elizabeth's last meal in Canada was at the Beaver Club of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, in Montreal, and the menu included beaver-tail soup.

One East German pamphlet says that Kornelia Ender, who wound up here with four gold medals (we are also told that at the age of eleven she gained six first places in a nationwide children's and young people's Spartakiade), took up swimming on a doctor's recommendation, "for preventive orthopedical reasons." Some athletes from other countries think that doctors have helped all the East German competitors substantially by plying them methodically with steroids. (The Swedes and the Finns are said to be using something called "blood doping," which is the injection of an athlete with hemoglobin that was previously withdrawn from him and kept in frozen storage while he built up his blood reserves. The theory is that the additional hemoglobin, which is the oxygen-bearing protein in the red blood cells, increases the athlete's oxygen supply and minimizes his fatigue.) Whatever the case, a few of the East Germans' conquered rivals have declared that the East German athletes—the women swimmers, in particular—appear to have more muscle mass, whatever that is, and more confidence in their bodies than any of their peers, or would-be peers. Musing on that the other day, the American Ellie Daniel, who won a gold medal in swimming at Munich, and who is here as a communications channel between United States athletes and their coaches and officials, said, "I never knew my body as well as I'd have liked to know it. In contrast to the East Germans, we just don't have enough knowledge of what our bodies can do." In rowing, East German women demonstrated that they were quite as adept on top of water as in it. The most challenging Olympic event for a woman, I suppose, is the pentathlon. In that, East Germany finished one-two-three.

The ancient Greeks were reputed to have thrown females off cliffs for daring even to peek at the Olympics; over

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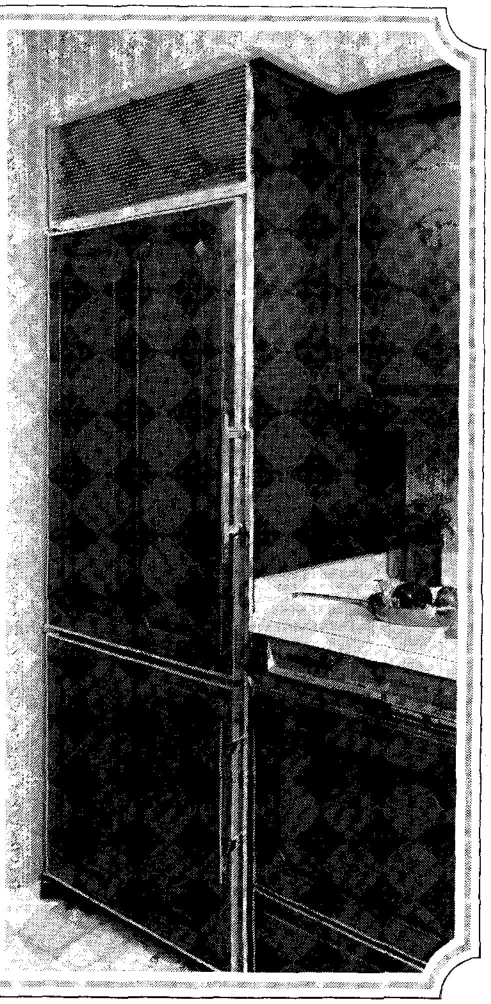
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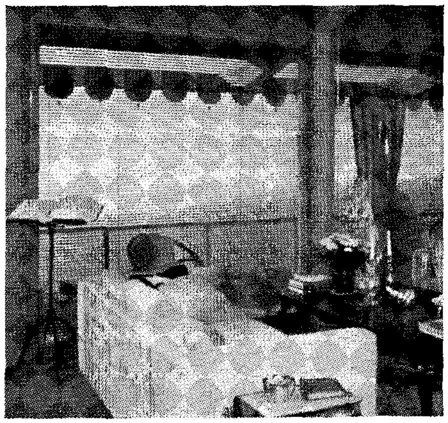

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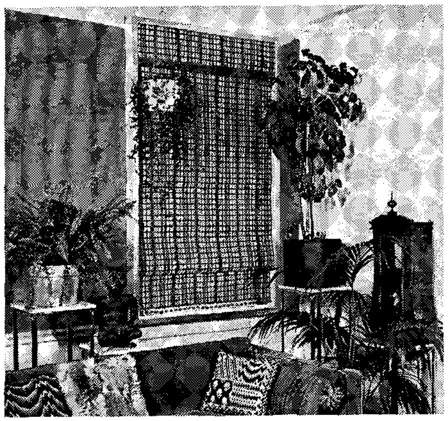

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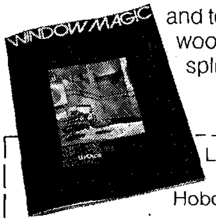

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the last fortnight, Montreal has practically been celebrating International Women's Year. There are more women competitors here—some two thousand—than ever before, and three new women's sports: rowing, basketball, and handball. Margaret Murdock (U.S.A.) became the first woman shooter ever to win a medal when she placed second in the three-position small-bore-rifle event, which I heard about at second hand. There is talk, which I got at approximately fifth hand, of a women's marathon in the 1980 Games. Curiously, there is as yet no women's field hockey, though this is the game in which some of the American women handball players competing here first got blooded in athletic combat.

Men's field hockey generated a good deal of interest this week, mainly because it looked for a while as if the vaunted team from India, which since 1928 had never gone home without some kind of medal, had been eliminated from the semifinals. When that dire prospect seemed inevitable, I encountered four of the saddest people I've spotted on this populous scene. (The saddest of all, I daresay, is a chap who came here specifically to write a book on the Africans' feats in the Games.) These were Indian journalists who had abandoned hope after their team was defeated by Holland, 3–1, and walloped by Australia, 6–1, in its second and third outings. They were sitting silent in the pressroom of the Molson Stadium, a McGill College installation where the hockey games were played, and weren't bothering to look at the game in progress, either from the stands or on television; I suspected that if they began talking at all it would be merely to speculate on how much sorrow-drowning their expense accounts could tolerate. But then, thanks to the unexpected defeat of Australia by both Argentina and Holland, India had an unforeseen reprieve and found itself in a playoff—against upstart Australia once more—for a semifinal berth. It was raining hard when the crucial game began, but the stands contained a surprising number of all-out Indian rooters, including old men, infants wrapped in shawls, and pregnant women. (There was also a group of non-Indian children who, charmingly mocking their sometimes excessively patriotic elders, were chanting, "Come on, Russia," "Go, Canada, go," and even "Let's go, China.") The contest ended in a 1–1 tie, and then there were five scoreless overtime periods, and then, in accordance with the rules that govern field hockey, the tie was broken by

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a series of penalty shots (one man against a goalkeeper, from eight yards off), each team getting five. Australia made all five of its shots. India missed on its fourth, and that was that. By then, the weather had cleared, but a couple of babies, kept there, no doubt, long beyond their mothers' expectations, were crying miserably. So were their grandfathers.

Among the women's team events, one I could not bring myself to skip was the first Olympic distaff basketball confrontation between the United States and Russia. Who would not covet a real-life glimpse of the larger-than-lifesize Soviet center, Iuliyaka Semenova, whose official statistics put her weight at two hundred and eighty-two pounds and her height at six feet eleven inches? To my unofficial eye, she looked a good seven-two. (The biggest United States female basketball player here weighs a hundred and eighty-one pounds and is six feet three inches tall; the biggest United States *male* basketball player here weighs two hundred and twenty-nine pounds and is six feet ten inches tall.) Russia won easily (it scored seventeen points before the United States had any), in the main because Semenova not only controlled but almost dwarfed the backboards. She was, predictably, the high scorer, with a phenomenal shooting percentage of eighty-three. Her longest shot, however, was from about eight inches out. After the game, somebody asked Bill Russell, the elongated basketball commentator here for ABC Television, if he knew of any way to stop Semenova. "Try a baseball bat," he said.

ONE needs a get-away-from-it-all day every week. I elected to spend mine at Kingston, which is at the eastern edge of Lake Ontario, two hundred and ninety kilometres up the St. Lawrence River from Montreal, and which was where the Olympic yacht races were being held. This is my fourth Olympics, and I had never looked in on yachting. I felt guilty. (Next time around, I promise to watch fencing, canoeing, and, if there aren't too many national, regional, provincial, local, racial, and miscellaneous conflicts in progress, maybe even shooting.) Yachtsmen, I quickly learned on my arrival, are inordinately proud of their sport, because it is the only Olympic one that involves major incalculable variables—winds, waves, that sort of thing. The Olympic yachting base was constructed between a men's prison and a mental hospital: incalculable con-

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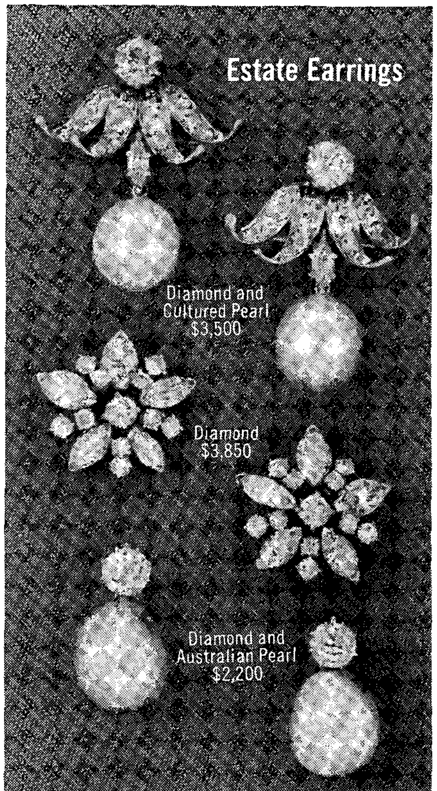
stants, I suppose. At Kingston, as at Bromont, the site of the equestrian events, there had been little consternation about the African nations' pulling out. They hadn't been in. The socio-economic bones of certain so-called amateur sports were thus laid bare. There was discontent here, too, however; for example, complaints that mainland Americans were manning boats that were ostensibly from the Virgin Islands. It sounded, whether true or not, like ideal grist for the Ukrainian mill. There were that day some three hundred thousand spectators attending all Olympic competitions, and probably as many more would have been in the main Montreal stadium if they had been able to get in. At Kingston, except from one old ferryboat with a capacity of two hundred and fifty, it was impossible to watch much of the races. Even from what was called a press boat, I could see little beyond starts and finishes, plus a flurry of jumbled sails as Finns and 470s—smallish boats with one- and two-man crews, respectively—cut around leg buoys, but it was a marvellous change from covering other events. The press boat, which had a capacity of five, was a tiny outboard with a mother-and-daughter crew, and there was no television, no electronic scoreboard, no amplified announcements—nothing but sun and wind and spray and puffed-up sails in, for me, the unfathomable distance. One may not know exactly what's going on, but at moments one gets singularly close to the competitors. One Finn (an Italian Finn) nearly collided with us while it was maneuvering for a quick start. Competing in a Finn must be a rare Olympic experience. Its solitary occupant leaves shore at ten in the morning for a 1 P.M. race, and returns about seven and a half hours later, having been in the interim largely unwatched, uncheered, unsung. Perhaps this is the essence of what the Olympics should be. Security was just as intense on the water, though, as in Montreal. Only a minute apart, two police boats roared upon us, demanding through megaphones that we flourish our wind-whipped credentials, and our skipper said that planes had been banned from the airspace overhead. There were also control boats ordering photographers—they are intrusive everywhere here—to get out of the way. When we got back ashore, we realized that we had returned to the real Olympic world: we were informed that a Canadian yachtsman had been accused of taking dope. It turned out that he was an asthmatic who had swallowed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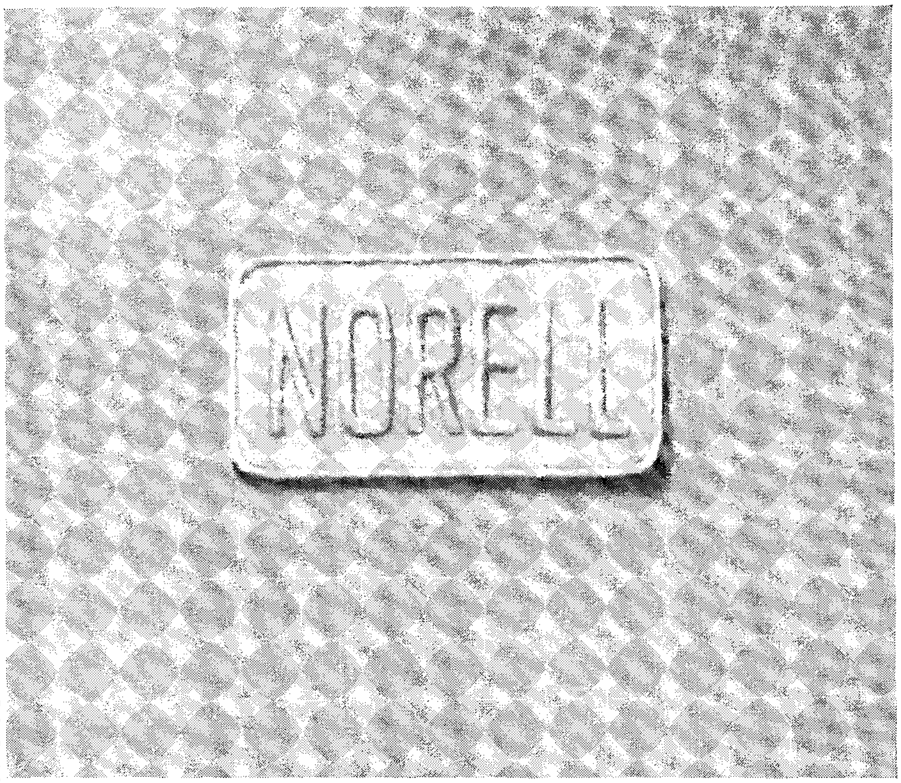
a couple of Dristan tablets (which contain a taboo substance, a decongestant) after catching a cold in an earlier race. He was exonerated, but how, in any case, any kind of drug could be expected to help a man make a boat move faster has not been explained.

LOOKING ahead to 1980 in Moscow, Intourist has been running ads in the local papers citing the joys of visits to the Soviet Union. "Tourists are always welcome," one went. "The essence of travelling to the U.S.S.R. is knowledge and recreation." The *Gazette's* travel section concurrently featured a piece on Moscow's sole remaining Chinese restaurant. The Concerned Ukrainian Youth, on the other hand, wants the I.O.C. to expel the U.S.S.R. and, alluding to the already expelled South Africa, asserts, reasonably, that "concern for human dignity and freedom cannot be selective or opportunistic but must remain consistent throughout." The I.O.C. has in the last couple of weeks passed a passel of amendments to its prissy rules, and some jaundiced spectators at these Games have suggested facetiously that still more might be in order: no females under ten to be permitted to compete (and, to be fair, no males over eighty); no group of Japanese reporters covering any single event to exceed seventeen; no accredited West German correspondent to be authorized to carry a camera unless he also carries a sign saying "*Achtung!*;" and, finally, the mascot for the next Games to be not amik but Amin, to insure full African participation.

Many thoughtful Olympic aficionados believe, as I do, that something has got to be done in the next four years to curb nationalistic nastiness. To begin with, nobody should be excluded. We have two Germanys and two Koreas as it is; let any China in, and even a Ukraine. And, yes, let South Africa and Rhodesia back in—or, more to the point, individual South Africans or Rhodesians who wish to pit their prowess against the rest of the world's presumed best, amateur or professional or gray. Let them come under any colors, any flag. The Olympic flag would be fine, and in a pinch I would gladly turn over my own special flag. I acquired it during the 1964 Games in Tokyo, when, for getting from one of the scattered venues to another in a hurry, having one's own transportation was useful. My driver told me right off that it would be infra dig if we didn't fly a flag (he pointed out other cars, their fenders graced with flags proclaiming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"Associated Press," "Sports Illustrated," and the like), and asked what *The New Yorker's* colors were. I said that, as far as I knew, we didn't have any. He said he'd come up with something suitable. The next morning, he presented me with a flag. Purple and gold. I haven't used it since. Any potential Olympic medallist who can meet a minimum qualifying standard in his or her event is welcome to it. Teams—except Japanese women's volleyball teams—need not apply. Soccer and basketball and water polo and their ilk have plenty of other worldwide competitions as it is, and doing away with them would enormously reduce the cost of the Games. How the Soviet hosts of the 1980 Olympics might react to these proposals or any others that are tendered—still another one worth considering is to have all athletes march on opening and closing days grouped not by countries but by events—is, of course, unknown. What is known is that these cumbersome, controversial Games have got to change.

With the closing ceremony imminent, it is interesting to reflect that tickets to it and to the opening ceremony, during neither of which are there any competitions, have been the most in demand. This suggests that there is a *universal longing simply to see healthy* men and women from all over the earth merge in amity. In any case, during each Olympiad—which for the ancient Greeks was an important measurement of time—we can recall with relief at the start of the Games that we have somehow survived another four Olympic years, and at the conclusion, with no less gratitude, that we have also survived another two Olympic weeks.

P.S.: Many journalists accredited to the Games of the Twenty-first Olympiad were invited to cover the events of the 1976 Olympiad for the Physically Disabled, scheduled to begin on August 3rd in Toronto. I decided not to go when I read in a local paper several days ago that, in response to the customary political protests, Rhodesian paraplegics had been barred.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga Again

THE Grand Old Lady of Union Avenue, as some sentimentalists call it, opened its gates this week, and racing returned to Saratoga Springs for its hundred-and-ninth season. The place hasn't changed much since the days when the Cavanaugh Special brought the bookmakers from Empire City and the surreys with the fringe on top took them to their lodgings. Even though the railway station is gone—along with the United States Hotel, the Grand Union Hotel, and the Worden—and there are no surreys anymore and fewer old elms in the big, beautiful paddock, the atmosphere is the same. The canoe floats on the lake in front of the grandstand, and the barns are filled with the better horses of the big stables. And if you get up early enough you can see them doing their morning gallops while you breakfast on the clubhouse veranda, and later you can wander through Horse Haven and Oklahoma, the training grounds, or look over the yearlings that Fasig-Tipton will sell next week (including two colts and one filly by Secretariat). There aren't many places to go after the races—no Brook Club or Arrowhead Inn, nor even the Chicago Club near the railway station—but you can visit the Performing Arts Center, where the Philadelphia Orchestra is performing four nights a week.

The meeting will close with the Hopeful Stakes, on August 28th. Two other events you might note are the Alabama Stakes, on the fourteenth, and the Travers, on the twenty-first. I still wish the management had not dropped the Flash Stakes, for two-year-olds, at five and a half furlongs, which used to open the meetings, and the Saratoga Cup, at a mile and six furlongs, which closed it; also the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, for which, believe it or not, the merchants and citizens of Saratoga put up the purse.

RACING'S stay on Long Island, which began on January 2nd, ended at Aqueduct last Saturday with the running of the Lexington Handicap, for three-year-olds, at nine furlongs over the turf course. In the first division, Fabled Monarch, whom Woody Stephens trains for John Olin, came from behind in the stretch to beat Effervescing, the even-money favorite, by a length and three-quarters. After the finish, Effervescing had his number taken down for crowding Fighting Bill, who had finished third, and who was then moved up to second place. (Effervescing was switched to third.) In the second division, Mrs. Paul Hexter's Modred led easily from the turn for home to beat Dream 'n Be Lucky, Spanish Dagger, and four others. A crowd of thirty-four thousand had turned up in search of Saratoga money, and it was not too bad a day for favorite-players: five of the nine choices won.

AT Monmouth Park the other afternoon, Honest Pleasure, coming out for the first time since his defeats in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, was beaten again. He was no match for a four-year-old gelding named Peppy Addy in a prep race for the Monmouth Invitational this weekend. There were the usual excuses.

Fred Hooper's Wavy Waves, winner of the Lassie and two other sprints out at Hollywood Park, was not in the money in the $122,900 Sorority Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, at the Jersey track last weekend. Squander, who had won the Astoria for Odgen Mills Phipps at Aqueduct on July 14th, was home first in a lively finish with Sensational, a Hoist the Flag filly. Miss Cigarette was third.

SPEAKING of Hollywood Park, it closed last week with the $137,600 Sunset Handicap. The first three finishers—Caucasus, King Pellinore, and Riot in Paris—were saddled by Charlie Whittingham. Dahlia, also trained by Whittingham (and ridden by Shoemaker), finished seventh. A crowd of 33,908 saw the race, and the mutuel handle was $5,020,457. Sounds like a Saturday at Aqueduct before OTB.

—AUDAX MINOR

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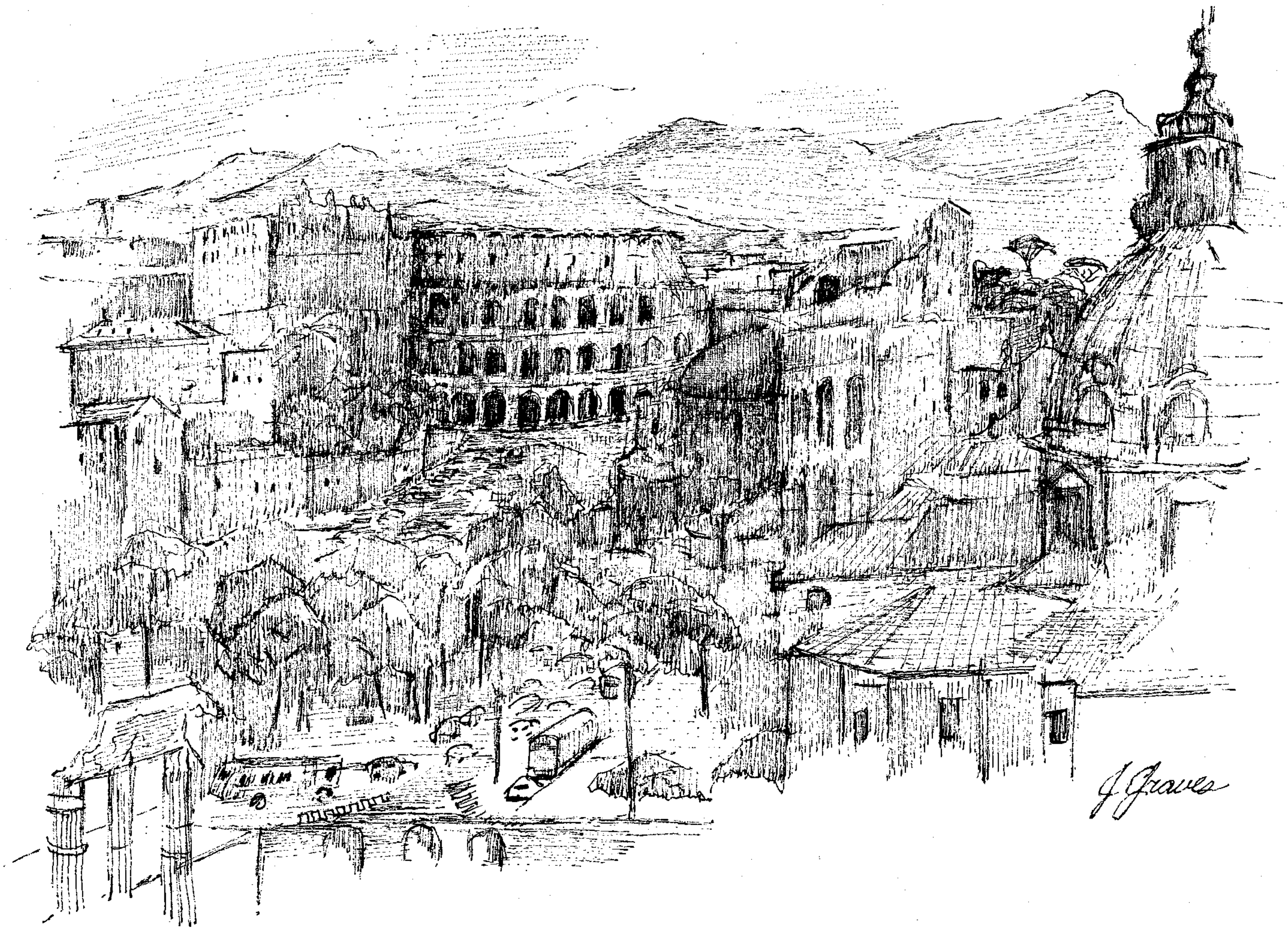
LETTER FROM ROME



JULY 26

DURING the six weeks of campaigning that preceded the national election of June 20th and 21st, Rome, like much of the rest of Italy, gradually took on the appearance of a dignified old lady inexplicably made up to look like a tart and attired in gaudy rags left over from a carnival celebration. Most of the streets and piazzas, already inadequately cared for by the city's underpaid, overworked corps of street-sweepers—the celebrated *spazzini*—gradually became inundated by tidal waves of trash, mostly in the form of political posters and leaflets advertising the virtues of the hundreds of political candidates who were competing for the attention of the voters. Although some attempt was made this year to diminish the littering that has invariably characterized electioneering here in the past—the plastering of posters on building walls was forbidden, and temporary billboard space in the main thoroughfares and larger piazzas was provided—the effort failed, especially during the final days of the campaign, when the regulations were ignored by nearly everyone.

The left-wing *Messaggero*, Rome's largest daily, had for weeks been urging voters in front-page editorials and picture stories not to vote for "whoever soils the city," but this laudable exhortation, if it had been strictly heeded, would have kept the citizens from voting for anyone at all, and so turned out to be merely a small, angry exercise in noble rhetoric. The morning after a large rally held in the Piazza del Popolo by the neo-Fascist Movimento Sociale Italiano, three days before the voting, I spotted a solitary *spazzino*, armed only with a broom and a small cart, lethargically attacking a mountain of paper left behind by the M.S.I. partisans. His task was made all the more hopeless by the fact that, even as he labored, workers all around him were erecting a huge dais and setting up rows of chairs for still another large rally to be held later that afternoon, this one sponsored by the Christian Democrats. By midnight Friday, June 18th, when by law all political campaigning had to be suspended for the period prior to the opening of the polls on Sunday morning, one could not walk anywhere without at some point being forced to shuffle through discarded sheafs of handbills, pamphlets, and newspapers, or skirt mounds of uncollected trash and plastic sacks of garbage. Torn posters fluttered like the tattered banners of a retreating army from the walls of many of the city's loveliest churches and public buildings, while crudely lettered slogans defaced even such historical monuments as the Pantheon and the Colosseum. The spectacle, as always, infuriated many and astonished even the less discerning visitors, one of whom, alighting from a tour bus in the Piazza di Spagna, was heard to remark, "This place is dirtier than New York was in the middle of the garbage strike."

Though it's true that Italy's already vastly overburdened public services tend to collapse during election campaigns, the politicians are not entirely to blame for this deplorable situation. I returned here this spring, before the heavy campaigning got under way, and was immediately struck by the shabbiness of my surroundings—all the more startling to me because of the beauty of this city, in which I've lived roughly a third of my life. To begin with, the floors of the baggage areas and waiting rooms at the Leonardo da Vinci Airport looked as if they hadn't been swept for weeks, and the *autostrada* leading into the city itself was lined with discarded trash—parts of automobiles, wooden crates, plastic and metal objects of all sorts. Inside the city limits, every street and sidewalk I glimpsed on the way to my hotel seemed to be similarly littered.

This initial unfavorable impression was confirmed over the next few days, when I began to walk around my favorite areas in the historic center of the city. The Piazza di Spagna and the Piazza Navona, two of the most beautiful public squares in the world, have become open-air bazaars in which scores of street arabs hawk souvenirs, costume jewelry, bad art, and cheap leather goods, leaving behind them a carpet of refuse that is only partly cleared away before the peddlers return early the next morning. Gangs of shabby-looking, restless teen-agers seem to have encamped permanently in the Piazza Farnese, the Campo dei Fiori, and all over Trastevere, sprawling around the fountains, on church steps, and against the walls of Renaissance palaces, on which they carelessly scrawl their names and the witless slogans of the hour. The ruined Forums have also become convenient dumping grounds, and such exquisite monuments as the Temple of Castor and Pollux and the Temple of Vesta can be viewed with pleasure only from a distance, because they now lie surrounded by refuse, defaced and casually despoiled by the hordes of tourists, by citizens, and by the children who roam unchecked at all hours in the vicinity.

Late one afternoon, I happened to witness an angry confrontation on the Trinità dei Monti between an elderly Roman matron and a tanned, bearded youth dressed only in sawed-off jeans and sandals—one of an army of young people who have taken over the Spanish Steps and converted them into a sort of outdoor boutique. "But, Signora, it is not our fault," the young man said, replying to her accusation that he and his friends had turned the steps and the surrounding area into a garbage dump. "It is the fault of the tourists."

"It is not the tourists," the woman answered, shaking her finger in the boy's face. "Without the tourists you would all starve to death. They are not to blame. It is you who dirty the city. It is a great shame." And she turned her back and walked away, while the young man looked after her and shrugged.

When I asked him if he thought there was any truth in the woman's complaint, he answered, "It's not our fault. We have to earn money, and we cannot organize ourselves. The people in charge never do anything to help. And anyway there is no money to do anything."

The longer I stayed in Rome this

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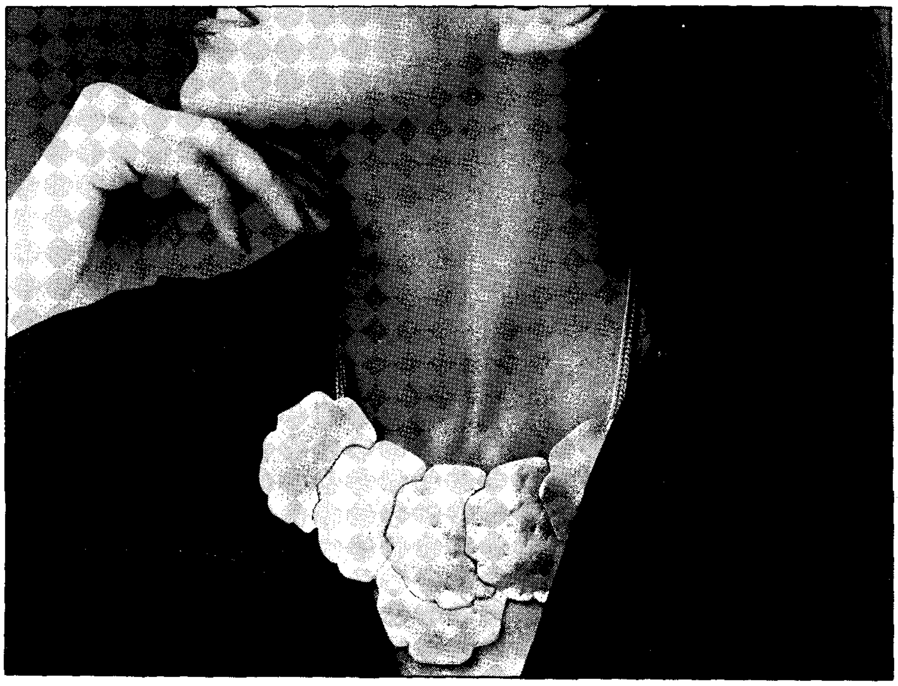

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time, the more I realized that the boy was right. All the civic problems that commentators have been writing about for twenty years now, and that the authorities have been unable, sometimes unwilling to try, to solve, have simply been compounded by the passage of time. The casual visitor to the city notes the general air of disorder and is irritated by the inconveniences imposed upon him. He cannot understand why services he may take for granted back home are constantly breaking down, or why entire categories of workers seem always to be out on strike, or why the streets seem always to be full of young people with nothing to do. Statistics on unemployment and inflation supply clues—unwelcome testimony to a social structure in obvious decay—but never satisfactory answers.

While every outsider sees immediately the surface evidence, no one seems to be able to grapple with its underlying causes. One is led to the unwelcome conclusion that the dilapidated, refuse-strewn look of Rome's streets and piazzas, as well as that of many other Italian cities, is merely the outward symptom of a deeper malady, which out-of-the-ordinary events like an electoral campaign tend to accentuate. "I came back to Rome after an absence of six years in Southeast Asia," a Frenchman on the permanent staff of the United Nations recently told me, "and I was astonished, as I always am when I return to Western Europe, at how rapidly things have gone downhill since I was last here. When you live in a place, you often don't see clearly what's happening. You have to come from the outside to really notice even the most obvious changes."

The problems that concern most Italians seem depressingly familiar to everyone by now: persistent unemployment, a twenty-per-cent annual rate of inflation, overcrowded public schools, inadequate medical services, lack of low-cost housing, a parasitic and inert bureaucracy incapable of carrying out efficiently whatever new programs the government does manage to adopt, increasingly brutal acts of terrorism, and, of course, a dramatically rising crime rate. In Rome itself, eight hundred thousand people—about a fourth of the population—live in squalor in outlying slum districts and shantytowns, where public services hardly exist. These effectively "ghettoized" citizens exist from hand to mouth in obscurity, and take little or no active part in the routine life of the city, but their plight and continued presence are reflected daily in startling press accounts of a crime wave that the police are now all but helpless to control. "It is violent, cynical, and neurotic," a journalist named Marco Cesarini Sforza commented recently in the weekly *Il Mondo*. "It feeds on the 'honey' of an enormous city that has become ungovernable."

Twelve years ago, no more than a dozen murders were committed annually in Rome. In 1974, there were forty-five. Of a total of about sixteen thousand thefts reported to the police in 1964, about three-quarters were automobile thefts. Of the rest, less than a hundred involved armed robbery, while about three hundred people had their purses snatched or their pockets picked. In 1974, more than three hundred thousand crimes of all kinds were reported, and some sort of robbery took place on an average of every two minutes. The Unione Commercianti, an organization of small businessmen, estimates that there are now about three hundred muggings, pickpocketings, and purse-snatchings weekly. Police files record the existence of an estimated sixteen thousand bands of criminals, and an army of eight thousand policemen is now needed to cope with this underworld, eighty-six per cent of whose crimes go unpunished. "The new criminal," writes Sforza, "is almost always an outcast without ties to the city, a desperado and rebel who no longer justifies his criminal activity with the traditional 'Your Honor, I was hungry,' but blames society."

Just as the refuse-strewn piazza provides a visible clue to the progression of a society's breakdown, the act of violence, carried out under whatever guise and for whatever avowed purpose, can be taken as a symbolic gesture of protest—the only way, indeed, in which society's forgotten victims can ever make their presence felt, however violently or senselessly. And inevitably, in this atmosphere of growing disorder, one begins to hear calls for stricter enforcement of the laws and harsher penalties for convicted criminals—for a "return to normality," by which is meant that happier era in which the poor knew their place and well-to-do citizens could make their daily rounds without fear of being kidnapped or assaulted. Still, in Italy, after so many decades of misrule, the plea rings a little hollow. "I have the impression that this country is asking too much of itself and too unexpectedly," observed the writer Nino Longobardi in the

APPLES

Messaggero a few weeks ago. "It's being asked to become nothing less than a normal country—to stick to the norm, to get into the normal run of things. It's not a question of getting back but of making a début, because normality, as a way of life, has never existed in Italy."

THE results of the voting that finally took place on Sunday, June 20th, and the morning of Monday, June 21st, surprised very few people here. It was an election that neither of the major parties, the Christian Democrats and the Communists, was ready for or wanted. Both would certainly have preferred to wait until next year, when the Italian constitution would have made an election mandatory, but they were compelled to go before the voters when it became evident that, under Italy's system of proportional representation, neither party could now form a majority coalition strong enough to rule and to survive repeated challenges on votes of confidence in Parliament. When Premier Aldo Moro, of the Christian Democrats, resigned on April 30th, after it became clear that he could not muster enough support for his conservative economic policies to survive in the Chamber of Deputies, his government had been in power only seventy-nine days, and it was the thirty-eighth since the end of Fascism, in 1943.

For the past thirty years, Italian governments have been dominated by the Christian Democrats, who have maintained power by forging increasingly shaky alliances with various smaller parties of the center and left—including in recent years the Socialists, the strongest but least predictable of these minority groupings. It was the Socialists, in fact, who precipitated the latest crisis, in an earlier squabble over the reform of the abortion law, which they favored and the Christian Democrats opposed. Until then, Moro had been able to keep his Cabinet in power with the tacit support of the Socialists, who had promised to abstain in crucial votes of confidence. The sudden withdrawal of this indirect support left him with no choice but to hand in his resignation to President Giovanni Leone at the Quirinal Palace—the by now traditional method of carrying out this chore—and to remain as head of a caretaker government until such time as a new one could be formed, presumably as soon after the election as possible. "I believe I have done my duty to the end," Moro commented, but few took comfort in this statement. What clearly loomed ahead for the country

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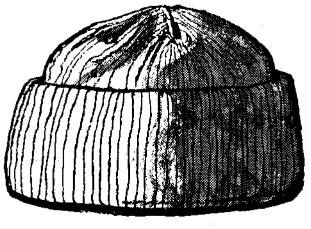

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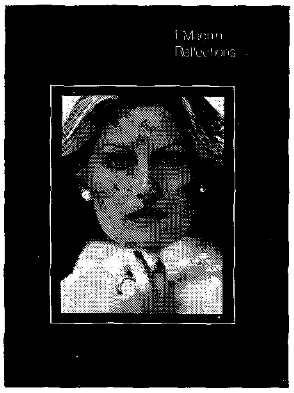
was a costly and time-consuming political campaign whose outcome seemed to promise little in the way of real change, while successfully postponing for months all attempts to tackle the social and economic problems urgently requiring attention.

From the very beginning, it was also clear that the overriding issue would be not the state of the nation and the need for reform but simply whether or not the Christian Democrats would survive as the country's largest political entity. Since 1972, the Communist Party Secretary has been Enrico Berlinguer, a fifty-four-year-old Sardinian nobleman with the lean, ascetic face of an intellectual monk, and under his moderate and astute leadership the Communists continued to gain support until, in last year's regional elections, they captured a full third of the votes—a bare two percentage points less than their chief rivals. By preaching independence from Moscow, proclaiming adherence to democratic principles, and committing such other heresies as promising to keep Italy inside the NATO alliance—a prospect that has clearly dismayed the Kremlin—Berlinguer was obviously, if reluctantly, campaigning to win, or, at least, to make it impossible to form any sort of government without him.

This goal, a number of observers rightly pointed out, was easily within his grasp, if only because the Christian Democrats, many of whose leaders have recently been accused of involvement in sordid scandals, and two of whom have been fingered as having received a sizable portion of the Lockheed payoffs, had never before been forced to confront the voters in such obvious disarray. "The only reason Berlinguer didn't want this election," an official of the Republicans, one of the smaller parties, told me soon after I arrived, "is that he's afraid of winning. In that case, he'd have to try to form a government himself, with the prospect that the Americans would then pull out and refuse any aid. If he could have waited another year, the Christian Democrats, scandal-ridden and torn apart, would have fallen into his lap. They'd have been forced at last to form a government of national emergency which would include both major parties. What Berlinguer fears now is that in a climate of hysteria, like that of a renewed Cold War, the Christian Democrats could win. Of course, the truth is that in these situations nobody wins and only the country loses."

That is pretty much what has oc-



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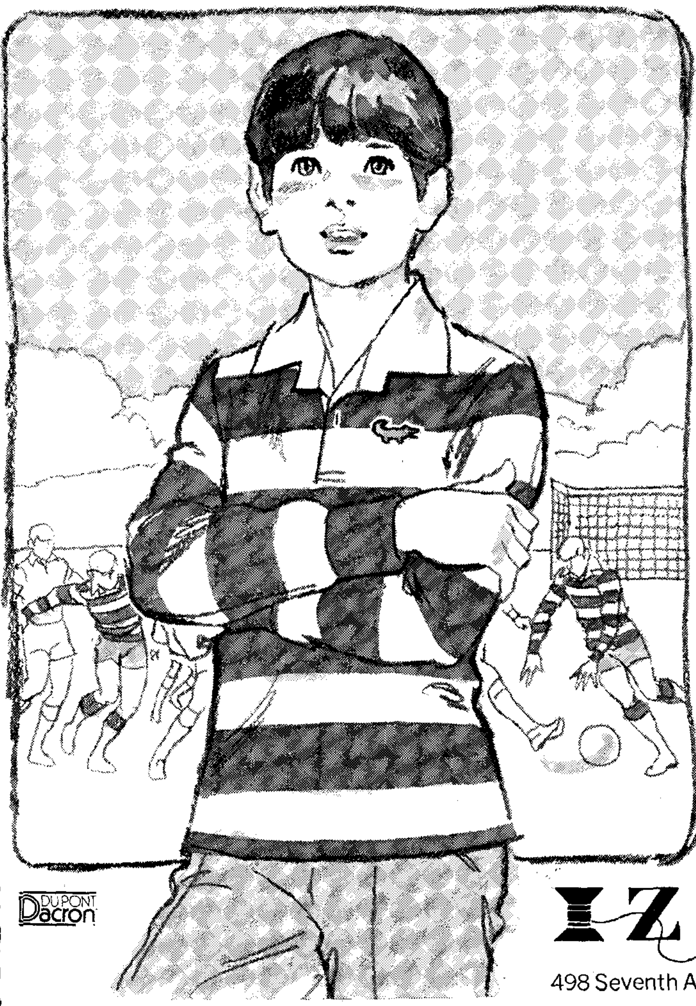
curred here. The election campaign, instead of dealing with substantive issues, rapidly degenerated into a national referendum in which the nation was, in effect, simply asked to vote on the question whether or not the Communists were to be allowed a share of power. Called upon to choose between democracy and Communism as a way of life, many Italians who have traditionally voted for the smaller parties—and in some cases, in recent years, for the Communists themselves, as a form of protest—could now be expected to rally around the Christian Democratic banner "while holding their noses," in the words of the writer Indro Montanelli. "If liberty is still and has always been the No. 1 issue in our public life," a typical editorial in *L'Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican newspaper, inquired on the day before the voting, "why after thirty years entrust the guarantee of it to others?" The climate evoked was indeed the Cold War one of 1948, when Alcide De Gasperi led his Christian Democrats to a crushing victory, with forty-eight and a half per cent of the votes, over a Popular Front alliance of Communists and Socialists, which won thirty-one per cent. It established Christian Democracy as the dominant element in Italian politics.

Although in this election there were nine established political parties and a half-dozen minor ones competing for votes—ranging from Democrazia Proletaria and the Partito Radicale, two left-wing splinter groups backed mainly by intellectuals and young people, to the Movimento Sociale Italiano, on the extreme right—not one seemed able to arouse much enthusiasm for its cause. The traditional Italian method of campaigning is the *comizio*—a large public rally at which party leaders orate, bands play, delegations flaunt banners and placards advertising the party's virtues, and a suitable pitch of contagious fervor is supposedly attained. This year, the *comizi* seemed oddly subdued. In Rome, the Christian Democrats had to bring in people by bus from the provinces to make a decent showing at their major rallies in the Piazza del Popolo, while even the Communists, who can usually count on rigid Party discipline to turn out the bodies, were unable to fill the Piazza San Giovanni. As for such smaller but nevertheless well-established parties as the Liberals, the Republicans, and the Social Democrats, they hardly seemed to be in the campaign—except on television, where all the candidates periodically appeared to debate each other argumentatively and self-righteously but still without



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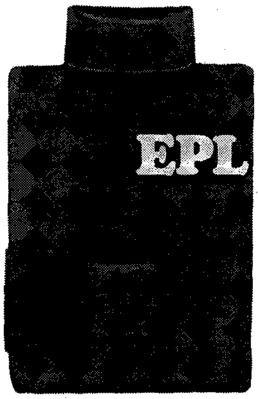

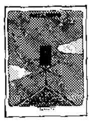

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stirring up any real excitement. The newspapers, many of which are owned or supported by the major political parties, daily devoted large portions of their front pages and editorial columns to reporting and speculating on the progress of the campaign and urging the voters to commit themselves, but the impression persisted that—on the surface, at least—the public remained largely indifferent.

Not many people seemed to care, either, that for the first time in nearly twenty years the foreign press was paying close attention to an Italian election. About eighty special correspondents arrived from all over, many of them from Eastern Europe as well as the United States, to cover what they had all obviously expected would be some sort of dramatic confrontation and the possible spectacle of a Western democracy, the cradle of the Roman Catholic Church, actually embracing Communism. But long before the voting started, it became abundantly clear that nothing sensational would occur. While the Christian Democrats fervently preached renewal and asked the voters to rise to the defense of liberty, and while the Communists and Socialists promised reform and called for the formation of a government of national emergency, also in defense of liberty, and while the center parties urged citizens to vote their consciences rather than vote merely for the sake of expediency (in defense, of course, of liberty), the life of the nation went on much as before, and there was no sense of immediate crisis in the air. "In Italy and abroad, it's feared that these elections are useless," commented an editorial in Milan's highly regarded *Corriere della Sera* on the eve of the voting, "in the sense that by Monday night we will find ourselves again facing an uncertain outcome, and the old hesitations, the sterile squabblings will return to paralyze our political life, making Italy more ungovernable than before."

If the voters were preoccupied by such weighty considerations, they gave little evidence of it. "The flow of life here is much like the Tiber," a Roman movie director recently remarked at a party. "There are dangerous currents and shoals in it, and everywhere the water is polluted, but none of this is visible, and the surface is serene. You have to swim in that water every day to know what its depths are like."

THE weekend of the voting in Rome coincided with the first real heat wave of the year. Instead of de-

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parting for beaches and mountain resorts, many people chose to stay in town, so as to be able to cast their votes early on Sunday and avoid a last-minute crush at the polling stations late Sunday afternoon and on Monday morning. Consequently, by nightfall on Saturday the larger piazzas, mercifully cleared at last of campaigners and orators, became the site of what looked at first glance to be a huge public picnic. Entire families spent the evening in the open, strolling around the fountains, spooning ice cream and sipping soft drinks and *aperitivi*, while the restaurants with sidewalk tables were packed. Young couples, families, and clusters of teen-agers milled ceaselessly about, grouping, disbanding, and regrouping, and the ubiquitous peddlers of trinkets did a brisk business until the early-morning hours. Despite the high cost of gasoline (it is now about two dollars a gallon), the streets were jammed with honking cars until well after midnight, when at last the younger children and their parents began to disappear, but it was nearly dawn before the city finally went to sleep, as if after a long, placid holiday meal of the sort that temporarily reunites entire families, who for that one day put aside old quarrels and resolve simply to enjoy themselves in each other's company.

On Sunday, the city seemed empty; a strong sun beat down on deserted streets and piazzas. The television channels, forbidden to talk politics, showed endless cartoons, and radios played mostly pop and light-classical music, as if nothing were to be allowed to disturb the prevailing torpor. The polling stations, set up in schools and other public buildings, were open by eight o'clock, but during the day none seemed to be attracting more than a trickle of citizens, even though the TV news commentators announced in the evening that an estimated seventy-five per cent of Rome's two million eligible voters had already cast their ballots. It was as if people were sneaking to the polls—scurrying out of their darkened, cool houses to vote, then retreating quickly back inside to ride out both the heat and the possible consequences of their actions. That night, there was no repetition of the previous evening's holiday mood; with the streets full of heavily armed soldiers and police, most people stayed home, waiting for the count to begin. The apathy that citizens had shown before the election had now vanished. It reminded one observer of the night when men first landed on the moon, and the whole country seemed

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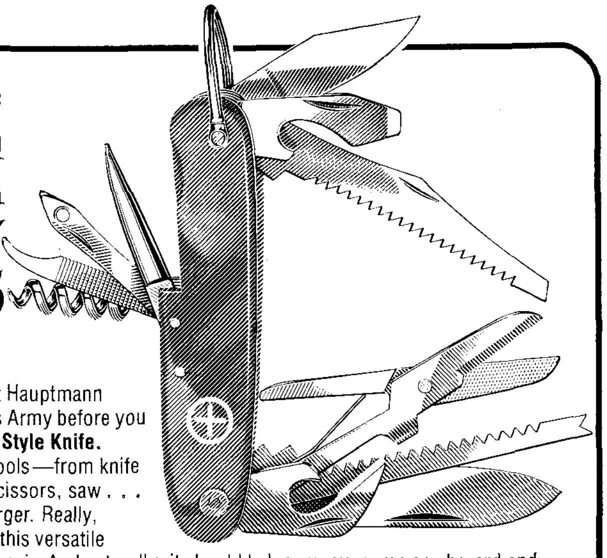

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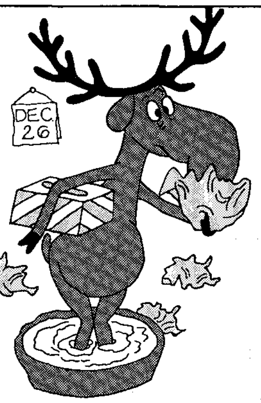

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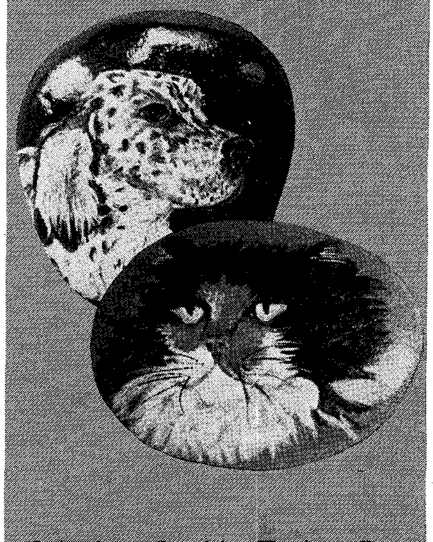
to be holding its breath as it watched its television sets.

Late Monday afternoon, when the first results of the voting began to be known, the city spilled itself out into the streets again. By seven o'clock, the areas around the Christian Democratic headquarters, in the Piazza del Gesù, and the Communist one, in the Via delle Botteghe Oscure, were packed with citizens following the count, which was projected by television monitors onto large screens mounted above the heads of the crowd. Several times during the evening, various party leaders showed themselves, acknowledged the cheers of their adherents, and congratulated themselves and their followers on the results. Since both major parties were doing well—obviously at the expense of all the smaller ones—both camps basked in the glow of victory, and at eleven-thirty, when Berlinguer spoke to the crowd applauding him in the street, people began to sing the Communist hymn, "Bandiera Rossa."

In the Piazza Farnese and the Piazza Navona, where the smaller left-wing parties were celebrating their probable conquest of a handful of seats in the Chamber of Deputies, a carnival atmosphere reigned. From a platform facing the magnificent Renaissance façade of the Palazzo Farnese, the site of the French Embassy, a group of Neapolitan folksingers serenaded a dense mass of young people, many of whom didn't look old enough to vote, and between numbers speakers read out the latest results and announced that somebody's missing purse had been found, that Maurizio was still waiting for Anna Maria under the party banner, and that little Angelo was still looking for his mother. Around the fountains of the Piazza Navona, the peddlers were once again doing a brisk business while a jazz band played loudly and tirelessly. Still another sizable crowd milled about in front of a large screen set up by the Partito Radicale. The festivities in the streets and piazzas of Rome went on until dawn, when I finally put myself in a taxi and headed back to my hotel. The man at the desk did not wait for me to inquire what he thought of it all. "You know what I say?" he asked as he handed me my key. "I don't care who wins. Nothing is going to change."

When the final results were known, late Tuesday, it was clear that indeed nothing much had changed. The Christian Democrats remained the strongest and largest political force in the nation, with approximately thirty-nine per cent of the votes, and the Communists had



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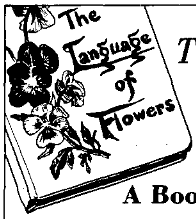

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continued to gain, receiving just under thirty-five per cent. The increase in both totals came chiefly at the expense of the Socialists, the Social Democrats, and the Liberals—thus confirming the fears of many that the election would be regarded by the voters merely as a referendum on the issue of Communism. What the country found itself facing immediately after the election was a prolonged period of painfully intricate political maneuvering, during which the Christian Democrats would once again try to stitch together a governing coalition with inside or outside support, or both, while making as few concessions to the left as possible. "The Christian Democrats and the Communists came out of the elections stronger than before," a front-page editorial in the *Corriere* noted. "But how will they make use of their strength? The central problem is to see whether the Christian Democrats will be able to give the country a government. For years they have been unable to, and in this paralysis is to be found the origin of the Italian crisis."

Despite the evident signs of deterioration in the quality of life here, the increasing violence in the streets, and the apparent inability of the nation's public institutions to cope successfully with any of the fundamental problems to which solutions must be found eventually if the Republic is to survive at all, with or without American aid, the "Italian crisis" so often mentioned in the press, and presumably uppermost in everyone's thoughts, can often seem merely an illusion. For many weeks, before and after this election, the nation has, in effect, been without any sort of government, and for years now—ever since the late nineteen-sixties—none of the tenuous ruling coalitions have made any lasting impact upon the daily lives of the citizens. "The country runs on the native energy and improvisational genius of the Italians," one of my oldest Roman friends, an engineer, explained to me recently. "It is an energy heavily burdened by cynicism, or perhaps not so much burdened as insulated by it. After all, what else is there to say about a nation that keeps going despite everything? We are either history's biggest clowns or its real heroes. I would like to think the latter."

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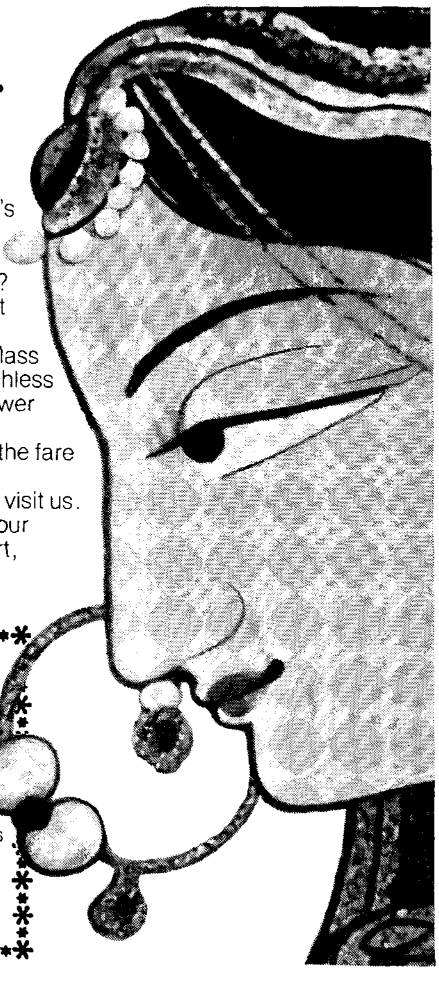

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BOOKS

Eva and Eleanor and Everywoman

THE new novels by Gayl Jones and Christina Stead make being a woman sound very depressing. Miss Jones' heroine in "Eva's Man" (Random House) sits in a prison cell recalling a lifetime of grubby, grunted propositions and sexual interferences from the unfair sex, and Miss Stead's in "Miss Herbert" (also Random; lay off, Random!) endures, with a certain arch resilience, over thirty years of professional, sexual, cultural, marital, and maternal disappointments. Eva Medina Canada's reaction when she is sexually satisfied at last by a man (called Davis) is to feed him rat poison and then bite off the corpse's penis; Eleanor Herbert Brent's more genteel reaction when faced by men (Edwin Thieme, Paul Waters) she might love is to run the other way: "She . . . hugged only one thought to her, that never, never again must she see this intruder, this man, this god, this tyrant, who had begun to squeeze the life out of her." The life that is hers when unsqueezed appears so dreary, and Eva's emotional core seems so opaque ("*What do you want, Eva?*" "*What?*" "*What do you want?*" "*Nothing you can give*"), that the male reviewer can only conclude he is faced with a sexist mystery, of which these two highly intelligent and earnest authors are as much protectors as celebrants. Both heroines end by hugging their enigmas pleasantly to themselves; Eva consents to a lesbian embrace from her cellmate, and Eleanor finds fulfillment in posing naked for a perverse old man:

> She felt that for the first time she was beginning to understand "mature sex." She liked to stand exposing her smooth, powerful body in the quiet old rooms in some noble or perverse pose; she felt perfectly feminine.

Femaleness as experienced by American blacks was Gayl Jones' subject in her first novel, "Corregidora," and "Eva's Man," her second, continues the exploration with a sharpened starkness, a power of ellipsis that leaves ever darker gaps between its flashes of rhythmic, sensuously exact dialogue and visible symbol. Ursa Corregidora's meandering voice has become the softly mad voice of Eva Canada, who at the age of forty-three is trying to remember, or to avoid remembering, the murder, five years before, of Davis, a black man with whom she had been closeted in a hotel room for five days of sex, cabbage and sausage, and jagged conversation. Davis, like every man in her life from the little boy who intruded a Popsicle stick into her vagina to the psychiatrist who wants to "explain" her now, talked to her, and wanted talk back:

> *You don't talk much.*
> *Davis, don't look at me that way.*
> *Why, what way am I looking?*
> *Naw.*
> *Come over here.*
> *What?*
> *I like you.*

Her refusal to talk, to give, constitutes her dignity and essence; the sexual breaching of her reserve releases terror and danger:

> *"What did I do for you, Eva? What did you feel?"*
>
> *"Everything."*
>
> *He pushes my face into his lap. He combs my hair with his long fingers. I am afraid.*
>
> *We are in the river now. We are in the river now. The sand is on my tongue. Blood under my nails. I'm bleeding under my nails. We are in the river. Between my legs. They are busy with this woman.*

Miss Jones, at twenty-six, is an American writer with a powerful sense of vital inheritance, of history in the blood. Evil is no idle concept to her. "Corregidora" concerned the evil that passed from the practitioners of slavery into the women who were its victims, and evil permeates the erotic education of Eva Canada, as it progresses from Popsicle-stick violations to the witnessing of her mother's adultery and a growing awareness of the whores and "queen bees" in the slum world around her, and on to her own reluctant initiation through encounters in buses and in bars, where a man with no thumb monotonously propositions her. The evil that emanates from men becomes hers. Tyrone, her mother's lover, makes her fondle him, and when she insists that she felt nothing calls her a "little evil devil bitch." Davis says to her, "You a evil ole bitch. Your name ain't Eva it's Evil." She watches cockroaches copulate on the wall, and is told by the man with no thumb, "You don't treat a man like a gentleman, you treat him like a . . . cockroach." She feels herself a Medusa, and in the monstrous act that is the pivot of the book she thinks, "My teeth in an apple," harking back to her namesake, evil's first earthly sponsor. Though everything in Miss Jones' fictional world becomes a symbol (even a carpenter's level with its instructive bubble is paraded as a phallic surrogate), and though in this novel her repetitious, dreaming dialogue and fragmentary, often italicized scenes verge on mannerism, we never doubt the honorable motive behind her meth-

" 'I'm on the horn. I'm on the horn.' You're always *on the horn."*

ods—the wish, that is, to represent the inner reality of individuals who belong to a disenfranchised and brutalized race. Real fish swim in her murky waters, though she does not always land them. Her heroines are unable to respond, and, as T. S. Eliot pointed out in connection with "Hamlet," an inability is hard to objectify. "*An owl sucks my blood. I am bleeding underneath my nails. An old owl sucks my blood. He gives me fruit in my palms.*" We have not been persuaded Eva could think this; the author is pushing images through her. It is expressionistic, but expressive mainly of literary strain. And in her troubling nullity Eva is surrounded not so much by other characters as by amateur psychotherapists, all nagging at her silence. Miss Jones apparently wishes to show us a female heart frozen into rage by deprivation, but the worry arises, as it did not in "Corregidora," that the characters are dehumanized as much by her artistic vision as by their circumstances. "Eva's Man" is a room with a lot of pictures on the wall but not much furniture to lean on. We hear Eva most clearly at the outset of the book:

> Sometimes they think I'm lying to them, though. I tell them it ain't me lying, it's memory lying. I don't believe that, because the past is still as hard on me as the present, but I tell them that anyway. They say they're helping me. I'm forty-three years old, and I ain't seen none of their help yet.

SOME strangeness, some monotony and ambiguity of effect are intrinsic to the underworld Miss Jones explores; Christina Stead displays to us a radiant English Venus—"A nobly built beauty, playing-fields champion, excellent student, loved at home, admired at school and by men, she had been happy and confident always"—yet the world through which this goddess moves is also a murky one, decaying in its economics and culture, tedious in its rather impatiently recorded personal incidents, frustrating in its ambience of coquettishness and lack of connection. Miss Stead's venerable gifts are well known: ranging from her native Australia to the America and Europe in which she has lived, she is, after Graham Greene, the most intercontinental of modern novelists; she is a caustically keen observer of a wide spectrum of human scenes; she writes a direct prose that can rise to all but the largest occasions of poetry; she is politically thoughtful without being propagandistic, giving her characters a sufficient but not crushing burden of ideological significance; and she has travelled well in the human interior and can be devastat-

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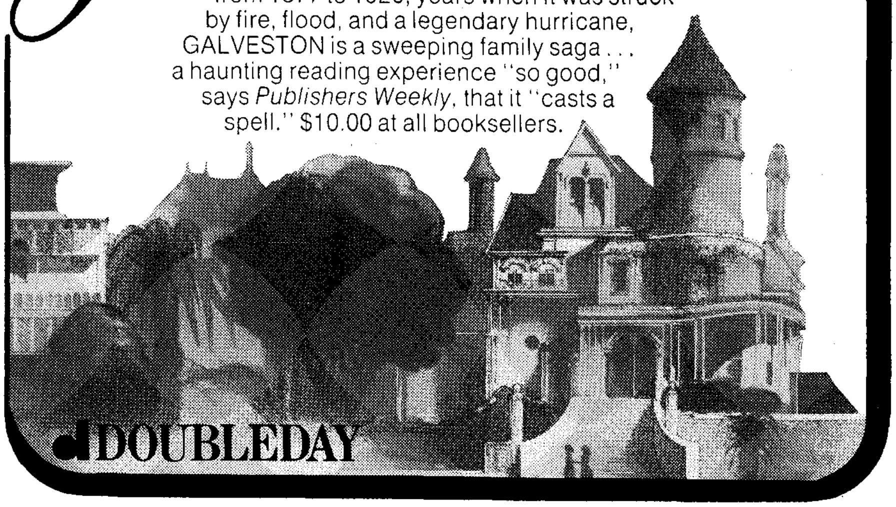

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ingly clear about some of its uglier turns. The portrait, for instance, in this book of Eleanor's husband, Heinz (he rechristens himself Henry), gives us the very anatomy of a pill, of a prissy, snobbish, rigid, parentally babied Swiss petit bourgeois who turns vicious and hysterical in divorce without surrendering his self-righteousness and cunning. Though he is absent from most of the novel's pages, he remains the best and the worst thing in it, and the female antagonist sheds her air of inert, trivial enchantment whenever he touches her. It is an odd, and possibly unintended, comment on the state of women that this woman, drifting through squads of dream men, comes to life chiefly in connection with her horrid little husband; this may be the point of "Miss Herbert's" uneasy subtitle, "(The Suburban Wife)."

Among the gifts Miss Stead does not conspicuously possess is that of joy, which translates, in the narrative art, into the gift of lubrication. Her plots move chunkily, by jerks of hasty summary and epistolary excerpt; her dialogues are abrasive, full of dry, twittery self-exposition and clichés that may or may not be deliberate. When she becomes a literary functionary, Eleanor gratingly says, "I've given a lot of time and thought to the marketing of ideas, and I'm sure I can pick a winner, and weed out the wheat from the chaff. . . . I can pick a sprig of genius out of the wild weeds it generally goes with and cultivate it for our good and for his, the writer's. . . . I can size up and reshape a manuscript rough-hewn from the hands of the raw writer and make it fit to print." With such a barbaric style of diction, she is scarcely one to ridicule her foreign-born husband for saying "The advantage of England is that there are plenty of loopholes for you to climb into the top drawer." She herself seems foreign-born, artificially English. She turns out never to have heard of the common Johnsonian phrase "Grub Street," she shows the class system the breezy indifference of an American (or an Australian), and she has most of her amorous entanglements with foreigners. It startles us when, in the middle of the novel, she asks herself, "Can I live in a world where the British Empire does not live?" The historical background is vague. Eleanor sows her wild oats in what must be the thirties, appears to sleep soundly through the Second World War, and awakens to middle age in a postwar world soured by discontented allusions to America and its dollars. This softness of periphery would not matter if Eleanor were herself firmly in focus, but she is not. Before she marries, she is described as promiscuous to the point of prostitution; yet her husband finds her so sexually dumb that he is driven to infidelity, and she has no trouble, though still attractive (we are repeatedly assured), in remaining chaste after he leaves. Her dim memories of girlish fun and her studiously unconsummated post-marital flirtations lead to the hands-off happiness of her "classic poses" and "love portraits" for the elderly Geoffrey Quaideson. Nor do her professional activities, couched in the jargon quoted above, seem more contactual or less bizarre. In her roles of aspiring writer and literary go-between, she plainly serves as an occasion for Miss Stead's satire, of publishers who are "always irritated with books," of guinea-hungry journalists with names like Cope Pigsney, of crass gossip and crasser editing. Eleanor learns to prosper in this dreary demi-monde; how much are we meant to sneer at her? How much—the novel's central uncertainty—are we meant to like her? Is she a woman embodying a universal femininity, or is she seen throughout as a hopeless Englishwoman—pink, hearty, energetic, romantic, tame, futile, essentially stupid? The anonymous writer of the jacket copy, having blithely divulged most of the plot, puts the case rather well: "Sometimes the reader is impatient with Eleanor; sometimes one suffers with her."

The question of a character's likability is not a simple one. Tolstoy's first notes on Anna Karenina read, "She is unattractive, with a narrow, low forehead," and in an early draft he called her "The Devil." Flaubert began "Madame Bovary" with no fonder image in mind than the gray color of a wood louse. If some heroines seduce their own creators into liking them, some heroes, such as the narrator of Camus's "The Stranger," are meant to challenge our notions of what likability is. What we like, in the end, is life, and Eleanor Brent lives too little in what she does. We are pleased that she is handsome, and appreciate her capacity for hard work; but good looks and daily works are not defining actions in the Aristotelian sense: "Life consists in action, and its end is a mode of action, not a quality." The "Poetics" continues, "Now, character determines men's qualities, but it is by their actions that they are happy or the reverse." Eleanor's actions are chiefly acts of avoidance. Amid the roistering of her young womanhood, she runs from a man who moves her: "Thieme upset her. At times she felt he was touching on some great instability in her, a cold inky well in which the self she enjoyed would be lost." Eventually she marries a man she does not love, and clings to him even through hatred. Later still, "an aging belle, a faded animal," she runs from another man who threatens her with "something tremendous," and rests in the thought "Soon I will have my pension and then I am going to write the story of my life." The sad, and clearly intended, irony is that we have been made to feel, after three hundred pages, that not much of a life has been lived. Even Miss Stead, as she writes ever more briskly (Eleanor's children are scarcely seen, so swiftly the years go by; her daughter is seventeen on one page and reverts to sixteen a few pages farther on), seems to have hoped for more narrative surge to have developed; she invents one suitor after another for Eleanor ("Bob Standfast was a man Eleanor had met just before her marriage and in a very unusual way"), only to have them all fizzle and be forgotten, like defective kitchen appliances. Well, what actions *has* society made available to women? Not every woman can be Clytemnestra, as Aristotle should have realized. Nor an empire builder, as even Ayn Rand might admit. The moral stature that Jane Austen gave to the search for a husband can no longer be assumed; and even the decision to betray the marriage bed—the nineteenth-century wife's revolutionary alternative—no longer seems momentous. If there is such a thing as a "woman's novel," it finds itself bound, at least in the honest hands of the Mss. Stead and Jones, to the figurative description not of an action but of a quality—the quality of femininity, static and wary, hugging to itself the bleak dignity of solitude.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DECAPITATED CHICKEN, by Horacio Quiroga, translated from the Spanish by Margaret Sayers Peden (University of Texas). Twelve horror-filled stories—appearing in English for the first time—about death, illness, madness, or bad fortune by a prolific Uruguayan writer who was born in El Salto, Uruguay, in 1878 and died in Buenos Aires in 1937. Quiroga was a kind of adventurer who spent a great part of his life in the jungles of northern

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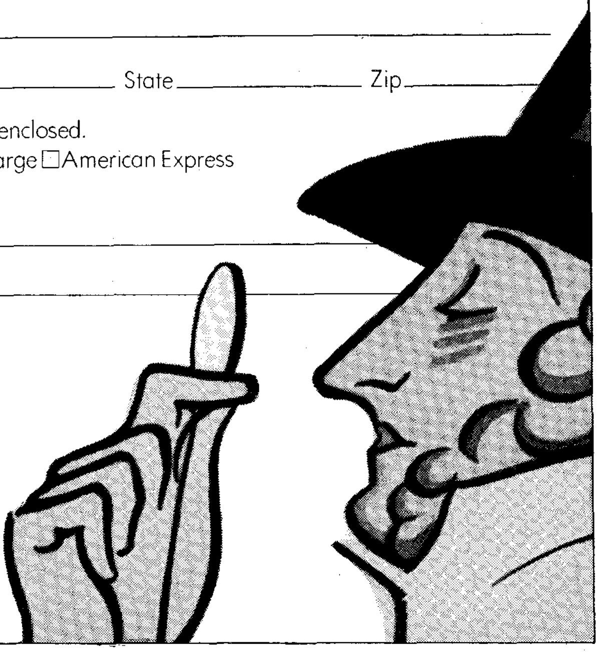

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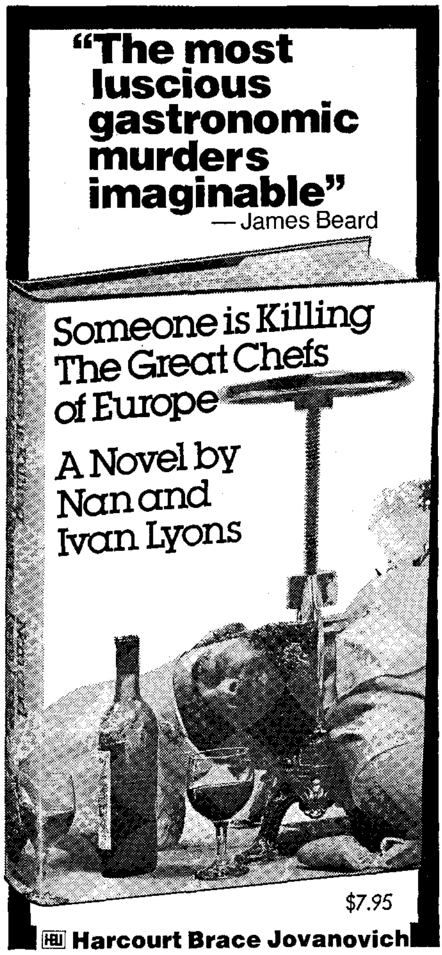
Argentina, the setting of many of these stories. All his tales are in some way marked by violence and tragedy, as was a great part of his life. His father was accidentally shot on a picnic when Quiroga was an infant; his stepfather shot himself (and Quiroga was the first to discover the body); Quiroga accidentally killed a friend with a pistol when he was in his twenties; his first wife, unable to cope with life in the jungle, poisoned herself; and Quiroga himself committed suicide when he learned that he was dying of cancer. Although the morbidity is unrelieved, all the stories in this collection but three (in which animals talk) are lucid and written with great economy. Quiroga was far less rich a writer than Poe, with whom he has been compared, but his stories—about a widower who loses his only son, and a backwoods bureaucrat who nearly kills himself trying to save his job, and a peasant who waits years to avenge himself on a cruel overseer—are, like Poe's, full of psychological shocks and eerie effects, and are bracingly, if ruthlessly, realistic.

GENERAL

THE EASTERN FRONT, 1914-1917, by Norman Stone (Scribners). This thorough, intellectually daring work is not only exceptionally good military history but a broad analysis of the social structures of three empires—Hapsburg, Hohenzollern, and Romanov. Mr. Stone, an English historian, is witty, concise, and persuasive as he destroys a number of legends. For example, the notion that the Hapsburg Empire was doomed from the start by the disaffection of its diverse nationalities: Mr. Stone finds that the Empire's subjects began as enthusiastic patriots, but that the idiocy of the civil and military bureaucracies gradually demoralized the entire population. As for the Germans, their military performance was never as great as their prideful legends maintain: Stone points out that the Battle of Tannenberg—the combination of German victories at the end of August, 1914, that made Ludendorff's reputation—was followed two weeks later by a successful Russian counterattack that put both sides back where they started. Indeed, the Russian performance is the most interesting of the three. As most readers know, that country began the war with a hopelessly poor army, whose commanders had few tactical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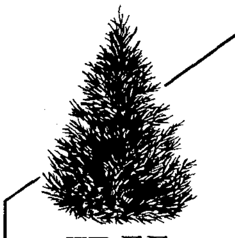
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or strategic ideas, and those mostly bad. In the first two years of war, the Russian generals blamed civilians and attributed their failures to shortages of matériel, but by 1916 Russian heavy industry was able to arm Russia's soldiers well enough to make them the equal of any other power's soldiers. This immense industrial effort brought immense dislocation, which the Romanov Empire did not know how to handle, and the example of sound, modern military leadership that led to General Brusilov's victories of 1916 did not spread fast enough to stem the civilian and military disaffection that produced the Russian Revolution. Mr. Stone's book is, after all, less about war than about trust (and lack of trust) between peoples and their governments—and that is the reason it is such a fascinating work.

YES, BUT . . . , by Dore Ashton (Viking). A lively, competent study of the artistic development of the painter Philip Guston, whose work, Miss Ashton argues, has probably reflected more of the problems and ambiguities of modern art than that of any other painter alive today. The book traces Guston's artistic development from his childhood days in Los Angeles (his family emigrated there from Montreal when he was six), through his involvement with the artists of the W.P.A. era, through his associations and interests in New York (he moved here in 1936), to the present day and the paintings that still pour forth from the sixty-three-year-old painter's studio in Woodstock, New York. Miss Ashton's portrait is not quite as full as some of Mr. Guston's admirers might wish it to be, but one could not hope for a more satisfying overview of his work, which has constantly seemed to be in the process of radically changing but has always shown, as the author points out, a "characteristic . . . mixture of autobiography, myth, and art—the work of a meditative temperament." Ninety-three illustrations, a skimpy four of which are in color.

NOTE: "The Scene: Reports on Post-Modern Art," by Calvin Tomkins, has been published by Viking. Most of the material originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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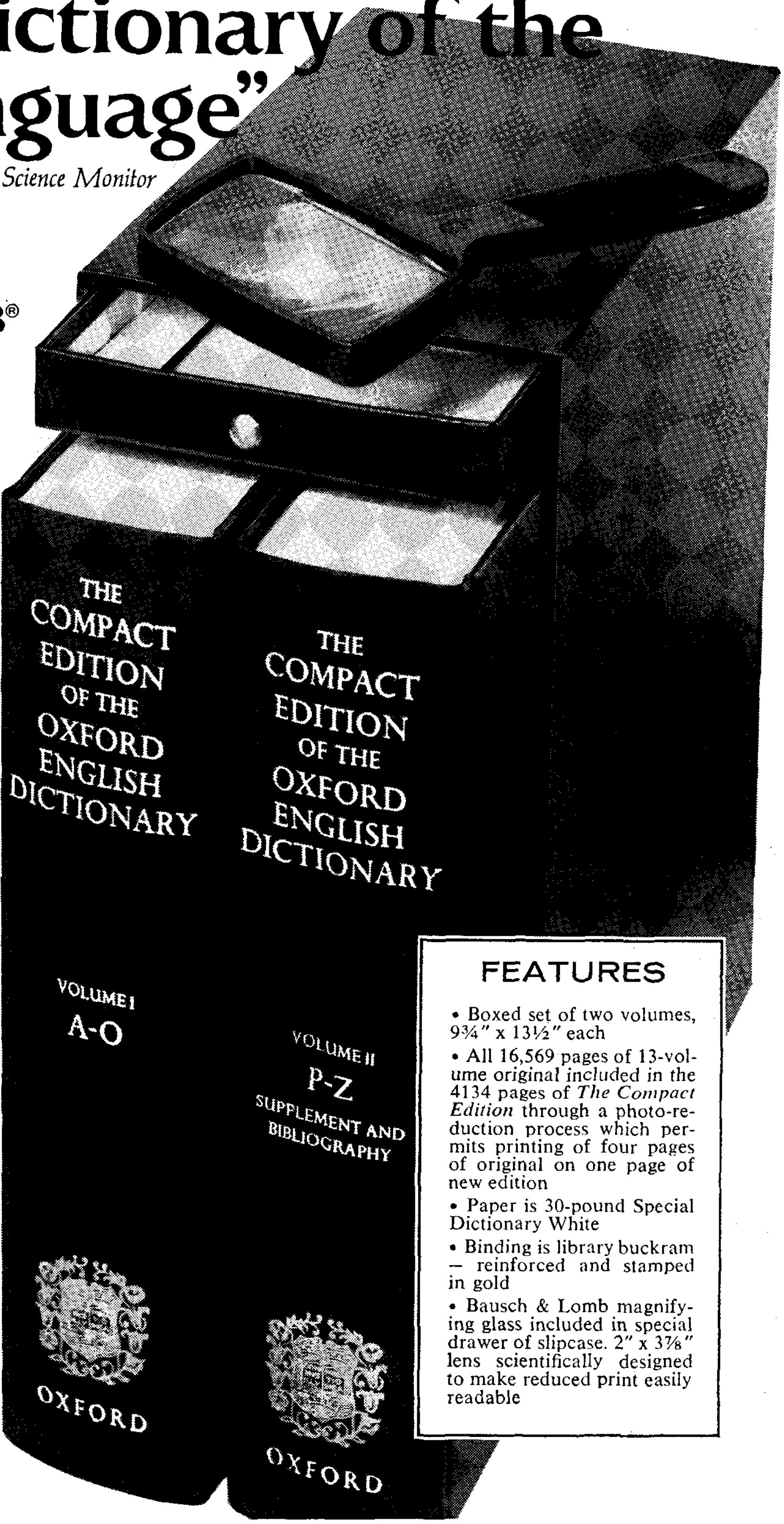
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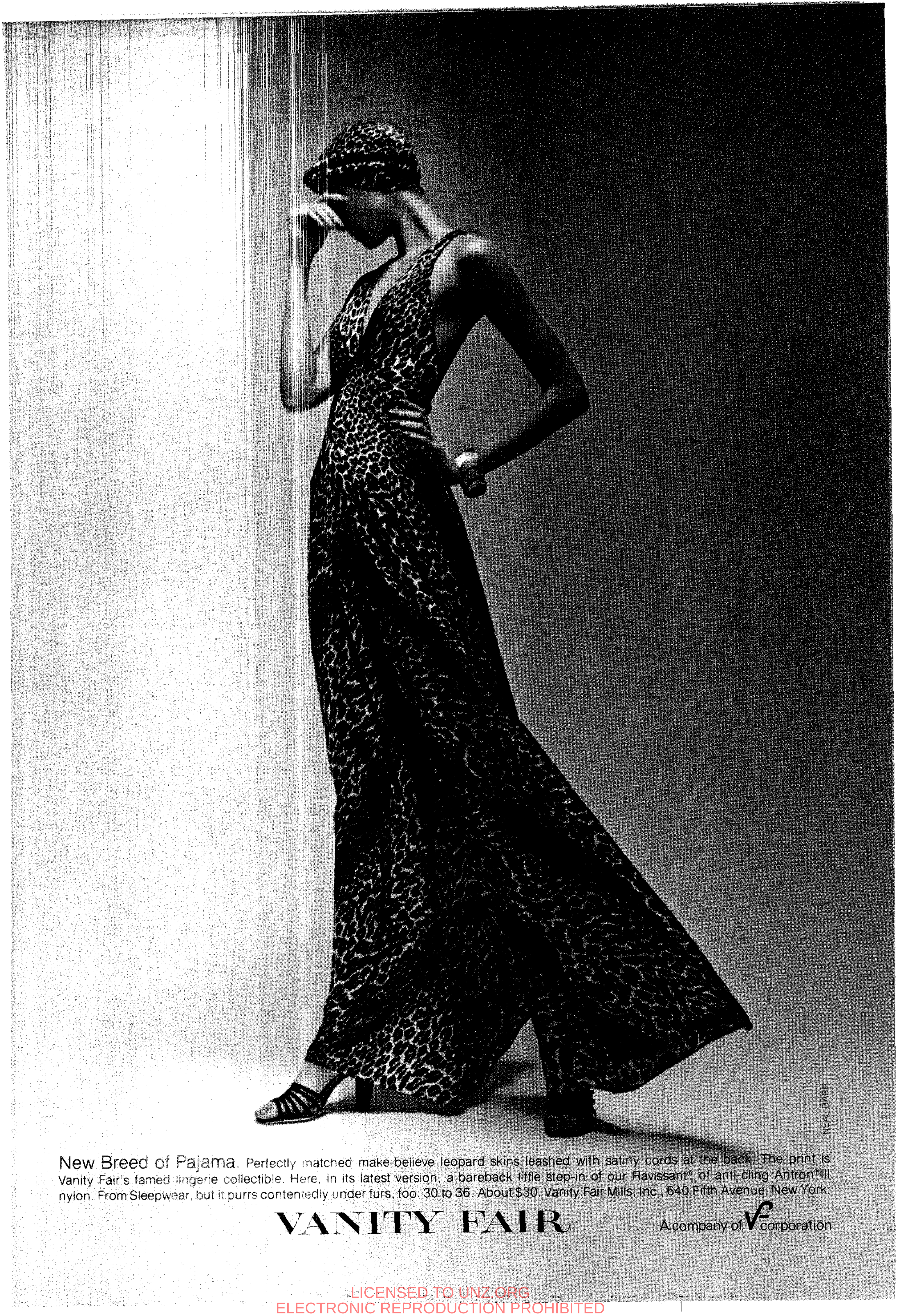

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